

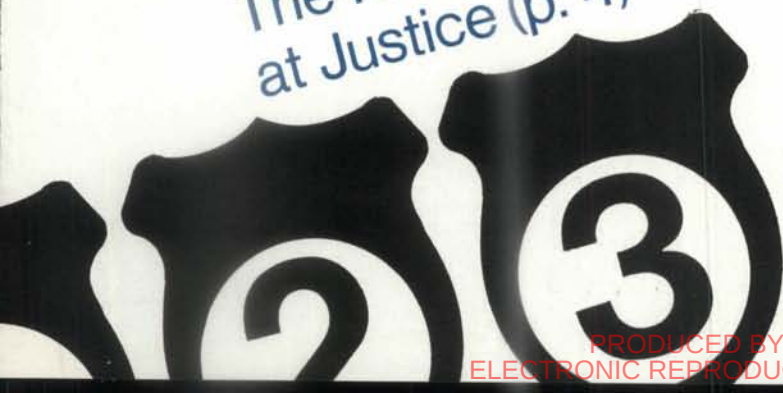
THE *Atlantic*

John Kenneth Galbraith
After 10 Years of
Affluence



Alexander Solzhenitsyn
a new story
The Right Hand

Elizabeth Drew
The New Men
at Justice (p. 4)



James Alan McPherson
Chicago's
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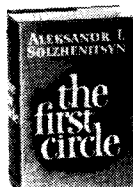
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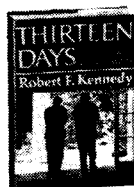




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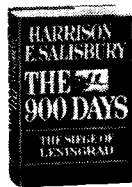
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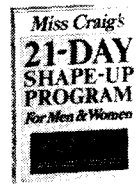
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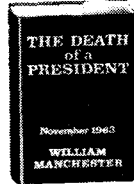
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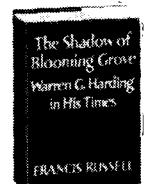
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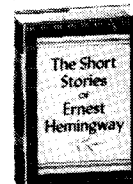
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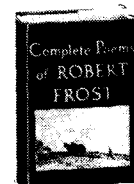
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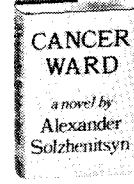
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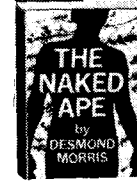
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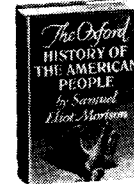


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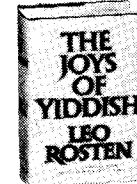


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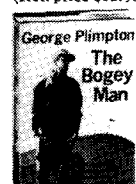
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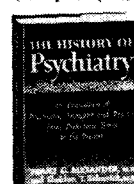
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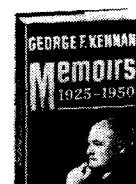
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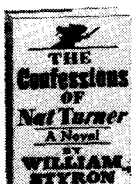
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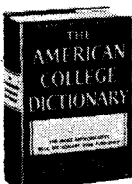
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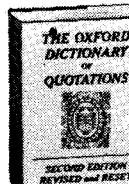
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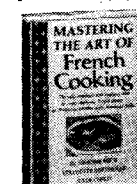
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reports

Washington

For most of its history, the Department of Justice has been, as federal agencies go, a relatively obscure place, not unlike a large, musty law firm. A Harry Daugherty in the Harding Administration, the issues of Communism and corruption in the 1950s, an occasional antitrust crusade or sensational tax case put it in the limelight from time to time, but that was about it. All of that changed dramatically in the 1960s. The difference had to do partly with the personal styles of the Attorneys General, beginning with Robert Kennedy, but far more fundamentally it grew out of the great national convulsions of the time. On the steps of the Justice Department (literally, sometimes) landed the issues of race, crime, war dissent and disobedience. As a result, it has become deeply involved in the most divisive, complex domestic issues of this period.

The importance of the Department's role in these matters goes well beyond its fairly limited capacity to resolve them. The moral suasion exercised by important Justice officials, the tone that they set—backed up by their implicit power to make things uncomfortable for various segments of the populace—can be as important as any number of laws passed by Congress. More and more, the Justice Department has become a bully pulpit. When a Justice official speaks, for instance, on the subject of police, he knows that his cues are taken quite seriously by the police, the chiefs of police, and the mayors.

In its enforcement of the laws, the Justice Department of necessity administers selective justice. It cannot file all of the possible federal civil

rights, tax, antitrust, or criminal cases. A given suit, ordinarily, is brought not so much on the merits alone, as with an eye to the law to be established, or the mores affected by a given decision. Through the actions it takes, the Department can exercise enormous economic power, affect elections, and ruin individuals. It does not have to go to court in order to be effective; a man can be



damaged seriously by what one former Justice Department official calls "the simple expedient" of ordering an investigation of his taxes. It can, with no public review, order FBI investigations on anyone, for unknown purposes. (Why did the FBI bug Martin Luther King and play the tapes to selected newsmen?) It proceeds or declines to on the basis of the famously undigested reports from the FBI, which has a talent for spying conspiracies. "The first intelligence reports you get can scare you to death," says a former Justice man. "You don't know for a while to be skeptical. They knit it together as if it is all being done by phone from Cuba. The Department has an important voice in deciding the Adminis-

tration's position in a wide field of federal legislation, often well beyond its literal jurisdiction. Through its central role in the selection of federal judges, it can change the directions of the decisions of federal courts. Moreover, because of its wide-ranging power and its almost total lack of responsibility for administering programs, the Attorney General, as one law school professor puts it, "probably comes closer than anyone to having the option of being the personal gun of the President."

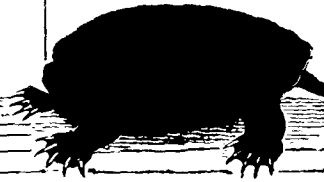
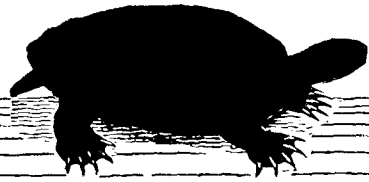
The new team at Justice

During the transition, the new team at Justice, like their colleagues throughout the new Administration, struck a note of "continuity." It is clear, however, that the new men at Justice intend to be very different from their predecessors. Ramsey Clark was the only Johnson Cabinet officer who became a campaign issue; John Mitchell, Nixon's campaign manager, is now Attorney General. The Deputy Attorney General—a far more important post than the second-ranking one of most Departments—Richard Kleindienst, was also a key campaign figure in 1968; Barry Goldwater proudly remarked at Kleindienst's confirmation hearing this winter that it was Kleindienst who in 1964 "suggested to me that I make law and order my principal issue."

The first point that struck Washington observers about the group that Mitchell and Kleindienst recruited for the important jobs at Justice was that so many of them came from a background of politics. Besides Mitchell (a former Nixon law partner and until 1968 only an observer of presidential campaigns) and Kleindienst (who ran for governor of Arizona in 1964, and was

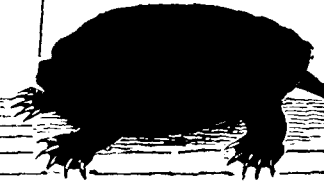
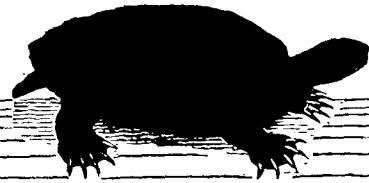
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GO AWAY.



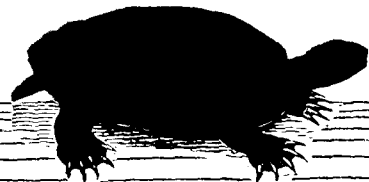
PLAYING THE OLD
SHELL GAME, ARE YOU?

I'M NEVER COMING OUT.
THE SHIP IS SINKING.



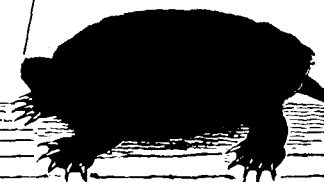
WHY?

POLLUTION. BAD WATER.
BAD AIR. A TURTLE CAN'T WIN.



IT'S NOT ALL THAT BAD. LOOK AT U. S. STEEL
FOR ONE. IN THE LAST 18 YEARS THEY'VE
SPENT NEARLY A QUARTER OF A BILLION
DOLLARS ON AIR AND WATER QUALITY CONTROL.

AIR AND WATER . . . THAT MAKES
SENSE TO AN AMPHIBIAN.



THAT'S A HUGE INVESTMENT CONSIDERING
THEY DON'T GET A RED CENT RETURN ON IT.
I'D CALL IT FAITH IN THE FUTURE.

I GUESS IF U. S. STEEL IS
WILLING TO STICK ITS
NECK OUT, I CAN, TOO.



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Washington

director of field operations for Goldwater in 1964 and Nixon in 1968), three of the Assistant Attorneys General were unsuccessful candidates for statewide office, two of them in 1968. In the past eight years, though political considerations were not absent, no such politicians were appointed to similar posts.

The fact that the new group has come under criticism within the "legal fraternity" is not in itself all that serious. Some of the strongest critics of Kennedy's appointment became his most devoted fans. Mitchell and Kleindienst evidenced surprise that the question of political appointees should even come up. "Damn few in the law schools have had practical experience," said Mitchell. "I think it's ridiculous to say that someone in 'politics' doesn't have the competence." Kleindienst remonstrated: "Ramsey Clark never practiced law a day in his life." (Clark practiced with the firm of Clark, Reed & Clark in Dallas for ten years.)

The purpose of the laws

Richard McLaren (Yale College and Law School), fifty, the new head of the Antitrust Division, was a fairly well known antitrust lawyer in Chicago. There was some inevitable concern that his appointment represented the fox-in-the-chicken-coop syndrome that surfaces every once in a while in Nixon's appointments. Nevertheless, McLaren seems determined to serve his new client, government, as well as he served his former one, business. It is said often, so often that it smells of a bromide, that Republicans are more vigorous in their antitrust enforcement than Democrats, in order to show that they are not the party of big business. Yet on the whole this has been true. McLaren, a relaxed, pleasant man, maintains that he will continue the tradition. "No one wants the nation to be dominated by the 200 largest corporations."

Johnnie McKeiver Walters (Furman University, University of Michigan Law School), forty-nine, the new Assistant Attorney General for the Tax Division, is a tall, courtly, soft-spoken South Carolina Republican who swears that he is not there because Strom Thurmond put him

there, and that appears to be the case. Walters once worked in the Internal Revenue Service and was engaged in a modest tax practice in Greenville, South Carolina. He was active in bar associations and county Republican politics, and knew John Mitchell through tax work with one of Mitchell's law partners.

The ideology of the head of the Tax Division is not all that relevant; what matters is how the Division's resources are deployed. Mitchell Rogovin, Walters' predecessor, believes that the Division's energies must remain fairly evenly divided among the various kinds of tax prosecutions. "Problems can arise," Rogovin says, "if there is a particularly heavy emphasis on organized crime. The tax laws were made to raise revenue; if the Tax Division becomes a handmaiden to an organized crime drive, you subvert the purpose of the laws. Tax becomes an alter ego of the cops, and my view is that it wasn't meant to be that, and that the public will react against that." Yet this is the direction in which the Tax Division is going. Asked how it would be different under the new regime, Walters replied: "You'll find a different philosophy. As you know, the President is committed to some program against crime. One of the tools that can be used is the Internal Revenue laws. In the last few years, those laws haven't been used as extensively as they might be against organized crime or other crime." An aide to Walters put it plainly: "The IRS is going to look for more cases, and we're going to tell them how to do it."

The Civil Division of the Justice Department handles the government's civil litigation having to do with frauds, patents, torts, and so on; it might defend the Federal Aviation Agency against suits arising out of an airline crash, or defend the level of duty on plywood, or sue to recover if the government were overcharged for nails. President Johnson gave the job to the son of an important political backer, Edwin Weisl, Jr. John Mitchell gave it to William Ruckelshaus (Princeton, Harvard Law School), thirty-six, of a prominent Indianapolis family, a former chief counsel of the Indiana Attorney General's office, majority leader of the Indiana House of Representatives, and a member of the group which helped deliver Indiana

to Nixon. It was thus that he met Mitchell and Kleindienst. Subsequently, he was defeated by Democrat Birch Bayh in the 1968 Indiana senatorial race. He is an intelligent, fairly conservative young man who is pleased to be working in a Justice Department that "is going to be less flamboyant and less spectacular in an effort to stir people up in fostering social change."

The most thoroughly conservative member of the new team, William Rehnquist (Stanford University and Law School, Harvard M.A.), forty-four, an old friend of Kleindienst's from Phoenix, is in charge of the Office of Legal Counsel, an important post. The Office advises the Attorney General, and frequently the White House, on a wide number of matters involving the government's legal and legislative policy. Personally Rehnquist, who has worked on both Kleindienst and Goldwater campaigns, and written speeches for Goldwater, is opposed to any extension of federal power or expenditure of federal money, covering the whole spectrum of political and social issues, including civil rights. But, he observes, "We're obviously committed to full enforcement of the laws on the books."

No precipitousness

The highly sensitive responsibility for enforcement of civil rights laws and for playing a major role in determining government-wide policy on civil rights was given to Jerris Leonard, a young (thirty-eight) former majority leader of the Wisconsin State Senate. He was overwhelmed by the liberal Democratic incumbent, Gaylord Nelson, in the 1968 Wisconsin election for the U.S. Senate, while Nixon and the Republican gubernatorial candidate carried the state. Leonard, who had been an active Nixon supporter, had a meteoric and controversial career in the state legislature. He once called for an investigation of the University of Wisconsin's newspaper, the *Daily Cardinal*, because its editor allegedly lived in a house with Communists; the university's Young Republicans denounced him, the regents refused his request, and the governor sided with them. After the Madison *Capital Times* revealed lobbying activities on the part of the Wisconsin Associated General Contractors which were later ruled ille-

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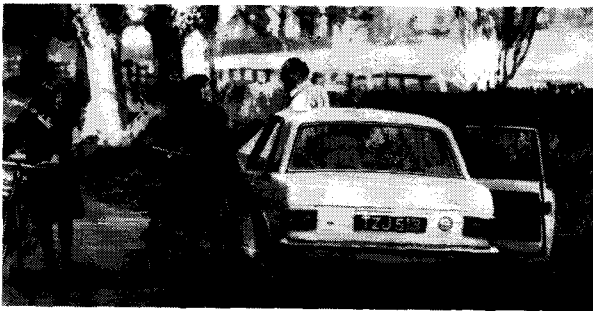
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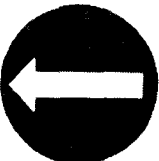
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Washington

gal by the state attorney general, Leonard was one of those who opposed a bill to deal more firmly with such practices. "This bill would hurt the whole construction industry," he told a *Capital Times* reporter, according to the paper. "I wish I could put in a bill to hurt the *Capital Times* financially." To back up the threat, he introduced legislation to impose heavy penalties for newspapers reporting "untruthfully" about lobbying. At the time, Leonard was chairman of the powerful State Building Commission. The man who reorganized the state commission to give Leonard unprecedented power, and who served as its bond counsel, was John Mitchell. According to the *Capital Times*—avowedly no friend of Leonard's—it is estimated that through state work directed to him by Leonard, Mitchell earned legal fees of about \$200,000.

Leonard was instrumental in pushing Wisconsin's open-housing law, and in enacting a strong local open-housing ordinance in his own Milwaukee suburb. Upon coming to Washington, Leonard set out to make a good impression upon nervous civil rights advocates, and he largely succeeded. Still, everyone knows that the grand policy decisions will be made by higher authorities. Kleindienst and Mitchell talk about how they will be able to accomplish more than the last Administration through "negotiation," and how they will not act "precipitously." They insist that despite the hints to the contrary dropped by Mr. Nixon in Miami and during the campaign, the civil rights laws will be vigorously enforced. Kleindienst may have provided the best clue as to how they intend to enforce the laws and hold the South: "Unlike your militant black group," he said, "that's not the only issue the South is concerned about. The modern Republican Party in the South pays attention to a variety of issues—social programs, fiscal questions, internal security, foreign affairs."

And there are ways of softening the blows to the South. One is by emphasizing, as this Administration does, one's intent to "go North" with civil rights enforcement. Or, at Strom Thurmond's request, the

Pentagon overruled, without consultation, the Labor Department's Office of Contract Compliance and awarded contracts to three Southern textile mills that had been found in violation of federal regulations barring racial discrimination in companies awarded government contracts. Such actions, whether so intended or not, are a signal to all federal contractors. Moreover, the new general counsel of the Pentagon, who occupies an office which can have an enormous impact on segregation around Southern military bases, is a Thurmond man.

Commission of crimes

The three most important men in the Department are, of course, Mitchell, Kleindienst, and, because of the emphasis on crime, the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Criminal Division, Will Wilson. Mitchell, 55, was the chief architect of the Nixon strategy of winning with the border states and the South, and writing off the cities and the blacks. Judgments on Mitchell's management of the campaign depend upon whether the observer is impressed with Nixon's victory, or amazed—in light of the Democrats' chaos—that he almost blew it. But, notes a Mitchell aide, "Because of his position and because of his relationship with the President—I doubt if there is a major issue he is not involved in—when he delivers himself of an opinion, people do not cross him lightly."

What troubles some here is that like many Wall Street lawyers of his generation, Mitchell has had minimal exposure to, or interest in, the country's social problems. "Talking to John Mitchell about race," says someone who has, "is a little like being at the Nineteenth Hole after a round of golf on a Saturday afternoon. It is that removed. He still talks about 'the colored people.' There is concern there, but not much understanding."

Mitchell is invariably described as "cold," "dour," "unflappable," and his long face and narrow eyes give him a prosecutorial look. He is not, however, utterly humorless, and a campaign associate says that he could be positively merry in the grimmest situations. He is a conservative, but conservatism in the law—connoting a deep respect for the Constitution, and an extra caution

before acting—can mean something rather different from conservatism in social and economic policy.

His first acts upon taking office, however, suggest that Mitchell's tenure at the Justice Department is going to be highly controversial. His proposals for controlling crime in the District of Columbia included a suggestion that federal troops be used. That idea was quickly quashed at the White House, but a proposal for preventive detention survived. Mitchell immediately ordered the use of wiretapping—an authority granted in the 1968 crime bill but which Lyndon Johnson and Ramsey Clark refused to employ. (Johnson and Clark had strong differences, and relations between them were deeply strained. But the rifts were over such things as the handling of demonstrators and of Resurrection City, and reactions to Chicago—not wiretapping.) Mitchell declared himself, contrary to Clark, as "not opposed to capital punishment." And the Justice Department, like President Nixon, waded into the problem of campus disorders, despite deep misgivings within the Administration that little could be accomplished except further divisiveness. The instrument to be used was a controversial section of the 1968 civil rights act, making it a federal crime to cross state lines with the intent to incite, encourage, or participate in a riot.

"The only interest of the Department of Justice is the commission of crimes," said Mitchell in an interview, when asked about his interest in campus disorders. "It's the necessary intelligence that has to be obtained in order to keep track of these subversive groups that are involved. If there are subversive influences disrupting the academies, then the Department has to step in. It's my own feeling, based on knowledge I have from different sources, that there are many wholesome kids who want to protest who are being led down the primrose path, and I think an important purpose would be served by cognizance on the part of students and universities of who's doing what."

Asked how he felt the Department could help resolve racial problems, Mitchell, rather impatient with the question, replied, "After all, we're not the social agency. I think even-handed administration of the law is the most important

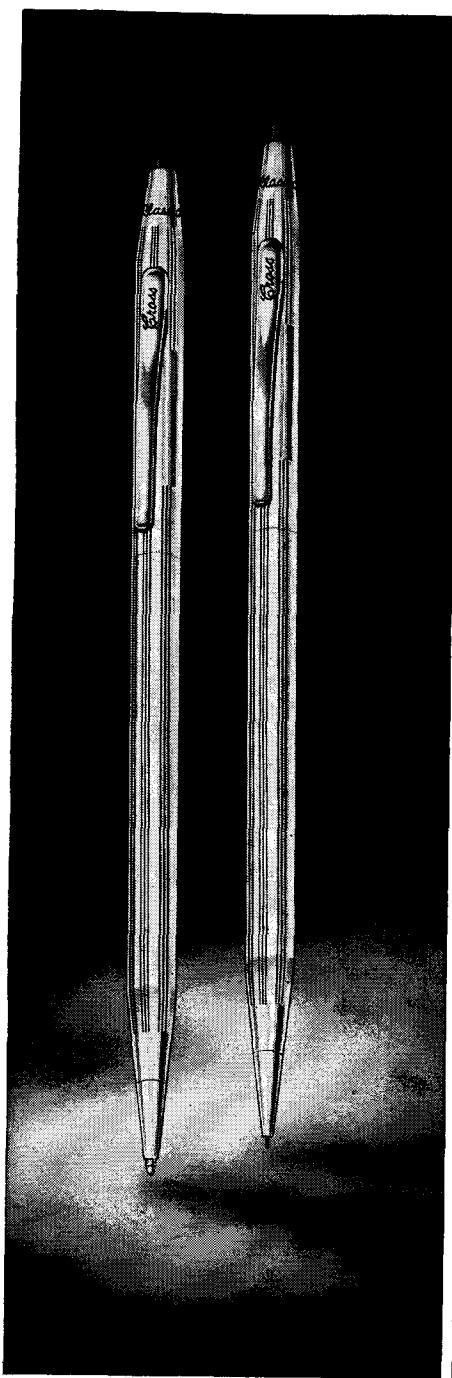


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Washington

thing we can do. Negotiation and conciliation will produce more in the long run than court action. We're going to do even more than has been done before." Asked, six weeks after taking office, what he had done to familiarize himself with the thinking of the black community, he replied, "We have had a meeting with Clarence Mitchell. [Mitchell is the Washington representative of the NAACP.] It was limited to areas in this Department. We're not HEW or HUD."

Wheat and chaff

At his first press conference, Mitchell drew a distinction between "demonstrators" and "activists," and spoke of distinguishing between them in order to prevent the latter from being granted permits to protest. Asked in an interview how he would make the distinction, Mitchell told me: "Let's take a hypothetical case. If you had somebody that led the militancy in Chicago and Washington, that's a pretty good indication from their track record that they want to do the same thing. On the other hand, if it's a genuine group that has had peaceful protest, that's different." What if both kinds were involved? "If you can sort out the wheat from the chaff," he said, "the good cowboys are less likely to be induced into these activities by the militants."

One of the most curious aspects of the new team at Justice is the close association of Mitchell and Kleindienst. Kleindienst is as emotional and boisterous as Mitchell is cool and reserved. "Rabelaisian" is a term Justice attorneys have applied to the stocky Kleindienst, and he is, Robert Novak has written, "profane in two languages (English and Navajo)." One hears stories of Kleindienst's treatment of people which suggest both great harshness and great kindness. The now-famous charts in which Justice Department lawyers were told (in ten pages of instructions) to account for each twelve minutes of their time were Kleindienst's doing. He has a good mind (Harvard College, Phi Beta Kappa, and Harvard Law School), and a reputation as a good lawyer. Yet, as one acquaintance put it, "He has the capacity for making a very great mistake."

The relationship between Mitchell and Kleindienst is the result of no shotgun wedding. Mitchell knew Kleindienst well from the campaign, selected him as his Deputy, and has given him more responsibility than any Deputy Attorney General before him. In any event, the Deputy's office is an important one: It is responsible for the management of the Department, for the appointment of personnel, for the recommendations to the President of who should be appointed federal judges and U.S. Attorneys, for the handling of legislation.

Some of Kleindienst's friends say that his manner causes him to be misunderstood, and that despite his Goldwater background, he is no "hard-core" conservative. "During the campaign," says one of the campaign officials, "when some of the 'cool ones' wanted to prevent Nixon from making one of his few gestures to the blacks, Kleindienst got so upset he almost quit." Kleindienst's energetic cultivation of the Negroes around the Department—clapping them on the back and calling them "baby"—provoked some skepticism; some thought that, as one Justice man put it, "He knows he has a clear shot at the Attorney General's job, and he doesn't want the blacks in this country to rise up and smite him."

Kleindienst is in fact an interesting mix. "I've always described myself as a liberal in civil rights and a conservative in economics," he said. "I grew up in a little town, Winslow, Arizona, that was predominantly Negro, Mexican, and Indian. I didn't find out I was supposed to be superior until I got to Harvard. I come from a working family. We were poor during the Depression. I've been working on something or other since I was ten years old. I lived in an adobe house and had to get up at 4 A.M. to light the fire. Money was virtually nonexistent. But I didn't feel deprived." Nevertheless, Kleindienst believes that "if there are people who are actually hungry because they are poor, they should be fed by money out of the federal treasury." Period. "I am also disturbed by the entire denigration of Negroes, and that has to be made up for. People in the ghetto may be no worse off, but they have no hope, and they're the ones I guess we have to take care of until they have a

minimum standard of living, and that's where it ends. Of course I'm just the Deputy. Mitchell tells me once a day, he says, 'Kleindienst, you don't have any opinions.'

Kleindienst has a round, flat face, and on this particular day was smartly dressed in a near-black suit, white shirt, and black and white tie. He talked easily and at length, chuckling often at his own jokes.

Suddenly, the affability stopped. "I'm also a very strong anti-Communist," he said. "Part of it's derived from my Christian standards; part of it is derived from my concept of freedom. Let's take wiretapping: any time you want to use electronic surveillance on someone, you interfere with his absolute freedom. You don't want to do it without very careful control. But when you say Communism suppresses freedom and you don't want to protect yourself from that, you're creating the very conditions in which you might lose your freedom."

"Epidemic"

"Let's take these students," the Deputy continued, his voice rising. "I would encourage students to probe and seek, up to the time they would close down the institution which gives them freedom of expression. If you can show a concerted form of activity of a subversive nature where people similarly inclined spread throughout the country to fan this, then it becomes the role of the federal government to suppress that form of subversive activity." He brought up the SDS. "If that or any group was organized on a national basis to subvert our society, then I think Congress should pass laws to suppress that activity. When you see an epidemic like this cropping up all over the country—the same kind of people saying the same kinds of things—you begin to get the picture that it is a national subversive activity."

Kleindienst predicts the new Justice Department will be different in various ways. He would be tougher on demonstrators: "If people demonstrated in a manner to interfere with others, they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp. Ramsey Clark submitted seven names to the Subversive Activities Control Board just to keep it alive. [Actually, the move was forced by Everett McKinley Dirksen and his friend, Lyn-

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Washington

don Johnson.] We're not going to just keep it alive," Kleindienst said, fairly shouting by now. "We're going to give it momentum."

As if to put a punctuation mark to this promise, President Nixon surprised many Washingtonians and alarmed many others by choosing as his first S.A.C.B. appointee Otto F. Otepka, an anti-Communist zealot of the Joseph McCarthy era who was dismissed from his job by Dean Rusk's State Department for giving classified loyalty-security files to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee without permission. The President's nomination was all the more surprising because the new Nixon Secretary of State, William Rogers, had refused to overturn Rusk and reinstate Otepka. The *New York Times*, recalling the reckless use to which raw security files were put by the McCarthyites of yore, had one word for the rise of Otto Otepka from limbo to a job that reinstates him and, presumably, his principles, at a salary increase of \$15,000 a year. The word was "revolting."

"Draft-card burning, that's a federal offense," Kleindienst continued. "We're going to prosecute it. We're tough prosecutors, as compared to social theorists. A law is a law. We're going to look at a law and say, 'Let's go get it!'"

"Pretty soon"

Kleindienst and Mitchell are proud to have secured Will Wilson as their chief prosecutor. The new head of the Criminal Division is a 56-year-old Texan, wizened to such a degree that he appears much older, and so soft-spoken that it is difficult to keep in mind his reputation as a zealous, tough—vengeful, some say—crimebuster. As the district attorney of Dallas County, he shut down casinos and broke up gambling rackets. As Attorney General of the State of Texas, he conducted raids on the gambling halls and red-light districts of Galveston. In 1961, he ran, and lost, in a special election to fill the Senate seat of Vice President Johnson, and the following year he ran, and lost, in the primary for governor. All that was as a Democrat. Along the way, particularly as a result of the gubernatorial race, in which Johnson friend John Connal-

ly returned from Washington to run, Wilson fell out with Lyndon Johnson. He is said to dislike the former President as much as any man does, which is, of course, quite a bit. When the Billie Sol Estes case came up, Wilson took time out from the gubernatorial campaign to run his own investigation, pointing to connections between Estes and Johnson. Then he became a Republican. (Several Democrats here are quite uneasy at the idea of a Johnson-hater in Wilson's particular position.) Wilson was suggested to Mitchell and Kleindienst for the job by Senator John Tower (Republican, Texas), and both thought he had fine credentials.

An early speech by Wilson urging hands-off control of the use of guns by police caused considerable controversy; mayors and even some chiefs of police feel that they need such controls in order to maintain community peace. In the District of Columbia alone, there were several near-riots as a result of the seventeen citizen deaths by police fire in a year and a half. Wilson, however, was not troubled by the controversy. "I think it needs saying. I really think the police need support. Don't you?"

As for the student unrest, "I think if you could get all of them in the penitentiary, you'd stop it. The ring-leaders, I'm talking about. I don't think the American public is going to tolerate the destruction of universities, or the turning them into schools for revolution, when they realize that's what their intent is, rather than cold or hot lunches."

Wilson has equally firm views about protesters in general: "In the area of balancing the right of dissent against public order, my heavy leaning would be on the side of public order. On the question of where does free speech move towards public disturbance, my answer would be 'pretty soon.' I wouldn't be tolerant of public disturbances because they were done by people with a good cause. People who are thinking about planning something like this—a protest movement—if it comes within anything for me to do, they should keep the peace. I'd call something a riot sooner than maybe other people might. Don't you think that's the attitude generally of this Administration?"

—Elizabeth B. Drew

Peru

The altiplano, the high plain of Peru and Bolivia, is one of the poorest regions in the world. It is not slum poverty, with families packed chockablock into tenements, but poverty that comes from grueling work on land that will not yield enough for a man to live decently. The worst of the terrain, twelve thousand feet high and ringed by mountains, looks like a seabed, the vegetation appearing exactly as plants appear underwater through a face mask; the bushes sway in the currents of the wind. In the state of Puno on the edge of Lake Titicaca, the Indians chew coca leaves (the derivative is cocaine), not to achieve fantasies and thereby blow their minds, but to kill hunger pangs and gather the sensation of strength. Strong on coca, they work the fields.

It is a day's journey by train from Arequipa, the white city at the base of El Misti, a nineteen-thousand-foot volcano. The train climbs steadily up the slate-gray plateau, through Sumbay and Maravillas and the other railroad towns, to Puno. The train rocks and creaks, and the traveler fights off sleep from the great height. The train climbs and passes through villages high on the plain, the Indians coming to line the track and look at the passengers. Indian ladies wear tiny derby hats, which are comical but give to their bearing an air of great seriousness and purpose, from the neck up the appearance of a dark-brown, flat-nosed Irish pol, down and out in Puno and Sumbay. The ladies walk as Groucho Marx walks, hunched over, a baby or a pile of sticks fastened to their backs. The men stand in the shade, ominously still, their faces the color of polished mahogany. It is possible to stare at them for long periods of time and receive no answering nod. The jaws work the coca, the eyes stare blankly. There is only one way to describe it. The men look half dead.

The passengers are mostly tourists, Americans bound for Cuzco and Machupicchu from Chicago or Winter Park, Florida. There is one Peruvian family, the man in a rakish cowboy hat and expensive leather boots, and a Zapata mustache, his wife in a miniskirt. When the train



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Peru

halts to take on water, the people in the parlor car peer out, focus cameras from their seats inside the train. At Sumbay, the children come from behind the station and cluster under the windows of the green-colored coaches. An American tosses out a penny and the children, filthy, barefoot, reeling with laughter, scramble for it. The tourists are excited. Another American repeats the gesture while his wife fishes in the carrybag for the movie camera and the color film, to catch the children as they struggle for the coins. One of the American women hurries down the aisle to disembark, to film the action from the station platform. The coins clatter on the cement, and the children scramble under the impassive eyes of the Indians. The tourists do not have Peruvian money, so they are throwing American money: nickels when they run out of pennies, and dimes when they run out of nickels. The children naturally think that the American coins are more valuable than their own *soles*. Mercifully, the train starts again and resumes the long ascent to Puno.

Read disaster

The state of Puno is about the size of Ohio, population one million, mostly Aymara and Quechua Indian. Average altitude: 12,500 feet. Illiteracy rate: 68 percent. Condition: near hopeless, according to a United Nations report which called it one of two permanent emergency areas in Latin America. For emergency, read disaster.

Peru in general and the altiplano in particular have been a region of concern to the Maryknoll Fathers, the Roman Catholic missionary group noted for its humane ethics and liberal politics. The Maryknollers try to do what they can for the Indians, supporting a range of enterprises from radio and television schools to credit co-ops. They baptize the newborn and bury the dead, conduct Mass and hear confession; but they are no longer certain that these rituals are truly central to their mission. Can a man reach a state of grace in anything other than the eyes of God while living in the conditions of the altiplano? Decent men, the Fathers live on in Peru, some of them without any real conviction

that the lot of the people is improving, or that there is progress of any kind. The self-analysis of priests working in the ghetto of the United States has translated itself to Peru, and why not? The priests are asking if they are relevant to the problems and the people, particularly the Indians, who live on coca, grit, superstition, and very little else. Is it not an offense to offer Mass to people obliged to live in the way these people are obliged to live? Mass is a comfort and a ceremony, but there ought to be a promise of life as well. Some of the Fathers here have accordingly become fascinated, if not obsessed, with the need to engage themselves in the economic development of the altiplano (full stomachs can precede states of grace), an activity incidentally from which they specifically exclude the practice of building great cathedrals. The problem of relevance and what one priest called "cultural imposition" is as acute here as it is anywhere in the United States. The problem of America follows Americans wherever they go.

The earth of the plateau is black, but it is not rich. Electricity does not extend beyond the towns into the adobe huts where the families care for their animals. The families squeeze into fetid rooms, where food is cooked and where they sleep huddled together against the cold. They will nursemaid a llama for a year, caring for it better than they care for themselves, to sell it at the end for less than \$100 profit. There are children everywhere, and some schools, but the schools are only sporadically attended. No one is certain precisely what to do with the Indians, whose lives constitute a struggle against an unimaginably bleak environment. The way out, for many of them, is migration to the coast, to Lima and the grim *barriadas*, the sixteen-mile slum that sprawls outward from the capital. There is disagreement on whether this is a solution. In the *barriadas*, families splinter and the Indians become disoriented, lost; used to the atmosphere of the high plain, they often become ill. For the children, there is a marginal opportunity for advancement and for that reason, more than any of the others, the migration continues. As Father Peter Halligan, one of the Maryknoll priests, says: "Only a hyper-romantic would find anything redeeming

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Peru

in the life of the Indians on the altiplano."

In the evenings, the Fathers gathered for dinner along a refectory table at Peter Halligan's. There were about ten men, all of them involved in one way or another with the church and its efforts to improve the life of the region. That night there was talk of an Argentine promoter named Carlos, who was building a motel twenty miles from Puno on the edge of the lake. The motel would cater to the Americans, who would arrive at it via electric train and bus from Cuzco. One night at the hotel—"We'll have everything," Carlos had said, "hamburgers and hot dogs for the Americans, a full bar, hunting and fishing, comfort; Americans want comfort"—and then the tourists would be bundled into a hydrofoil to cross Titicaca into Bolivia. Puno could be made a tourist center, the Avignon of Peru as the travelers made their way south from Cuzco/Paris to La Paz/Cannes. One of the priests was excited: his mission lay across the lake from Carlos' motel. If Carlos could route the hydrofoil to that little town, where there was an extraordinary church, then some industry might come. Perhaps a hotel *there*, and restaurants, stores in which to sell sweaters and rugs. Nothing else seemed to work. Perhaps tourism was the answer. "Carlos," one of them laughed, "the Conrad Hilton of Puno."

Speaking English

The talk around the refectory table was mostly amusing banter; one of the Fathers had recently returned from the United States, where life was not so hot, either, he said. Then conversation switched abruptly to "the situation," the problems of the altiplano and, in the cities on the coast, the growing bitterness between the Peruvians and the North Americans, a relatively recent development. To a visitor recently in South Vietnam, the atmosphere at the table now was reminiscent of the American civilian compound ("the USAID house") in Mytho or Banmethuot. There was no barbed wire, no Nung guards or green-tinted cans of C-rations; and there were no carbines in the clothes closets. But the place was heavy with the sensa-

tion of enclave, of a society within a society which was not wholly American and certainly not Peruvian. The furniture was new, and the bookshelves held *Time* and the *National Catholic Reporter* and the *New Republic*. There was a record player, and a new powerful radio; comfortable new couches. All of it was new, in fact built not more than a year ago. They were a group of



Americans away from home: all there in the evening, all seated around the same table, *all speaking English*. It was a society of *them*, the natives who lived in the region, and *us*, the Americans who came to visit, for a week or for eighteen years, but visiting nonetheless. They were men who had come to comprehend a society which does not comprehend easily, and then to move it and help it, and that does not come easily either. They were as alien to the culture as any colonel in Mytho, which is to say they remained Americans. First and last.

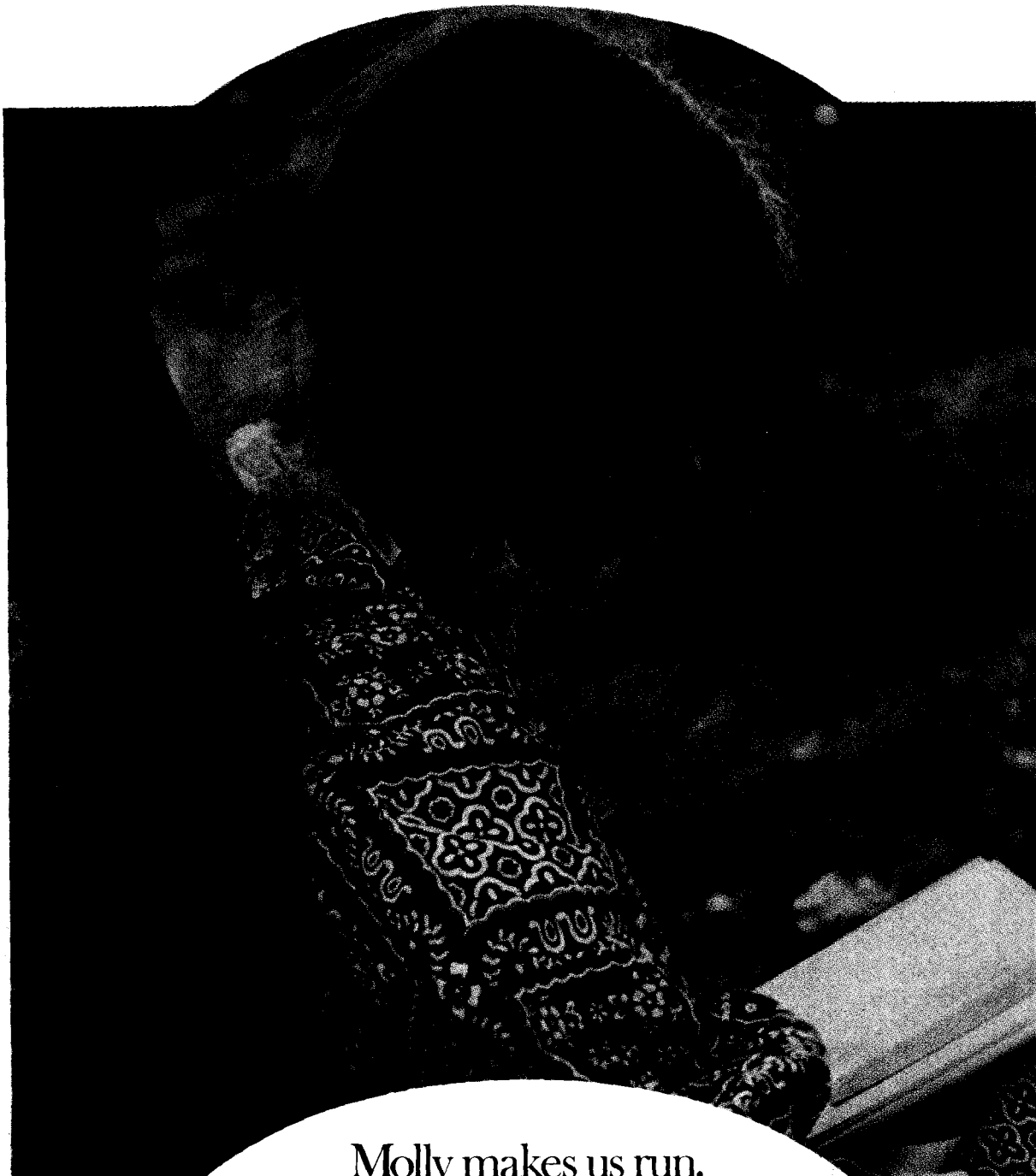
And they were deeply troubled as they watched the slide in Peruvian-North American relations. No one can go to Peru now and not be aware of it. It is the result of the American corporate presence, which operates independently of American foreign policy but has more to do with Latin-American attitudes than any speech by the President, or any white paper or soothing statement from the Department of State. Peru confiscated the International Petroleum Company; in fact, the previous government's settlements with IPC, represented as a sellout, were the pretext for the nationalist coup which toppled the Belaunde regime late last year. For this reason General Juan Velasco Alvarado, no Che Guevara, found the left-wing students fully behind his regime, and before long the entire country was caught in a wave

of anti-Americanism. It was a neat substitute for a policy, so Velasco—in succession—issued warnings to American fishing boats (Peru claims a 200-mile limit), and established diplomatic relations and a trade agreement with the Soviet Union. It won't be believed in Peru, but a good part of informed opinion in Washington held that the recognition of Russia was excellent politics and wise economics; Peru has always been too dependent on the United States (more of Peru's economy is controlled by foreigners, Americans and others, than that of any country in the world). Peruvians are now demanding to decide their own fate, which they reckon impossible to do so long as American corporations dominate the economy, so long as the decisions are made not in Lima but in New York. So it is something of a shock to discover that the right-wing collection of generals who run Peru have some support not only of the stability-conscious middle class, but of the revolutionaries at San Marcos University as well. Velasco's is a dazzling performance, a policy run on little more than opposition to the United States.

Day to day

That is all quite apart from the problem of the altiplano. The Indians are unaware who governs them (to the extent that anyone does), except when the army needs conscripts. The idea of IPC, the spiritual, as well as the corporate, descendant of old John D. Rockefeller, is a very remote idea indeed. It was sobering to understand that nothing that happened with IPC or any of the other American corporations would likely have the slightest effect on the altiplano and its people. These were matters of concern to another, political, public world whose relation to the high plain was, and is, very slight.

Perhaps it is true that only a romantic would find the life of the Indians redeeming. It is not a culture that ranks with Athens or Rome, Lord knows; and if Inca energy or ingenuity lurks in the blood, it is difficult to find. One can only say that they are independent and kind to their children, and while drunkenness is common, violence is not. The Indians appear sad beyond measure, but still undaunted. They move from day to day, somehow



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Peru

dealing with the harshness of life and being ground down by it in the process. The Fathers move about, do what they can, try to help. It is a difficult business, with no sign that the altiplano will be anything but an "emergency area" for decades to come. The Indians, dulled by coca, will endure, from time to time leaving the adversities of the high plain for the adversities of the *barriadas*, one cycle of difficulty and deprivation for another.

"In touch with civilization"

They know how to handle the tourists in the Peruvian Amazon. We are all tourists now, disembarking from a Faucett Airways DC-6 in Iquitos, conducted to the hotel in an ancient Buick with shattered windshield. The Spanish say that the difference between them and the Portuguese is that they are dry and the Portuguese are wet. It is the same difference between the people of the high plain—all of them, Americans included—and the people of the jungle. The people here are soft and wet, like the land itself. It is not a place for serious speculation, and it does not work its way into your mind as a place worth knowing. Iquitos is a throwback to the rubber boom of the nineteenth century.

The travel agents are everywhere, on the street, in the lobby of the hotel, in the bar, dispensing smiles and four-color brochures. The idea is to take a trip on the great river itself, camping fifty miles distant and living for a night or two in the jungle, fishing for piranha, filming the crocodiles, looking for snakes, and *watching the Indians*.

These are different Indians. A brochure tells us about them, in the caption of a photograph of three tourists in a speedboat leering at one of the bare-breasted girls. "It is time to say goodbye on the banks of the river," the caption reads. "The Indians of the area, the 'yaguas,' are peaceful and keep in touch with civilization. They live on the rivers and retain their primitive customs. The travel agents take efforts to protect them in order to make them stay for the tourists to see."

Well, yes. The travel agents protect the Indians in approximately the same way that zoos protect ani-

mals. The Indians are brought down from their homes near the Ecuadorian border and settled along the banks of the Manita River, in compounds within easy striking distance of Iquitos. They are bought and paid for by the travel agents, each of whom has an Indian settlement suitable for viewing by tourists who care enough to pay \$120 a day plus gin. The travel agents, having imported the Indians, then keep them in touch with civilization, and peaceful. The Indians' entire world centers on the tourists. The only job they have is to be available and courteous when the tourists come to look at them. Their function is precisely that of animals in a zoo.

But no matter. We hired a local fisherman and his speedboat for thirty dollars a day and forgot about the Indians, sole property of the travel agents. We proceeded from Iquitos downriver to the Manita and the tributaries, the boat a cork in the godlike surge and heave of the Amazon. There was nothing exceptional in the life of the people along the river. The streams where the piranha lived were small and still, black from the rot of decayed vegetation. The jungle loomed on both sides of the stream as we cut the engine and drifted, broke out the beer and the *pâté de foie gras* bought in Lima. The black water reflected the trees and the sky perfectly, a natural looking glass. Nothing spoke or stirred; there were no animals of any kind. After a time, the jungle and the river merged and it became difficult to tell where the banks ended and the river began. We felt it was an optical illusion and struggled to separate the trees from their reflections. Finally it was impossible, and we sat silently in the boat as if suspended in air in a primeval place, no beginning, no end.

—Ward S. Just

The Paris Negotiations

The entire summer of 1968 saw an elusive *pas de deux* at the Paris peace negotiations. Hanoi and Washington sparred in a battle of principles. With the onset of winter, the second stage began: After the bombing ended, and working relationships were established between Averell Harriman and Xuan Thuy, the winter problem was to find a

way to bring a fearful Saigon to the conference table (of whatever shape). This second stage—from Lyndon Johnson's speech of October 31 until the opening of the enlarged conference on January 18—brought a string of frustrating crises. The third stage has had the characteristics of a late winter, resembling at times a tantalizing spring. It began like the sessions of May and June last year; a dogged recital each Thursday of the maximum positions of each party. Yet underneath were tender shoots which might flower into a settlement of the protracted tragedy of Vietnam.

At the French government monolith where each delegation briefs the press, the atmosphere has become lively, gossipy, and often partisan. Questions are no longer exclusively polite requests for clarification. Sometimes they are debating thrusts, designed to flaw the arguments of the spokesman for one or other delegation. ("You claim South and North Vietnam are like West and East Germany, but in fact there are many vital differences . . .")

Cool

In the U.S. delegation a new, cool style is evident. Gone is the air of impatience that Harriman exuded. Gone too is the string of electoral pressures which in part accounted for that impatience. Henry Cabot Lodge, Lawrence Walsh, and Marshall Greene while he was there, seem calm and confident. They believe they have plenty of time. They believe the military situation in Vietnam, despite the NLF shellings at the end of February, is sound enough to prevent any sudden catastrophe.

The mild and measured reaction to the shellings indicated the tone. All options were to be kept open. None were to be closed by hasty overreaction, or a threat which would hand the initiative to the other side. The delegation was conscious that Nixon had not yet completed his review of the Vietnam situation. Henry Cabot Lodge is no great respecter of the press of public opinion; he intends that it should not interfere with the process of negotiation. Gone too is the restlessness of Johnson, reaching for the telephone at all hours of the day and night. The delegation feel now they are permitted a more measured pace.

"Nixon is not always at you," one of them observed. Whether this cool approach will bring results quickly enough is perhaps a very open question. Criticisms are heard of Harri- man's "insensitivity" to the South Vietnamese, of his having "bustled" them into the widened talks. Could they have been brought in any other way?

The U.S. delegation has not yet been molded into a fully operational team. Events have not demanded it of them. The three top men who arrived in January were diverse. Walsh (who spent most of the early weeks burdened with illness) is a lawyer who is close to Secretary of State William P. Rogers. His grasp of the issues is still incomplete. Marshall Greene, prolific in ideas, many of which he formulated while U.S. Ambassador to Indonesia, stood somewhat apart from the command structure. If Walsh is Lodge's second in command, and Philip Habib, who is totally abreast of every possible issue, is Lodge's chief of staff, Greene was an "adviser." He dreams broad dreams of the future of Asia. He is known to have the exceptional regard of Nixon; in mid-March the President brought him back to Washington to take up the key post of Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian Affairs. Greene has influenced Nixon in his thinking about Indonesia, and the President's *Foreign Affairs* article of October, 1967, "Asia after Vietnam," contains ideas to which Greene gives ready expression. It is hard to see how Lodge could have found Greene fitting neatly into his methods and conceptualizations. Lodge seems the courtly amateur; Greene the sharp professional.

Trail of memories

The South Vietnamese delegation—quartered in offices and villas spread throughout the smart districts of Paris—are numerous and personally pleasant. But they carry themselves as men who know, however much they deny it, that the settlement of the war will not leave them where they are now. The delegation lacks coherence. The future may bring different destinies for its different elements. Ky alternates honeyed words with bellicose ones. One moment in Saigon, the next in Paris, the third skiing in the Swiss Alps, he seems an anomaly in the negotiating atmosphere which is

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Paris Negotiations

emerging in Paris. Away from the peculiar political hothouse of Saigon, his authority seems to desert him.

It is hard to believe that Pham Dang Lam represents the same government. He is a Southerner of modest mien and a professional. Ky is an aggressive Northerner who, according to a woman who knows him very well indeed, loves airplanes far more than politics. Lam seems happiest when Ky is out of Paris. He has made broad contacts with Parisian Vietnamese, even visiting important figures who are close to the NLF. Such figures would no more receive Ky than the devil. But they have also received Tran Buu Kiem, chief of the NLF delegation.

Lam has impressed these figures as a man open to compromise. Said one of them: "Bui Diem [the Saigon chief last year] was an arrogant mandarin of the North. Americans prefer mandarins, but South Vietnamese people prefer modest, populist leaders. Lam might be able to appeal to them." Lam has been bitterly critical of the U.S.: for "foisting" a constitution on Saigon; for overwhelming Vietnam with its military power; for putting out feelers to the other side for private contacts without carrying the RV along with them. A close friend of Big Minh, the nationalist leader with neutralist leanings who is now back in Saigon, Lam can be expected in later stages of the negotiations to seek common ground with elements which now seem far to the left of his public, "Thursday" position.

Is Lodge as close to the Saigon leaders as his critics in the United States sometimes claim? Himself a courtly mandarin, he appeals to some Vietnamese leaders, and his rather compelling personality left a trail of memories in Saigon. But he is a diplomat par excellence, and friendship of the kind that sways policy is seldom found at the high reaches of diplomacy. Remember that when Lodge was in Saigon, Ky—then Premier—acted very much the way Washington wanted him to act. Lodge had his way. But some think he might just as well seek to have his way one day with another segment of the Saigon political spectrum.

It is remembered in Vietnam any-

way that Lodge was Ambassador when Diem fell (to this day Vietnamese Catholic opinion is cool to Lodge). He is pre-eminently a mandarin of the American public interest. If Diem could "go," other less substantial leaders could also "go." At any rate, the leadership of the RV delegation knows as well as everyone else that somehow or other Nixon is soon going to have to end this war, whose continuance is the only certain source of the political strength they have. As of mid-March they were just as uncertain of Nixon's specific policy intentions as everyone else.

Spectacular contradictions

In the sessions, the RV's Pham Dang Lam talks like a man confronted by assassins. He has probably achieved some progress in ramming home the point that Saigon's challengers are Communists—as if to remind non-Communist Europeans who sympathize with the NLF for anti-American or similar reasons, what side they should be on when Communism rears its head. But often Lam sounds defensive, almost panicky. He passes long stretches of time trying to demonstrate that the RV is a legal, constitutional government. It sounds odd, coming from a government which is already recognized by dozens of countries, and which says it invited the United States, South Korea, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, and the Philippines to help it with a guerrilla problem. The Americans think he talks too long and too wildly. From the cupboard of his text emerges a vivid array of skeletons drawn from the experience of the whole globe and much of history. Lodge selects one or two themes—often the DMZ issue—and states the U.S. position succinctly. Lam, in full orchestral flight, will now and then, as if by chance, strike the one "right note" of the DMZ issue.

He has other problems. Unlike the DRV and the NLF, he is directing his argument purely at Vietnamese. He is upbraiding Vietnamese for actions—however reprehensible—committed in their own country. Xuan Thuy and Tran Buu Kiem on the other hand are generally attacking foreigners for what they are doing in Vietnam. In such a situation it is not easy to picture Lam as a nationalist. Spectacular contradictions

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Paris Negotiations

with U.S. positions surface at the briefings. Late in February, the RV spokesman claimed the shellings were mainly against civilians. Minutes later Harold Kaplan, speaking for the U.S. delegation, stated that they were mostly against military targets. In his first oration, Lam declared: "Communist propaganda also tries to represent the war in Vietnam as a civil war." Henry Kissinger in *Foreign Affairs* for January, 1969, characterized the war as a civil war in the first eight lines of his article.

Overall, the RV delegation seems to stand on ground that is sinking slowly into the sea. Last November, they declared they could never participate in "four-sided" talks. Everyone in Paris—including the Americans in private—now refers to the talks as "four-sided." Last November they demanded to "lead the Allied side" at the talks. That demand too has been shoved aside. They seem likely to meet defeat after defeat—unless they drastically switch their ground and try to fashion a political future for themselves by outflanking the United States from the left, and declaring in public what some of them murmur in private, that all of Vietnam's troubles are due to Americans. Then presumably the NLF might start to do business with the RV team—however sordid the outcome might be.

They feel their greatest trump card is the "assurances" they were granted by the United States as a condition for coming to Paris: essentially, that no coalition would be imposed upon them. But it is a thin assurance. According to plans being hatched in certain minds, there may occur a reconstitution of the Saigon government which will not *appear* to originate in Paris, or Washington, or anywhere but in Saigon itself. But the impulse in fact is unlikely to come from within Saigon.

Oblique

The DRV delegation are the veterans of the conference. Xuan Thuy is the only one of the delegation chiefs who has been in Paris since May, 1968. His team, almost none of whom have seen Hanoi for a year, are well settled into their communal-like manner of life in a sprawling

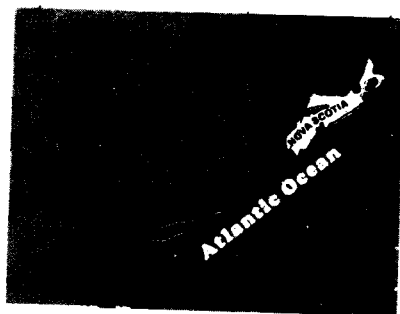
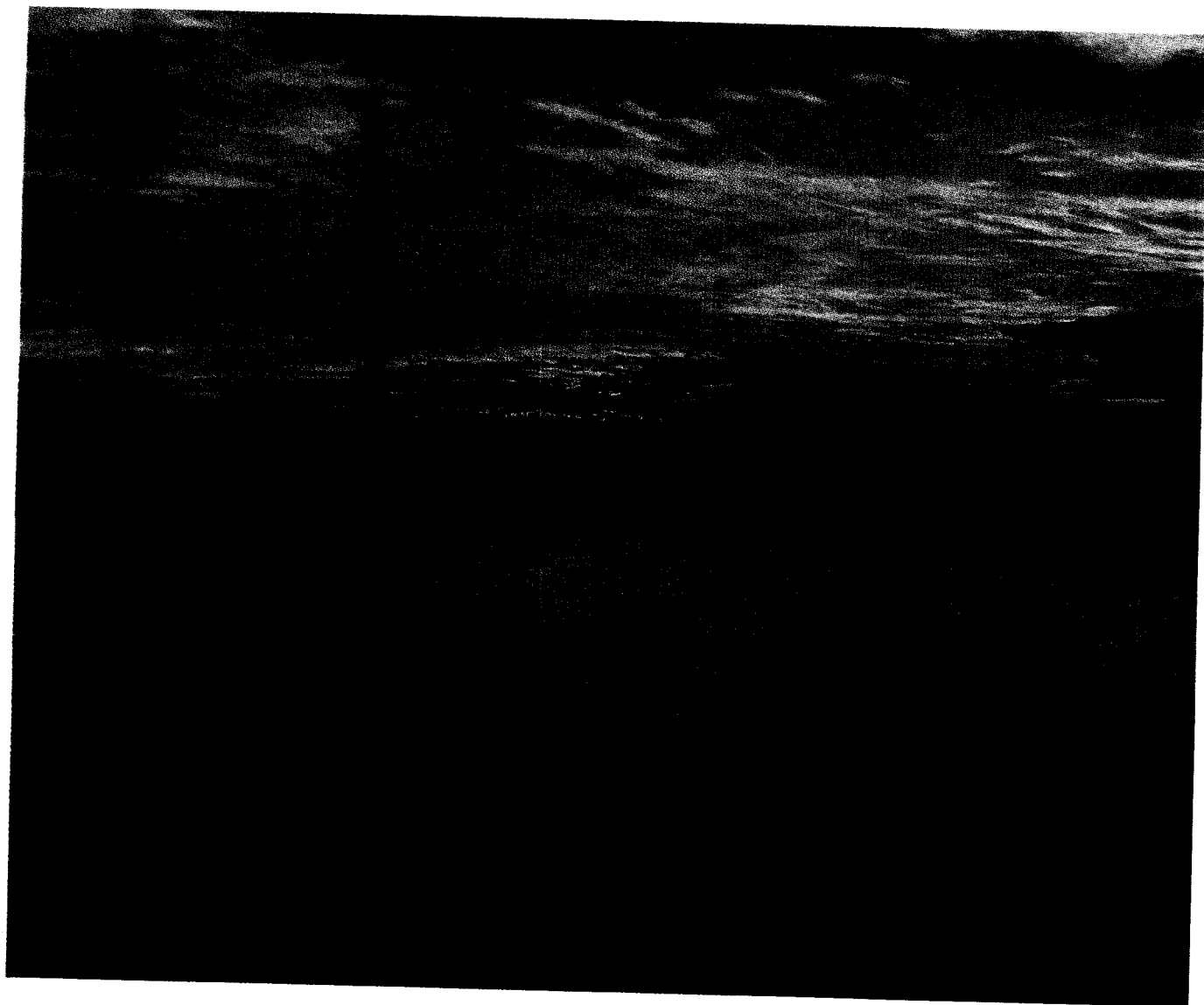
compound owned by the French Communist Party. The cessation of the bombing rallied their sagging spirits. Something concrete has been achieved at Paris. They make their way with patience, charm, and infinite subtlety along the knife edge of international politics. The Poles of Asia in a sense, they seem accustomed to tragedy, and have evolved their own oblique methods of coping with a world they never made.

From time to time the cough of a giant power strikes them with influenza: thus the invasion of Czechoslovakia, which took attention away from their cause, and made it even more of a strain than usual to hold the hand of both Moscow and Peking. From time to time fortune smiles: thus the thaw in Peking's attitude toward Hanoi. Actually Hanoi is presently in as satisfactory a relationship with the three giant powers as it has ever been, or perhaps could ever expect to be. Despite the Russian-Chinese clashes this spring, the DRV is on correct terms with Peking, warm terms with Moscow (there is contact in Paris more or less every day), and most remarkably, on respectful terms with the U.S. delegation at Paris. It is a striking achievement.

The squat, white NLF villa is southwest of Paris, on a rise opposite a small lake, guarded by a van of French police who look like black beetles in a box. Parisian Vietnamese come and go, cementing ties with those with whom they hope to share the leadership of South Vietnam. Nicely mounted war photos are on the walls, Johnnie Walker whiskey (which the hosts pour out recklessly for special guests, as if they were filling tumblers with water) sits on coffee tables among French and Vietnamese cigarettes.

Nerved

One fact towers above all others about the NLF group: They have made it in Paris. Never mind the shape of the table, any table seems to them almost a magic carpet to power. They now vie with Thieu and Ky as representatives of the people of South Vietnam. Nerved by French sympathy, they have been flexing their diplomatic muscles throughout Europe, with visits to various ceremonies and colloquia in Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, most



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Paris Negotiations

of the Eastern European capitals, and Algeria. Their nineteen "embassies" abroad are feverishly active. In Paris, Tran Buu Kiem has been received by Foreign Minister Debré, and he recently had a cordial visit with the Swedish ambassador, thanking him for permitting (and subsidizing) an NLF Information Office in Stockholm. Exchanging his black pajamas of the jungle for a neat blue business suit, Kiem has already introduced many Europeans to the idea of the Front as a government. Like Lodge he can be a man of exceptional charm.

The NLF and the RV are allowed by their respective allies to claim the major spotlight. Each Thursday, Lodge and Xuan Thuy speak briefly, almost perfunctorily, while Tran Buu Kiem and Pham Dang Lam extend the full concertina of their maximum charges and demands. The frantic verbosity of Lam tires, and sometimes embarrasses, the Americans. Some consider that Kiem's tirades have a partially similar effect on Hanoi. It is more likely, however, that Hanoi sees benefits in letting Kiem be bellicose. They can sit back, sip their tea, and give the impression of total reasonableness, as if to entice the United States to accept the DRV-styled package for Communist victory.

The U.S. delegation, having reached a certain working relationship with the DRV, and struck by their more urbane and businesslike manner (compared with the Front), tends to consider the Front "tougher" than the DRV. But there is a paradox. True, the routines of twelve months have sobered Xuan Thuy. True, the NLF people, even Mrs. Binh, who is rather alluring for a conspiratorial heroine, are less practiced in the ways of the diplomatic world. Yet the Front, taken as a whole, is probably less Leninist than Hanoi, and by the end of 1969 this will count far more than matters of style.

No slow maturation over decades but rather national crisis has fashioned the NLF. Circumstance has made Communists of its leadership. They are "young" Communists who can claim no long involvement with Comintern and Cominform like Ho and General Giap. You are often

taken aback to realize how recently they were citizens of Saigon or some other "government" location. Sometimes you find—as I did with one young economic expert—that you have actually encountered the man once in Saigon, then encountered him a few years later as an "NLF man" in Eastern Europe. Americans may think of NLF people as inhabitants of some nether region, almost of an ideological rather than an empirical place. They, however, think of themselves as South Vietnamese. They live in South Vietnam, even in its large towns. Frequently their transition from orthodox citizenship in the RV to clandestine NLF life has been gradual and not at all clear-cut.

Hardly surprising, then, that they are less Leninist than those nurtured in the Communist apparatus of the DRV. Le Duc Tho was talking in Paris in 1965 with a figure sympathetic to the NLF. The topic was how to end the war. Le Duc Tho resisted his host's assertions that the sacrifices were too great to go on much longer and that compromises must now be made to get peace soon. He remarked: "But the people are *there* to make sacrifices." The struggle is less immediate for Le Duc Tho than for the NLF leadership. His view of it is thus more historical and less circumstantial than theirs.

Limits on dogma

It would be simple if we could conclude that the Northern "Leninists" are tougher for the United States to make peace with than the Southern "rebels." We cannot. Once Leninists make up their mind to get peace, they can zigzag for it with the flexibility of eels—as both Lenin and Stalin demonstrated. Hanoi now feels the time for reconstruction has come. The same Le Duc Tho who in 1965 spoke so loftily of the sacrifice of the people is in 1969 bent upon peace, and his delegation is exceedingly unlikely to leave Paris until peace comes. The U.S. delegation sees this clearly.

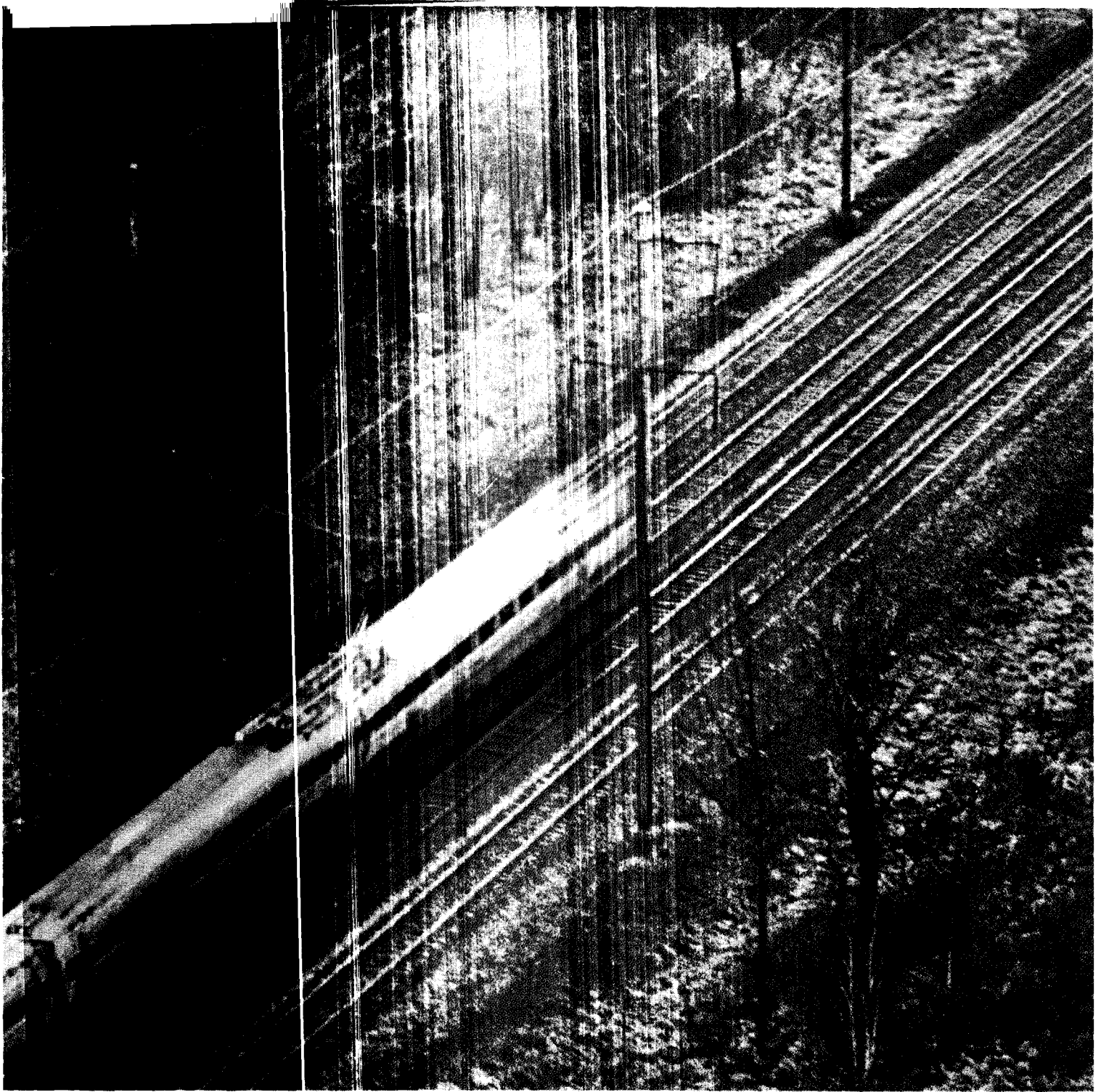
But is the United States correct to picture the NLF as the extremists? Only in one sense. They have been doing most of the fighting and they are hypersensitive to the danger of a settlement in Paris that would whittle down what their terrible bloodshed has won. Hanoi

feels Peking and Moscow enforced upon it too drastic a compromise in 1954. But Southern leftists also think Hanoi somewhat abandoned them in 1954, leaving them without defense against Diem. The 1954 Communist position was "Leninist." It was hardly extremist. In 1969 the NLF are not keen on any "Leninist" solution that is not also watertight from the point of view of those actually sweating it out in the South. Thus far the U.S. view seems sound.

But in terms of *political goals* the NLF are probably less tough. Henry Kissinger wrote shortly before going to Washington: "Both the Hanoi government and the U.S. are limited in their freedom of action by the state of mind of the population of South Vietnam which will ultimately determine the outcome of the conflict." The NLF leadership is even more limited. Actual rulers of part of the South, they know the South cannot be ruled as the North is ruled. Southern people—richer, less influenced by Confucian discipline, more religious—are probably not as good material for Communist dictatorship as Northerners.

Geographically, moreover, the South must take more account than the North of its neutralist and pro-Western neighbors, Cambodia, Laos, and Thailand. Thus the NLF decided in 1962 to stand on a platform of neutralism (scandalous as the Chinese told them it was to do so). There is one striking piece of evidence that this NLF position is determined by its practical situation in the South, rather than by Leninist doctrine. In 1962, the PRP (Communist Party within the NLF) favored the neutralist platform. Resistance to it—and it was considerable—came primarily from non-Communist nationalist elements within the NLF who argued that neutralism would delay reunification too long and thus thwart the aspirations of the Vietnamese people.

Few deny that the NLF has come under increasing direction from Hanoi in recent years. But U.S. pressure on Vietnam may have been the biggest reason for this. What must be calculated in Paris is how NLF-DRV relations can be expected to evolve as U.S. pressure recedes. In crisis the NLF and Hanoi have stood together. But the whole aim of U.S. policy is to smooth the path



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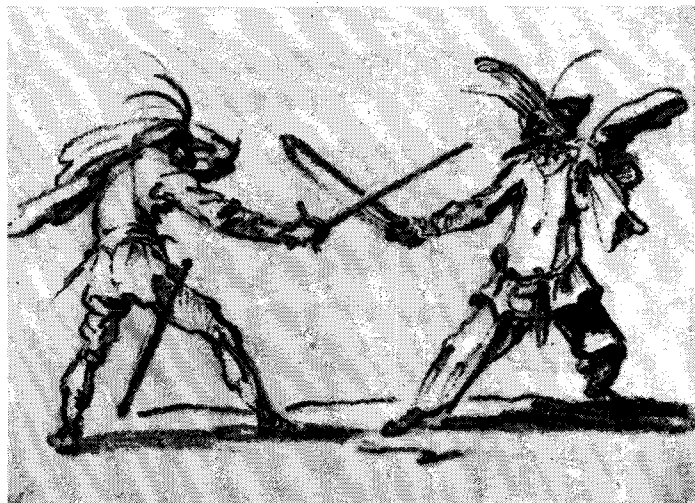
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Paris Negotiations

for a Vietnam beyond crisis. The delicacy of the U.S. position today derives from the U.S. attempt to find a political settlement for the South that will stick, and be as little detrimental to U.S. interests as possible, in the *absence* of massive U.S. presence. Thus it must be a settlement



that accords with the gut realities of politics and culture of the South.

If Yankee goes home

Here we confront the major theme beneath the surface of the Paris Talks in stage three: de-Americanization of the war. It is perhaps the key idea being developed by the U.S. delegation. Representing a new Administration, they feel free to criticize "excessive U.S. military intervention" in Vietnam. They are inclined to believe that the same purposes could have been accomplished by less heavy-handed means: less militarist; less fuss about elections; less impatient; less "welfarist." "It was a mistake to send in 500,000 men," said one, "and it was probably a mistake to bomb the North. When the Communists say Saigon is a 'puppet regime' it is hard to deny it."

There are two sets of problems on the hidden agenda at Paris. The military problems: how to get a ceasefire and/or a planned, agreed, phased, policed withdrawal of outside troops. The political problems: Who shall then rule South Vietnam? De-Americanization, as it has been forming in the minds of some Americans, presents itself as a means of trying the two sets of issues together. The theory is this. If it is done

gradually, if it is synchronized with the capacities of the RV to take over its own defense, U.S. military withdrawal can become, not a mortal peril for the RV, but the source of its renewed political strength. "They will be strong only when they truly stand on their own feet."

The theory has its problems. The first is that the RV delegation do not seem as sure as the Americans that U.S. withdrawal will "strengthen" them. Their uncertainty is only increased by NLF confidence that U.S. withdrawal will lead to the collapse of the RV. Moreover they distrust the motives of Washington. Is it to strengthen Saigon that the

U.S. is planning to withdraw? Or is it that the U.S. government, and U.S. public opinion, have just had enough of the unrewarding Vietnam adventure?

Second, it is not clear that "Saigon" stands for any coherent political entity which would manifest a strong dynamic of its own in the absence of the United States. The NLF is a political movement, just as the FLN in Algeria was a political movement, or the Indian Congress Party in the 1940s, or the Republican Party in the United States. The government in Saigon is based on no political party, nor on a group of men with deeply shared views and experiences. It is not a government based on a political movement. It looks more like a set of offices paid by the United States and filled by assorted individuals. When a movement competes politically with a set of assorted individuals, the result is not often the victory of the assorted individuals.

Third, it may simply be too late to de-Americanize without the NLF falling heir to the vacuum. To use indirect methods from the beginning would have been one course. To use heavy-handed methods—the term frequently used in criticism of Johnson—and then try and switch to in-

direct methods: that is far more problematic. By a bitter irony, U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam may have an infinitely greater political impact on South Vietnam than five violent years of U.S. intervention. The largest question about intervening thus becomes how to extricate oneself without a political impact more profound than the political impact of the intervention itself. For Saigon it is this. Can an Asian government that has lived for years with hundreds of thousands of Western troops live without them? The U.S. lost a President—Johnson—in the course of trying to end this war. Can Saigon expect to get away with losing less?

However, it may be that the Communists do fear a certain kind of de-Americanization. For maximum favorable effect, they would like to see U.S. withdrawal be rapid and based upon a public accord between the United States and themselves. If it were gradual and unilateral, the Communists would face problems. It is even conceivable that the United States could come to an "agreement" with a reconstituted Saigon government about withdrawal, which in bypassing Hanoi and the NLF and their demands would save American "face" and throw the Communist timetable out of gear. De Gaulle has told the United States that it would be in U.S. interests to get a government in Saigon that would usher the United States gracefully out. Of course much depends on what kind of government it would be. If it were headed by Big Minh and backed by Washington, and if it arranged a staged U.S. withdrawal with Minh, it could be that the NLF would be undercut politically. The NLF may only be forced to make real compromises when there is in Saigon a government of left-of-center nationalists. This would be a threat to the NLF. It would create far more serious political competition for it than the present "puppet" government.

"Nixon's war"?

Perhaps there are four elements in negotiation: the public declarations; the nuances and signals within the declarations; the working out behind closed doors of the "real" position of each side, based on the nuances and signals; sustained private contacts and bargaining. By

mid-March the third kind of operation was under way, but no one made any secret of the fact that Richard Nixon held the key to progress toward the fourth element.

How much longer can what is no longer disguised in Washington be disguised in Paris and Saigon: that decisions were made in 1968 which effectively began a dismantlement of Vietnam policy? The bombing did not work well. Much of the South remains open to NLF challenge at will. Massive force has not translated well into political effectiveness. A substitute policy has to be evolved and implemented with consistency and a united front among the various arms of the U.S. government.

In Paris the Americans are trying for peace and de-Americanization. They no longer show the strain of diplomats representing a government that is pursuing not a diplomatic but a military solution. But are they coasting along on Harri-man's and Johnson's achievements? One admires their bland spirit. One also wonders how long it can endure. The war goes on; hundreds of Americans are killed each week. Choices will soon have to be made. Theories will have to be tested in the furnace of Vietnamese political reality. Withdrawal will soon have to begin or "Johnson's war" may seem to have become "Nixon's war." Two doubts creep in about Mr. Nixon. If he gives any impression of being a "Duke of Plaza Toro" President on this issue—leading his Administration from behind—disunity within the Administration over Vietnam could blunt much that the United States tries to do. And is he prepared to pay the price for peace? It is one thing to want peace. It is another, and a tougher thing, to be ready to give up political and military aims which can only be accomplished by war. —*Ross Terrill*

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew is the ATLANTIC's Washington editor. Ward S. Just, a writer and editor for the Washington POST, was recently in Peru. Ross Terrill, author of the Special Report on the Negotiations in our December, 1968, issue, is an Australian political scientist and journalist.



She Needs You...

She needs you to love her. Little Lin Tai has just been abandoned at our Pine Hill Babies Home in Hong Kong. Police doubt her parents or relatives will ever be found. So we must find an American sponsor for her.

How can you sponsor a child like Lin Tai? Your questions answered:

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Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in

about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children?
A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages?
A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

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Perils of translation

SIR: I should like to thank you for pointing out publicly that the Emperor wears no clothes. (See Edward Weeks's review of *Strong Wind* by Miguel Angel Asturias in the March Peripatetic Reviewer.) Everyone else seems to be so dazzled by the fact that Mr. Rabassa won last year's translation award for his excellent work on Cortázar's *Hopscotch* that they either do not see, or are afraid to note, the fact that he is translating much too much, as he capitalizes on the award, and that the much is done with outrageous carelessness. The idiotic non-English sentences you point out are common, not rare (and, unfortunately, are by no means limited to Mr. Rabassa's hasty, unrevised work), in much of what is translated. Editors are, I think, responsible—or guilty—in two ways: they fight for the "known" translator, and they edit not at all. The result is terrible injustice to writers of Asturias' difficulty and subtlety. He most assuredly does not write non-Spanish, but English-speaking readers must certainly take this on faith, since the translated version says otherwise.

MARIAN SHELBY
Boone, N.C.

SIR: Since my translation of *Strong Wind* by Miguel Angel Asturias has been bloodied in several quarters, most recently by Edward Weeks in the *Atlantic*, I feel that I must attempt some unbowed defense. As I did this novel I followed my usual technique of hewing as close to the original as possible. I do not feel that the translator should take upon himself the chores of an editor, and I question the validity of editing a work that has already been published and read in another language (and a lack of good editing is unfortunately a widespread malady in Latin-American publishing). If the translation is to be an improvement on the original work, I think that it

should be presented as something other than a rendering. If this translation has been "erratic," it is because the original is erratic, and it is there to be inspected. If an image is "laughable" in the original, why should it not be so in the foreign version? If Homer nods in the Greek, should he not also nod in English?

I think that if one had edited out that "head" (page 16), we would have lost the link with the white-washed head at the end of the book. In many cases where the English constructions sound odd it is because the Spanish form is equally odd and experimental. It would be a poor translation and one that would be ever so procrustean, I believe, where an attempt at linguistic standardization was the main intent.

The tone of the review leads me to believe that Mr. Weeks expected the sort of dutiful and old-timey writing that used to come out of Latin America. Asturias has been recognized as an innovator, albeit with roots in the older generation, and this has confounded critics who have expected something entirely traditional or entirely novel. One must not expect to find a Cortázar or a Vargas Llosa in his works, but at the same time one must keep them in mind. That Asturias can sing is testified to, I believe, in his most recent novel, *Mulata*, which appeared in English in 1966. The "banana trilogy," incidentally, was completed in 1960, and the two succeeding volumes, *The Green Pope* and *The Eyes of the Interred*, will appear soon in English and may help explain some of the seeming discrepancies in *Strong Wind*, for the whole work was conceived as a continuum.

GREGORY RABASSA
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. Weeks replies:

I began my reading of *Strong Wind* by Miguel Angel Asturias with no preconception other than

the respect with which one approaches the work of any Nobel Prize winner. I had not gone far before I realized that this was an original, and measured by North American standards, a difficult work. The crudities which I quoted in Mr. Rabassa's translation—and there are many more—did not in my judgment preserve the strength of the original; they made the reader smile at the wrong places. By writing non-English, by permitting confusion in the pronouns, and by selecting such ludicrous words and phrases, Mr. Rabassa has compounded the difficulties of a moody and emotional book. This is particularly true in the first eighty pages.

Teaching delinquents

SIR: We are delighted with Nicolas F. Hahn's "How to Teach a Delinquent" (March *Atlantic*) and the recognition that it gives to the Youth Development Center at Warrendale. The relationships between the school program, the counseling program, the recreation program, and the cottage-life program are excellent, and we feel that all of these together are giving these youngsters the best possible chance.

At Warrendale, as at other youth development centers and similar institutions throughout the country, the crying need is for good, sound evaluation of the methods used and the results obtained. Here in Pennsylvania over the next few years we intend to devote additional energy and effort to this kind of evaluation.

THOMAS W. GEORGES, JR., M.D.
Secretary
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania
Department of Public Welfare
Harrisburg, Penn.

SIR: Nicolas Hahn's article is excellent, although, like so many descriptions of new approaches to the treatment of delinquents, there is a tendency to pass over lightly the problems of such a program.

We almost "lost" not only the educational program but the entire Warrendale institution in this year's state budget, but I think we have been able to get it a last-minute reprieve.

As you can imagine, there have been internal problems between the staff and school personnel at Warrendale. About 80 percent of the boys at Warrendale are from Allegheny County, and there have been problems in reintegrating the boys into the regular school programs following release from Warrendale.

This has not been the fault of the Warrendale program, but rather of some of the tradition-oriented schools at this end of the line. We are now, however, making some inroads on this resistance and have convinced some school administrators that for these boys they must have a more flexible program. The public schools are often guilty of the "trap," referred to by the author, "of making rules whose infractions it must punish."

As a footnote to the reference to community advisers by Mrs. Hahn, you might be interested in knowing that a group of laymen from the United Presbyterian Church have approached me with the idea of their serving as such advisers to boys released from institutions. This idea is in its exploratory phase, but I hope we will be able to implement it.

JUDGE MAURICE B. COHILL, JR.
Court of Family Pleas
of Allegheny County
Pittsburgh, Penn.

SIR: We in Allegheny County are always willing to support new efforts to solve what in the past have been difficult problems in education. We hope that the effort being made in the Warrendale Youth Center is one which will have trials in many other areas in the country in order that comparative data may be gathered.

L. W. EARLEY, M.D.
President
Allegheny County School Board
Pittsburgh, Penn.

In defense of America

SIR: Regarding the comment by Elizabeth Drew in the March Report on Washington that in defense policy one assumes the worst and proceeds with the possible, I cannot help noticing the paradox between our military and domestic policies. In

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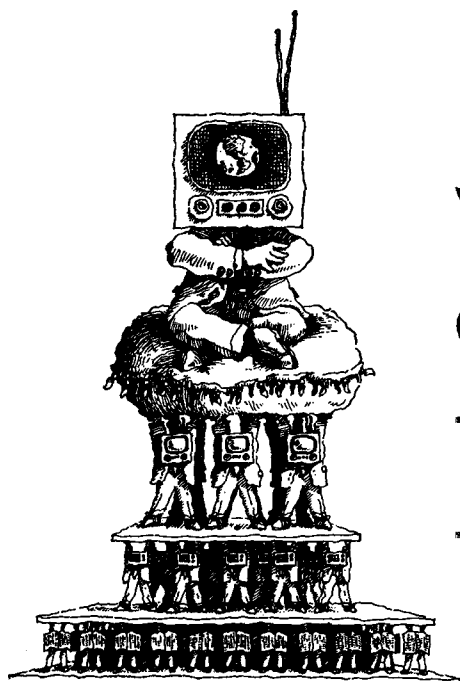
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COMING IN THE ATLANTIC



WHO OWNS THE RIGHT TO KNOW?

The edifice above is an approximate rendering of a *media barony*, a very important part of the political, economic, and social geography of America today. Quite aside from states, counties, and municipalities, the country is divided into a patchwork of powerful, lucrative holdings through which a relatively few owners dominate the means of communication. Who owns your favorite TV station? The radio station you most rely on? The local newspaper? Very likely one man or family or company owns them all — and several in other cities as well. As we promised some months ago, after our critique of the Federal Communications Commission, "Is the FCC Dead?", and FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson's warning, "The Media Barons and The Public Interest," we present in June a modest *Atlantic Peerage of the American Media Barons*. Some you will recognize, like the ubiquitous RCA (five TV stations, six AM and FM radio stations, Random House), or CBS (five TV stations, seven AM and FM radio stations, the New York Yankees, Holt, Rinehart and Winston), or Time Inc. (magazines, radio and TV, Little, Brown, teaching machines). Others may surprise you by the variety of their holdings and the amounts of money they make from their control over what they like to call "the people's right to know."

Also:

INTERNATIONAL CONFLICT FOR BEGINNERS by Roger Fisher

THE LAST WORDS OF DUTCH SCHULTZ by William Burroughs

WHEN BERKELEY WAS YOUNG AND GAY by John Kenneth Galbraith

contrast to the above remark, it seems that in domestic policy one assumes the best and proceeds with the least expensive. In an effort to bolster our national security, the federal government predicts the most irrational, irresponsible actions from Moscow and Peking and budgets accordingly. While we can spend at least \$5 billion for an ABM system (a minimal figure, as Mrs. Drew points out) on the assumption that the Soviets are progressing with their own, we cannot find sufficient money to help our embattled cities. One need only look at the ghettos of Chicago or Gary to see the effects of today's society. Meanwhile, economic priority is given to theoretical "white papers" that emerge from the Defense Department. All of which leads me to believe that until poverty programs can attract the attention of the industrial complex and provide profitable returns, the poor and oppressed Americans will have to remain so. We will have our MIRV, even if some people have to go hungry.

DENNIS ELLIOTT
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Elizabeth B. Drew's report in the March issue on the arms race and its control distorts a number of problems, particularly those connected with the multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles (MIRV's). These multiple warheads for existing missiles are an inexpensive and not particularly worrisome method of maintaining sufficiency or parity in the arms race. Their low cost compared with that of another missile or bomber system and their relative ease of manufacture probably make them inevitable. Since many submarine-based missiles and "hard" land-based ones would either survive a first attack or have been fired before the attack, their being equipped with MIRV's would make them that much more effective in ensuring that the enemy would receive an "unacceptable" return blow. Thus the effect of the MIRV's is to reinforce the peace. Arms control must concentrate on scaling down the number of missiles and their thrust, not on unrealistic limits on the efficiency of the warheads.

It is probably not exactly true, as she asserts, that the "histories of the two nations have traditionally led the United States to place more emphasis on offense, the Soviet Union

on defense." The Soviet Union has also emphasized the use of offensive strategic weapons as the mainstay of nuclear defense. Our different attainments in this field probably reflect mostly our different levels of economic activity. Both countries are driven in their choice of weapons systems by the logic of modern weapons technology. There is a simple formula vis-à-vis strategic weapons: offense is cheap; defense is next to impossible.

The MIRV's are an excellent example of this maxim. Missiles equipped with them split into from two to twenty parts en route, each of which could disburse a cloud of aluminum strips to hide the bomb it carried. Properly shaped, the strips will cause any radar to lose track of the warhead in an apparent rain of missiles. Internal gyroscopic control makes the vehicles insensitive to jamming efforts. All this can be done more cheaply now than ever before.

The ABM system contemplated as a defense first against primitive Chinese weapons and later perhaps against more sophisticated Russian systems is dangerous, unworkable, and expensive. The professional objection of many physicists to the ABM system is that it simply will not work. Some time ago, I had the pleasure of hearing Professors Hans Bethe and Freeman Dyson, among others, discuss the technology of the ABM. The gist of their argument was that to disable a warhead, one must score too nearly a direct hit on it to have a realistic chance of success. Since that discussion, progress on radiation-resistant materials for the guidance system and on shock-resistant structures for the warheads has made the hit requirement even more stringent. The only possible defense is to wait until the warhead nears the target area and then hope to hit it with a small missile-borne A-bomb before it goes off. The most likely result of this tactic is to distribute a bit of the hell of the target area over the people living to the north of there.

However, even the delusion by either side that such a system was operational would be dangerous, for the stable atomic peace of the last two decades has been based on a stalemate, the terms of which are violated only by ABM systems. Thus the first order of arms control business must be the limitation of

ABM's. The second should be an informal exchange of information on the psychology and capabilities of our respective weapons establishments, so that parity for all may be maintained at minimum cost. The reduction of present weapons systems, with their MIRV's, can safely wait awhile.

WILLIAM R. PATTERSON III
Providence, R.I.

Moyers reconsidered

SIR: So Bill Moyers ("Reveille for Democrats," March issue) thinks "It is time for good Democrats to come to the aid of the party." But why should they? Millions of good Democrats were disregarded, disillusioned, and disenchanted with their party leadership in the crucial years of 1965-1968. The warning signals were plainly visible, and yet the party hierarchy arrogantly chose to ignore them.

Now, like blind and unquestioning sheep, we are supposed to come flocking back loyally to the fold because of promised so-called "new" leadership, including the "magnanimous Humphrey."

I beg to correct this eminent young politician, who is obviously too close to the forest to see the trees: the Democrats did not lose faith in their party as an "instrument of reconciliation." The rank-and-file Democrats lost faith, period.

As one longtime, hard-working, completely disaffected Democrat, I have no intention of playing the obedient party zombie once again. Loyalty is a two-way street. When the party has earned my loyalty, they'll get it.

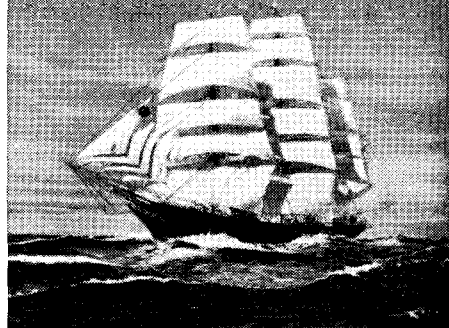
SHIRLEY WOLF
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Bill Moyers, in his otherwise excellent and perceptive article, says, "Union leaders seemed obsessed with insisting that loyalty to Humphrey and to Johnson's Vietnam policy belonged ahead of every other issue. Because they were dovish, friends of labor like Gilligan of Ohio and Clark of Illinois received lukewarm union support."

William Clark was endorsed by labor, and his campaign received a substantial boost from labor's organizational efforts in Illinois. He received the same amount of financial assistance from National COPE that other dovish candidates—Gay-

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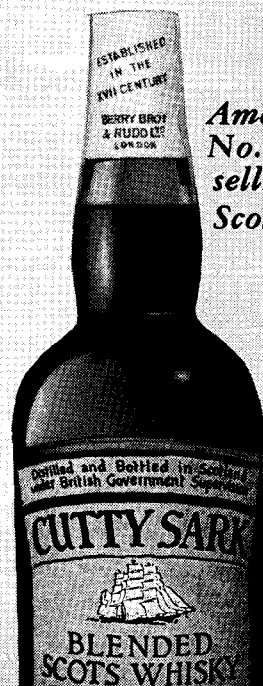
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Graciela

Graciela is a shy and timid three year old—a Chilean child. Her family, losing everything and terrorized by the recent earthquake, fled from its destruction and arrived in Santiago homeless. A struggling Protestant Day School, just affiliated with Children, Incorporated, noting their hunger and extreme need, let them occupy rent free a small wooden shack of one windowless room with a dirt floor. There are three beds for a family of seven but only one mattress and insufficient covering. TB germs lurk in the dust of summer and sticky mud of winter. The father, when he can secure work, makes about \$30 a month. Graciela has been squeezed into the crowded day school which is trying to help her family.

Although the school manages to meet the Government's teaching standards, its buildings are flimsy, without electricity and in urgent need of repairs. 300 children are enrolled with 85 more approved for admission but money is lacking to accommodate them. Graciela, like the other children, exists under sub-human conditions. The lunch which the school tries to provide, is the nearest thing to a real meal cruel poverty permits to most of these children. Insufficient and improper food bloats their bodies and weakens and stunts their development.

Chile is a beautiful land with friendly people and bright, attractive children. But there are the Gracielas who have so pitifully little—they are "unfinished children". They have such potential. Their lives could be so changed if they could be helped even a little. They could blossom out into lovable, bright and capable youngsters. Graciela's life can be changed, like that of other similarly needy children, her whole future could be broadened and the worried look in her little face could disappear if she were sponsored under the CI "Adoption Plan". The cost of an "adoption" is the same as in all the CI projects around the world—\$12 a month.



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lord Nelson, Alan Cranston, Frank Church, and more—received.

John Gilligan could not have upset incumbent Frank Lausche in the Democratic senatorial primary last spring without the very significant help of the labor movement. In his primary and general election campaigns, he received more money from the trade-union movement than any other candidate.

We are not, and were not in 1968, a one-issue organization. Candidates were, as always, judged on their overall records. On the basis of their overall records, we endorsed and put great energy and considerable funds into the campaigns of such outspoken doves as Frank Church of Idaho, Wayne Morse of Oregon, Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, other dovish senatorial candidates, and many congressional candidates not enamored of President Johnson's Vietnam policies and unwilling to assist Hubert Humphrey's campaign for the nomination, and subsequently, for election.

We *did* help Hubert Humphrey secure the nomination. We *did* try to convince candidates we were supporting to help Humphrey's nomination effort and his campaign. However, we *did not* play carrot-and-stick games with candidates by withholding support, or threatening to, on the basis of that issue alone.

ALEXANDER E. BARKAN
National Director, Committee on
Political Education, AFL-CIO
Washington, D.C.

Advice and consent

SIR: To agree with half of Edgar Friedenberg's interesting "The Hidden Cost of Opportunity" (February *Atlantic*) is to disagree with the other half: it contradicts the first.

Some views are particularly fascinating. Thus Friedenberg indignantly reveals that "positions of influence in American life are won by people who are especially good at winning, not by those whose interests, skills, and sense of responsibility most qualify them for the post they seek." True. But how can any system (whatever the rules or criteria of "winning") be arranged so that "people who are especially good at winning" won't win? The construction of rules likely to make the most qualified win has been the problem since Plato. Friedenberg points to the defects of our solution

but does not point to a better one, imaginary or actual. There isn't any: each solution differs from others by the kind of drawbacks it brings, not by their absence (for example, democratic vs. authoritarian, competitive or market vs. bureaucratic promotion—each has its drawbacks).

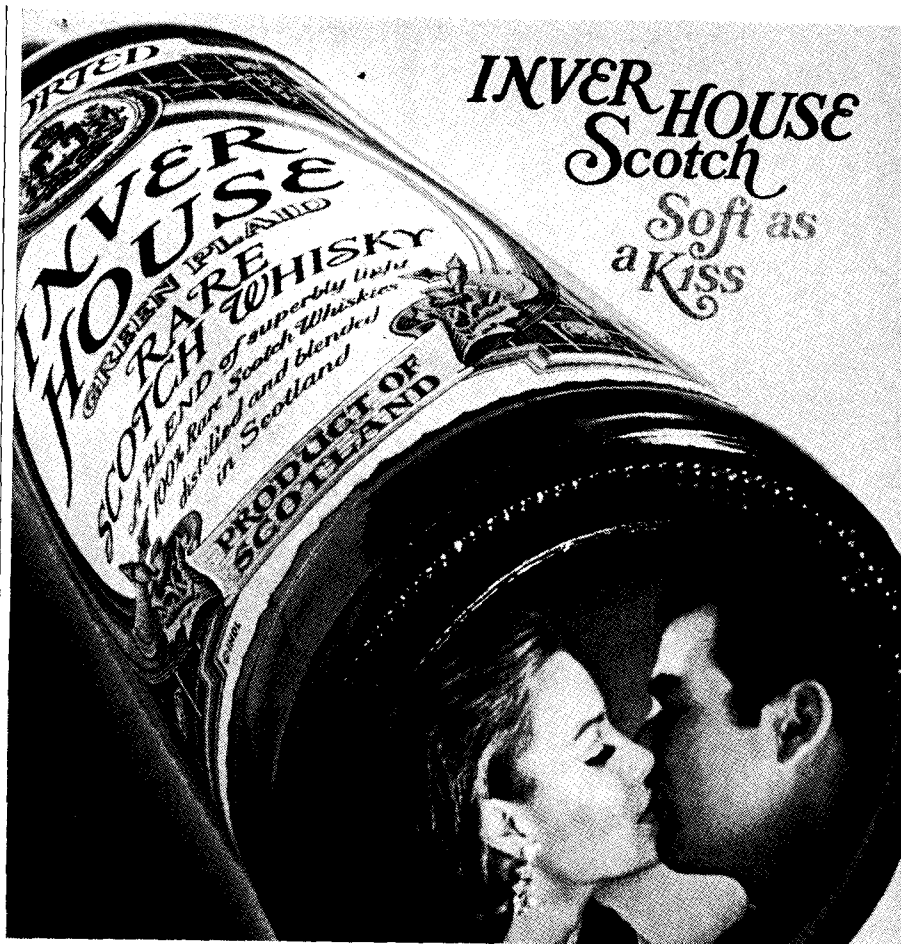
Mr. Friedenberg also favors liberty and notes realistically that people rarely want it for others. But he has his own illusions: "if the cause of liberty be advanced, it may make it harder . . . to sell cigarettes." Really? The selling of cigarettes can be made harder only by impairing liberty—which may or may not be what should be done. But more liberty will certainly not lead to fewer cigarettes: they are not imposed on us. One should not pretend that liberty will get rid of those evils which, on the contrary, flourish under its protection. Most of Friedenberg's quite real evils do; they can be eliminated only by abolishing liberty—which, as recent experience shows, leads to worse evils. Friedenberg points out all too correctly that we have a terrible system, but forgets to mention that, compared with the alternatives, it is the best.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG
New York City

SIR: In your Report on the North African Arms Race in the February issue, you seem to have missed a small error in referring to certain U.S. aircraft types. In the first sentence involved, you say that the Treasury Department is pleased with the U.S. promise of Phantom jets for Israel, because the foreign order makes less expensive for us each F-5 that is produced. As it happens, you must know that a Phantom is an F-4, while an F-5 is the lightweight Northrop tactical fighter. The Arab country of Libya, by the way, has received some U.S. F-5's along with the much older T-33's for its tiny air force.

HARRY B. ADAMS
Corpus Christi, Tex.

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.



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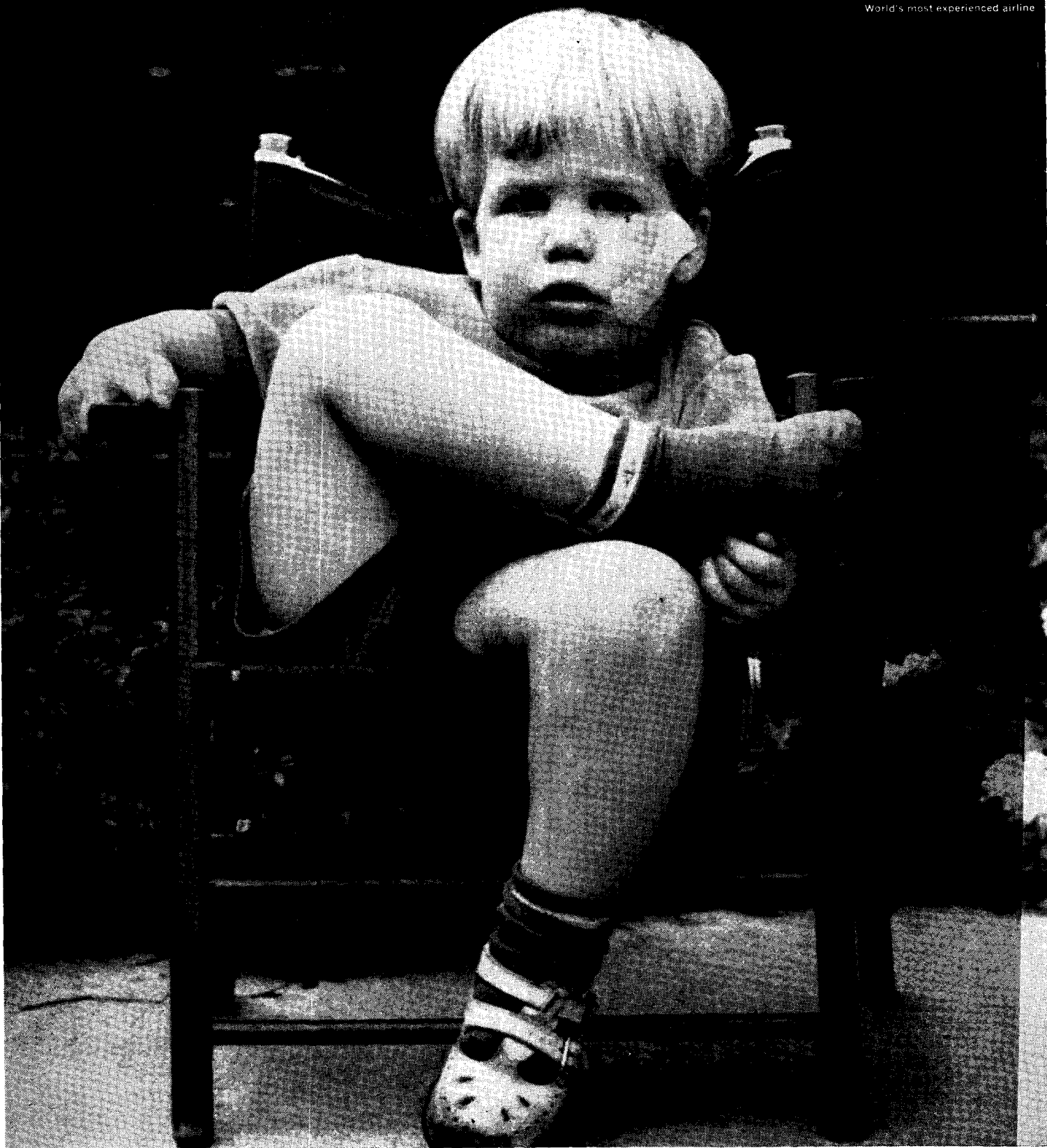
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY AFTER TEN YEARS

BY JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

One of the creatively controversial books of the late 1950s and early 1960s in America was John Kenneth Galbraith's THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. It brought wit and charm into the usually forbidding discussion of economics and contributed numerous words and phrases to the language of that inexact science. The book helped to get the country thinking about the true nature and disposition of its wealth. Now, ten and a fraction years after, when we have come to see the irony of its title, THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY is appearing in a revised edition. In this introduction to the new edition, to be issued in May by Houghton Mifflin Company, the Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard, and former Kennedy Ambassador to India, looks back on the origins of the book, discusses its relevance to the contemporary scene and the instances in which developments have impelled him to change his mind.

FOLLOWING World War II, in the United States there was something that could be called the free enterprise or market revival. It deeply engaged the conservative mind. Our conservatism is normally thought to depend on self-interest, moral indignation, vehement expression, and something approximating religious revelation. This is unjust. The influence of ideas is ubiquitous and cannot be excluded anywhere.

The source of the ideas was a rediscovery of the Benthamite world of the nineteenth century as it was applied to economic policy by the classical economists and to sociology and politics by Herbert Spencer and William Graham Sumner. In 1944, it derived a new scholarly sanction from F. A. von Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*, an alarming tract against socialism and the state which, as the name implies, it identified extensively with servitude. And in the years following, it achieved considerably more academic reputability from an energetic group of evangelists and scholars who gathered, along with von Hayek, at the University of Chicago, with intellectual outriders in other academic centers.

As I shall notice presently, the academic proponents of the market revival were not imagined by most economists to have a large measure of

practical relevance. But they had a strong and even impressive command of the economic theory to which the market (unlike public action) lends itself. And they were solidly in descent from the oldest tradition in Western economic thought—that of Adam Smith, David Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, and Alfred Marshall. Economics, like the law, has a sense of its prophets. Also, as a consequence of its rapid growth, it includes a considerable number of participants who are, intellectually, a trifle insecure, who secretly doubt the depth of the scholarship which, for professional reasons, they must avow. Being in an old tradition, the proponents of the market revival had no such doubts. They were reassuring company, men to be treated with respect by those who disagreed. In economics, it is often professionally better to be associated with highly respectable error than uncertainly established truth.

The market revival spread rapidly outside the academic world. It was warmly embraced by the editors of *Fortune*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and other business journals, and by editorial writers for whom it was an admirable way of placating socially backward publishers in an unexpectedly sophisticated way. In those years also, numerous

socialists were in retreat from Joseph Stalin. For John Chamberlain, William Henry Chamberlin, James Burnham, and many others, it meant that the important social decisions would be taken, not by fallible, cruel, and egotistical men, but by a wholly impersonal mechanism. Anything that so effectively excluded a cult of personality was obviously an instrument of freedom. From these sources, the market revival went on into politics.

In its academic manifestation, the market revival stressed the social efficiency of the unmanaged market. It distributed resources—labor, capital, managerial, and technical talent—to various uses in accordance with the ultimate control of the consumer. Any interference was damaging to this allocative efficiency; the most dangerously intrusive agency was the state. The state could interfere with the free movement of prices; it could also intrude services of its own which had not survived the market test. The test of faith in the market, it followed, was the rigor with which one sought to minimize the role of the state.

Not that the efficiency of the market—cruel at times but worth suffering—was the only basis for the academic opposition to government. Here too there was moral and political concern. Here too all who suspected authority, either its competence or its motive, were urged to align themselves with the impersonal market against the state.

In the academic world, there was a certain additional concern, often obeisant, on occasion actual, with private interference with the market. General Motors or General Electric, it was known, enjoyed no slight power as regards the prices they charged—a power that no prophet of the market economy could tolerate if exercised by the state. For here was authority, and here also were both the power and the incentive to impose the restrictions on output (the inferior allocation of resources) associated with monopoly. So, in principle, such firms should be broken up. In principle, also, the ban on government intervention should be comprehensive. It should fall not alone on minimum-wage legislation and public housing and support to collective bargaining, of which conservative businessmen and politicians naturally disapproved, but also on the Federal Reserve System, subsidies to air transportation, and the tariff of which, often devoutly, they approved. However, the academic doubts about General Motors and the government services, needed, and hence approved, by the businessmen, were not, on the whole, damaging to the market revival. Its proponents managed to convey the impression that this part of the program was liturgical, that the deeper enthusiasm lay with the defense of the market and the attack on the more iniquitous forms of government interference such as the wel-

fare system or support to public education. In any case, professors are inconvenient people; it was inevitable that they would exact some rhetorical price for so great a doctrinal blessing. Accordingly, as it moved out into the less literal world of journalism and on into politics, the market revival hardened into a simple prescription against government services. The only exception, apart from those that conservatives needed and hence approved, was action to fight or resist Communism. To exclude the war on world Communism from the general ban on government activity, a most important matter, seemed wholly logical. The Communists were the greatest exponents of precisely the opposite system. One rightly invoked a lesser evil against the greater one. Considering the effects of defense expenditures on the economy, there were many reasons for being glad that this could be so.

If one is rich, or even well-to-do, and self-regarding, any doctrine that makes public services (and therewith taxes) uneconomic, politically regressive, and possibly immoral is bound to seem benign. Anything so convenient must be right. But though proof was not needed, exegesis was welcomed, and hence there was a considerable demand for prophets of the market. These quickly became available, and in the late forties and into the fifties, service clubs, sales conventions, even suburban ladies' clubs listened to the gospel as revealed by John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, William Graham Sumner, Friedrich von Hayek, and Ludwig von Mises. The last two defenders of the market they could hear in person. Some of the consequences were not without charm. In 1948, Hubert Humphrey won election to the United States Senate over a man who had become enchanted by Jeremy Bentham. Over the length and breadth of Minnesota, he proclaimed his commitment to Bentham's doctrines until, it was said, some citizens looked for the philosopher's name on the ballot. Humphrey was able to persuade the farmers of the state, quite rightly, that Bentham would have opposed farm price support. So they chose him instead.

HISTORICAL circumstance supported the market revival. The thirties had been a miserable time. Many had lost confidence in the economic system; many more had come to assume that it could endure only as the result of more of the government intervention that had been the hallmark of the New Deal. This was grim news for conservatives. Then came the further great expansion in government controls during World War II. Many of the controls were annoying and even onerous, not alone on businessmen. Equally oppressive, without

question, were many of those responsible for their improvisation and administration, of whom I was one. Additionally, shortages of goods and house-room and restrictions on production and consumption resulting from the war were blamed on the controls. Without price ceilings, rationing, the allocation of scarce materials and restrictions on their use, the discomfort resulting from inflation and shortages would have been worse and the war would have been longer. But this was not easy to see. Many people were open to the argument that an obtrusive and intrusive state was deliberately making life difficult.

Meanwhile, with more skill than they have normally manifested in such matters, business spokesmen took credit for the superior industrial performance of the economy during the war. Output had greatly increased. Production of munitions and other requisites of war had been impressive. Not the strong demand, coupled with an improvised but highly rational planning design, but the natural virtuosity of American enterprise and of the American market system was given credit for this success. If, after the war, the restrictive hand of the state could be dispensed with, things would be even better. The public, bedeviled by the regulations and regulators, was again in an excellent mood to listen. The 1946 elections were an indication of the attitude. Almost everywhere men ran in opposition to the state. The resulting Congress was the most conservative in modern history. Its more primitive members, so it is said, left behind in Senate closets, washrooms, and in the distant recesses of forgotten basements bronze tools, dubiously symbolic wall paintings, and pottery shards that are still shown to wondering visitors. The market revival could not have been better timed. Or, more accurately, at any other time it couldn't have occurred.

It had some reverberations in other countries. In Germany in the late forties, weariness with war-time privation and controls was also extreme and with rather more reason. Ludwig Erhard made the recovery of German industry after 1948 the product of the unaided market. This was a remarkable feat of oratory, for it coincided with the Marshall Plan, a vastly publicized effort in public intervention, and took place in a country where industry is extensively regulated and where per capita government expenditures are much higher, and those for welfare about twice as high, as in the avowedly socialist state of Norway (as it then was), where the level of individual income is about the same. The message of the market revival was also carried to other countries by American businessmen who frequently revealed an enthusiasm for exuberant and unfettered price competition that they never

displayed at home. In Japan, as also in Germany, it led to the dismantling of the great business trusts in the interest of a more effectively functioning market—a remarkable gift, in many ways, by a victorious to a defeated power. (The Japanese later reassembled the pieces.) And for a number of years, the prophets of the revival gathered in international congresses to proclaim and thus to reinforce their faith. Still, the market revival was mostly an American phenomenon.

The market revival, even under the Eisenhower Administration, brought no very drastic action. Desirable as sharp curtailment of federal regulation or civilian spending might be in principle, it was something to be approached with circumspection in practice. Only much later, in the presidential campaign of Barry Goldwater, did the ideas of the market revival—the elimination of social security, an end to the farm programs—become a program, and many wiser men were prompt to warn their candidate that action was never intended. The revival was meant to be rhetorical. Such market evangelists as Professors Milton Friedman and George Stigler of the University of Chicago were not taken seriously in practical matters. They were meant to be studied but not believed, and even in the Eisenhower Administration, their counsel was shunned by those who were entrusted with real tasks. But the market revival unquestionably had a restraining influence on new federal activities. And in statehouses, city halls, and school districts across the land, it made the case for public spending the case against freedom. This added powerfully to the older arguments about the terrible burden of taxes. In the deeper intellectual wastes of Orange and Harris counties, attitudes were more severe. To be for new schools, against air pollution, or in favor of stronger zoning laws was to be in support of the first and awful step down the steep, slippery path to Communism.

Meanwhile, and remarkably, these ideas were meeting no very effective attack from liberals. The main thrust of liberal economic thought flowed in different channels. And it was able, in one important aspect, to find common cause with the market revival.

IN THE years following World War II, Keynesian fiscal policy became the *summum bonum* of liberal economic policy. An adequate level of output and employment in the economy was assumed to solve nearly all economic and most social problems. Inadequate production and employment made all other problems insoluble. So not without a sense of strategy, liberal economists concentrated on policies de-

signed to ensure an adequate level of demand and therewith of output and employment. This did not cease to be so when the Eisenhower Administration appeared. President Eisenhower's advisers denied that they were Keynesians and fully accepted the Keynesian tests of accomplishment.

Acceptance of the Keynesian ideas involved, as regards conservatives, one of those strange combinations of misapprehension and paradox which make the otherwise tedious study of economics so fascinating. In the broadly liberal view of those who first introduced the Keynesian system to the United States, the regulation of aggregate demand—the total of all spending at any time—required no fundamental revision of the role of the state in the economy. When there was unemployment or an inadequate rate of growth, the government would increase its expenditures for useful purposes without a parallel increase in taxes. When this support to the economy was not needed, it would defer or even reduce expenditures and therewith the deficit. This regulation would be supplemented and reinforced by the automatic increase in some expenditures, notably those for unemployment compensation, welfare, and farm price supports, in periods of unemployment and inadequate growth, and by the counterpart reduction in periods of high employment and rapid expansion. Over time, the scope and functions of the state would not be appreciably changed.

Since it made the private economy function better without greatly enlarging the role of the state, this model of the Keynesian system should not have too profoundly aroused conservatives. But it did. It required deficit financing on occasion. This, always a symbol of fiscal sloth, became affirmatively wicked. It was seen also as an excuse for a soft policy on public spending. The name of Keynes thus became mildly coordinate with subversion. The Keynesian ideas came to the United States in the thirties primarily by way of apostles at Harvard, most notably Professors Alvin Hansen and Seymour Harris. Following World War II, conservative members of the Harvard governing boards conducted an investigation of the Harvard Department of Economics to see if Keynes's influence there was excessive and found it was. (James B. Conant, then president, rejected the finding.) Elsewhere, too, circumspect scholars were careful to explain that their commitment to Keynes was subject to cautious and intelligent reservations. And then the Keynesian system became respectable and accepted, not through the above-cited balancing measures, which left the state small, but by a fundamental enlargement of the role of the state. And this, and this is the paradox, was highly acceptable to conservatives.

The decisive application of Keynesian policy came about in the postwar years as the result of a large and ostensibly permanent increase in public spending supported by a large and similarly permanent increase in taxation. This spending was reliable with a tendency to increase in periods of inadequate employment and growth. And the personal and corporation income taxes by which it was sustained fell with special force on those revenues—corporation profits and surtax income—which increased most in periods of expansion and diminished most with stagnation or contraction. In consequence, the tax system increased its yield more than in proportion in periods of economic expansion and diminished its yield more than in proportion with contraction. The role of the state being large, these effects were quantitatively adequate. And this large role of the state was acceptable to conservatives because it served a function of which conservatives strongly approved, the maintenance of a strong military defense against Communism.

And here, also, was the basis for a coalition, or at least a tacit working arrangement, between conservatives and liberals. Liberals did not entirely forget their earlier commitment to the public services, so long a distinguishing feature of American liberalism. But this was now secondary to a successful Keynesian policy. In consequence, the conservative warnings that public education, public housing, better sanitation, control of water and air pollution, improvement of environment were threats to liberty evoked only a modest liberal challenge. Meanwhile, large defense expenditures were underwriting the Keynesian policy and thus accomplishing the major liberal goal. In the early postwar years, first the Stalin European policy and then the Korean War made these expenditures seem essential. Thereafter, they rapidly became habitual. Even the man who argued for more domestic outlays prefaced his case by conceding the higher priority of national defense. Liberal uneasiness over the role of defense expenditures in the Keynesian system was assuaged by observing that outlays for domestic purposes would serve just as well, although this elided the fact that the use of defense expenditures avoided a bruising conflict with conservative doctrine. Defense expenditures also subsidize and underwrite the market for technological development.

Often the role of the defense budget was not recognized. As late as 1964, Barry Goldwater, in his campaign for President, was thought by most Keynesian liberals to be assaulting their position hip and thigh. Without question, he thought so himself. In fact, he was not. He strongly advocated a larger Air Force and a bigger defense establishment generally. Accordingly, he would have ex-

panded that part of the federal budget, with space research and technology something over half of the whole, which by its increase over pre-Keynesian times had contributed most to a Keynesian policy. Since it is a reasonable assumption, some earlier attacks on the progressive income tax to the contrary, that he would have left the tax system basically the same, he would have come to office with all the apparatus of Keynesian policy intact but strengthened by the prospective increase in military outlays.

Such were the ideas here writ slightly larger than life that were contending for public attention and belief in the United States in the nineteen fifties. They were ideas, both the market revival and the Keynesian preoccupation with employment *qua* employment and production *qua* production, that seemed to me damaging. As the Eisenhower Administration ensconced itself in Washington after 1953, I set to work on the opposing case. Among the largely unnoticed contributions of Republican Administrations is that to scholarship or anyhow writing. It comes about from not employing scholars or scribes.

I HAD been considerably a part of the environment I was examining. Like others of my generation, I was, in the late thirties and early forties, an aggressive evangelist for the Keynesian system in its standard form. The writing, accordingly, involved a heavy effort to detach myself from my own past beliefs. I discovered how difficult this could be. I have read often in the journals that I find a perverse pleasure in attacking the conventional myth. I do not, and on the contrary, it is very hard work. Some day for recreation I intend to write a book affirming fully all the unquestioned economic truths.

I was kept going by the conviction that, in starving our public services and in placing so much of our faith in the general curative powers of increased production, we were inviting grave social ills. It is unwise to reflect excessively on one's past writing and especially on one's foresight, for to do so is to invite critical attention to those other forecasts which bring one's score back to normal. But while there have been many explanations of our urban disasters of recent times, some designed, not without thought, to direct attention away from remedies that would cost money, few can doubt that persistent and continuing underinvestment in needed services is one. Further, while something must be attributed to the fact that some citizens are black and some white, no one has yet shown how to overcome this condition. But we can have good schools and well-paid teachers and ample and attractive

housing and clean streets and sufficient and well-trained policemen and plenty of parks and well-supervised playgrounds and swimming pools and adequate divertissement on hot summer nights. These will help, even if they will not completely cure, and they require only a willingness to tax and pay. Not many would now challenge the efficiency or morality of such outlays. And even the most stalwart conservative who dares not venture out in the street at night and hesitates on occasion to drink the water or breathe the air must now wonder if keeping public services at a minimum is really a practical formula for expanding his personal liberty.

That some balance must be maintained between the public and private sectors of the economy—between increased private expenditures and the facilities for removing the waste that results—is now widely agreed, at least in principle. Few economists would now argue that a sufficiently expanding economy will sweep away other social problems. We have had many years of expansive gross national product. Social tension has increased, not lessened. If the expenditure that produces this expansion is for military purposes—for example, for a war in Vietnam—not many will suppose that it will do much to relieve the agony of the urban ghetto. Throughout the Kennedy Administration, there was a friendly but vigorous battle over whether to reduce taxes in order to expand private income and expenditure and therewith employment and economic growth. The alternative was to keep up the level of taxes and press instead for more public spending for social purposes—education, urban renewal, and improved welfare standards. Since Congress would be reluctant, this would be slower, so a larger allocation of resources to public purposes would be won at the price of a slower rate of total growth. While I argued the second case, not without some encouragement from the President, the weight of reputable economic opinion was solidly on the other side. The outcome was never really in doubt, and in 1964, taxes were reduced. But, under similar circumstances in a liberal Administration, they would not be so readily reduced today. The needs of the public sector would now be strongly pressed. To ignore them would now seem irresponsible. The case for first meeting social needs would now evoke the reputable applause.

The error in *The Affluent Society*, and it was considerable, was in understatement. A large movement of the poorer rural population to the great urban centers, a still continuing population increase, the enormous public costs of affluence—from managing its automobile traffic to removing its detritus—and the desire, however frustrated, for improved quality in education, public order, public

health and sanitation, and other public services have all joined to make the modern city, if it is to be agreeable and not just tolerable, an almost unbelievably expensive thing. I did not see how expensive it would be or that the reaction to social imbalance would be far from peaceful. However, this does not matter too much. If, ten years ago, one had foreseen and described the disaster that lay ahead for our urban communities, he would have been dismissed as a silly alarmist.

THE main inducement to this book was the market revival and the Keynesian conviction that nearly all social ills could be cured by more production. But it had another source which, though reflected in the book, was, to my discomfort, extensively overlooked. For quite a few years prior to publishing *The Affluent Society*, I had been concerned with the problems of agriculture. This had led me to wonder, as it had others, why year in and year out, decade after decade, islands of egregious poverty persist in the rural United States. Many have difficulty in imagining the depth of this deprivation. I recall in subsequent years the surprise of Jawaharlal Nehru when I once told him that in substantial areas of the United States—in mountain counties of West Virginia, eastern Kentucky, eastern Tennessee, the Ozark plateau—the standard of rural living is almost certainly lower, and life by any test more meager, than in the comparatively prosperous Punjab. In the early nineteen fifties, I obtained a small grant from the Carnegie Corporation to study the causes of this continuing poverty in the United States. In the strictest sense, this was the beginning of *The Affluent Society*; the title I had then in mind was *Why People Are Poor*.

In a world where everyone is poor, there is nothing very remarkable about poverty. It becomes remarkable, and also less forgivable, in a community where the great majority of people are well-to-do. And the explanation for poverty in the well-to-do society must be sought in the general and not the particular aspects of the case—not in the nature of the society of the poor, but in the nature of a society of the rich which allows or requires some to stay so poor. This also led me to our preoccupation with production and to our neglect of the government services—education, health, welfare, and urban existence generally—by which the poor (or their children) might hope for escape from their plight.

I never explained this transmigration of my thoughts. And as the book progressed, the specific conclusions on how the affluent society excludes some from its endowment were, with conclusions in general, pushed along to the end. A considerable

number of readers, including a fair number of reviewers, never got so far. They complained that, carried away by the sight of affluence, I ignored the fact that there were still a great many poor people in the United States. Some, more censorious than others, said that I was hardhearted. All used my seeming oversight as an excuse for continuing with their accustomed beliefs and preoccupations. "It will be time to stop worrying about production when there aren't so many poor people who need it." It is my impression, confirmed by such as Michael Harrington, that *The Affluent Society* helped direct attention to the continuing scandal of great deprivation amidst the great wealth of the United States and to the eventual decision, alas more rhetorical than real, to mount a direct attack on poverty. I could, however, have protected myself, and saved less diligent reviewers from error, by hinting somewhere near the beginning that this subject did come up.

I must pause here to settle another score. The thrust of this book is that increased production is not the final test of social achievement, the solvent for all social ills. Thus, it challenged the very foundation of Keynesian policy with its nearly total emphasis on the expansion of economic output and income. A common Keynesian reaction was: How can Galbraith be so callous when 25 percent of our people have a disposable personal income of less than blank amount? When everyone has an income of at least blank amount, it will be time to worry about the problems of social balance. Everyone then entered the minimum income levels which reflected either the state of his personal generosity or the statistics he had at hand. A few especially percipient critics added that my own social vision was being clouded by an excess of personal income of my own.

In retrospect, I have some difficulty in seeing why this reaction caused me such annoyance, though it did. In social matters, critics are an interim phenomenon. Given a little time, circumstances will prove you either right or wrong. Perhaps it was the obtuseness of the argument that was annoying. To suggest that we cannot consider how we use our wealth until everyone or nearly everyone reaches a certain minimum is to say that such consideration should be postponed forever, for the seemingly decent minimum will rise along with the increase in wealth. And anyone who wants to postpone the discussion can do so by raising the minimum standard that must first be reached. But most important, to refuse to consider how we use our wealth is to fail to see why some people remain permanently poor. For underinvestment in education, housing, health, recreation, community decency and order is, as we have now come largely to agree, a prime

cause of this deprivation. The critics were asking that we postpone consideration of the causes of poverty until no one was poor.

A variant was to point to the millions of needy people elsewhere in the world as the case for continuing to emphasize production. This argument was advanced, I believe, only by those who did not read the book. The book shows that wants are expanded by the very process that increases production. This being so, more production does not create a larger surplus over domestic need for dispatch to India or Bolivia. And in recent years, although output (even after the investment in Vietnam) has increased rapidly, it has, in fact, become progressively more difficult to spare more products for the poorer countries.

Let me now turn to slightly less portentous matters.

I HAVE been asked hundreds of times where I got the eventual title, *The Affluent Society*. And I have received no slight applause for inventing a phrase which, as it is said, has passed into the language. The truth is less grand. For a long while after I discarded *Why People Are Poor* as undescriptive, I called it *The Opulent Society*. Opulent has a greasy, unattractive sound. Presently I could stand it no longer. One morning in Switzerland, while seeking as all writers do to postpone the moment when the typewriter faces you and asks for intelligent response, I looked up the synonyms. The first was affluent. It is wrong to attribute to inventive genius what is properly explained by the possession of *Webster's Collegiate*. I remember wondering if I could sell so dry a title to my publisher.

For a year or so before the book appeared, I found myself giving thoughtful consideration to its eventual reception. I had no high hopes; in the climate of the time, I feared it would be dismissed as another semi-socialist case for public spending and by my Keynesian friends as apostasy. Then in the autumn of 1957, the Soviets sent up the first Sputnik. No action was ever so admirably timed. Had I been younger and less formed in my political views, I would have been carried away by my gratitude and found a final resting place beneath the Kremlin Wall. I knew my book was home. A vastly less productive society had brought off a breathtaking and also, who could tell, very alarming achievement. It couldn't be because they had more wealth—more automobiles, more gasoline, more elegantly packaged food, or anything comparable in depilatories and deodorants. Surely they were using their more meager resources more purposefully. So people would be asking what of their

education? What of their ability to concentrate their lesser scientific and engineering resources more effectively to their chosen ends? Could anyone now be sure that either the Benthamite or the Keynesian world had the answer? Certainly no one could say that it was because the socialist Soviets eschewed public spending.

In any case, the Sputnik meant we were in for one of those orgies of anguished soul-searching which are a recurrent and distinctive feature of our social history. Whether they lead to action is uncertain, but their immediate and incontrovertible effect is to cause people to read, or at least to buy, books. Except when dealing with his publisher, modesty, combined with the deepest pessimism about the ability of people to appreciate his work, is the only acceptable posture of an author. After the first Sputnik, I was able to sustain this pose only with effort. I expected, in fact, that it would be a major success.

Once only was I mildly shaken. In the spring of 1958, as the book was poised for publication, I accepted an invitation to lecture in Poland (and also Yugoslavia). Medicine, botany, even pediatrics, are easy in these countries, but economics is a sensitive subject. I was, I was told to my delight, the first economist, with no avowed reputation as a Communist or socialist, to be asked to lecture in a Communist country. I returned to London on the day of publication and, at the newsstand of the hotel, searched for American journals with reviews. *Time* magazine, in a manner of speaking, favored me. It had relegated its comment to the business page: "vague essay with the air of worried dinner-table conversation" was the concluding line. The editors, had they known my reaction, would have been pleased. Perhaps the book could be dismissed. As I was so reflecting, I became aware, to my horror, that someone was reading the same review over, or by, my shoulder. It was John Steinbeck. His comment cheered me greatly. "Unless a reviewer has the courage to give you unqualified praise, I say ignore the bastard." Generally speaking, as I learned a little later by telephoning my wife, the reviewers had shown courage. On arriving in New York, I told my publisher it would almost immediately, at whatever professional cost, be on the best-seller list. He told me, gently, I was insane. Not a work on economics. We bet the most expensive procurable dinner on the subject. I won. Despite the fact that I drank willingly in those days, I was amazed to learn how difficult it is to spend any really important money on a meal. Publishers rarely lose.

The early chapters of the new edition remain almost unchanged. I have here or there corrected or sharpened the language, eliminated an obsolete

reference, or added a footnote where the subsequent history has served me well or badly. The latter chapters, where I apply these ideas to the issues of the time, are much more extensively changed. Most of the issues, alas, are still relevant. But on some matters, there has been progress. Thus, when I wrote the book, the cold war was being fought with undiluted enthusiasm; and it was urgently proclaimed that nothing counted so much in this combat as our ability to sustain a greater rate of increase in production than the Russians. The book attacked such doctrine. The affluent society increases its wants and therewith its consumption *pari passu* with its production. This consumption is not easily foregone in the event of war; it is more vulnerable to attack than old-fashioned, less specialized production; the plant that supplies it is of little wartime utility; and in any case, these considerations apply to old-fashioned war, following a leisurely mobilization, and have nothing to do with the sudden and total oblivion of nuclear conflict. All of this now seems obvious. Perhaps my book helped to make it so.

In other instances, I have changed my mind or have had it changed. Thus, when I wrote the book, I did not think we were likely soon to develop public measures for stabilizing the wage and price spiral as an alternative to this source of inflation. And the notion of a guaranteed income as a way of breaking the nexus between production and income for those who could not find a role in production was not even a glimmer on the horizon. Now both are more or less inevitable. In the first edition, I proposed that we be more tolerant of unemployment in order to take the pressure off wages and prices and thus prevent inflation. And I suggested that we make unemployment more tolerable and also self-limiting by a system of

unemployment compensation, Cyclically Graduated Compensation, in which benefits increased as unemployment increased. This is an inferior alternative to what is now politically feasible, and I have dropped it. I might add that it may well have been the only economic reform, good or bad, never to have enlisted a single active advocate apart from its author.

Before I had finished writing *The Affluent Society*, I had come to the conclusion that I had written only a part of a larger book. Back of affluence were its causes—technology, a large use of capital heavily specialized to a particular product, a long gestation period in production and, withal, great specialization and vast organization. And from these comes the need to control or plan the environment in which organization functions. Beyond the ability to manage the market behavior of the affluent consumer here described was the need to make his market reaction reliable and thus to make him the instrument of the economic organizations that have been created to serve him. And beyond this are further questions. This economic system, by its nature, requires a large educational and scientific establishment. Will these people long be content with the rather mundane goal of ever-increasing affluence which the system espouses as the highest aim of man? Might there not one day be discontent with a society in which there is single-minded concentration on the goal of economic success? Might there not one day be suspicion of leadership and prestige that is so universally associated with economic achievement? Might not one wish for such a revolt?

These were the questions, as I have said, to which *The Affluent Society* was as a window to a room. The room I inhabited for much of the next decade as I worked on *The New Industrial State*.

THE RIGHT HAND

A Story by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

The author of A DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH, CANCER WARD, and THE FIRST CIRCLE gives in this new short story yet another glimpse of the Russia that has molded him. "The Right Hand," like the rest of Solzhenitsyn's writing, is banned in the Soviet Union, but copies circulate in typescript. This text has just reached the West and is here published for the first time in the United States.



I WAS practically dead when I came to Tashkent that winter. That's what I had come for, in fact—to die. And they returned me to the living for a while.

It was a case of a month, another month, and yet another month. Unconcerned, the pristine Tashkent spring came and went outside our windows and turned into summer, and everywhere was thick with green already, and it was quite warm when I started going out for walks on my unsteady legs.

I didn't dare admit to myself that I was getting better: even in my wildest dreams I measured the span of life allotted to me not in years but months, and I slowly paced the gravel and asphalt paths of the park spread out between the wards of the medical institute. I often had to sit for a while, and sometimes an overwhelming nausea forced me to lie with my head hanging down.

I was the same and yet not the same as the other patients around me: I had fewer rights than they and was of necessity more silent. People came to visit them, relatives wept for them, and they had only one worry in life, one aim—to get well. But for me there was virtually nothing to get well for: at thirty-five years of age I hadn't a single relation in the whole world. I didn't even have a passport, and if I now recovered, I would have to leave this greenery, this fertile land, and go back to my desert, to which I had been exiled *in perpetuity*, under public surveillance, forced to register once a fortnight, and from which the police chief's office had long not seen fit to release me for treatment,

even when I was dying. None of this could I tell to the free patients around me. And even if I had, they wouldn't have understood. On the other hand, with ten years of leisurely reflection under my belt, I was already aware of the truth that the genuine flavor of life is comprehended not in big things but in small. As in this uncertain motion of my still unsteady legs; in breathing cautiously so as not to provoke a pain in my chest; in fishing a single, unfrostbitten spud out of my soup.

Thus that spring was the most agonizing and wonderful of my life. For me everything was forgotten or never seen, everything was interesting; even an ice cream cart, even a road sweeper with water jets, even a street seller with bunches of elongated radishes, not to mention a young foal that had wandered onto the fresh grass through a break in the wall.

From day to day I plucked up ever more courage to leave my clinic and go further into the park, which must have been laid out at the end of the last century at the same time as these excellent brick buildings, with their pointed and unfaced walls. From the rising of the triumphant sun, all through the Southern day and far into the yellow-electric evening, the park was filled with animated movement—the healthy shuttling quickly back and forth, the sick pacing unhurriedly up and down.

At the point where several avenues converged to form a single one running out to the main gate there stood a large white alabaster Stalin with a stony smirk in his mustache. Further out

Photograph courtesy of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.

toward the gate were other busts, spaced at regular intervals, somewhat smaller. Then came a stationery kiosk selling little plastic pencils and tempting little notebooks. But not only was my money rigorously accounted for; I had already had occasion to possess notebooks in my life, and they had ended up in the wrong place, so I judged that it was better to do without them.

Situated at the gate itself were a fruit stall and a *chaihana* or teahouse. We patients in our striped pajamas were not allowed into the *chaihana*, but the fence was an open one and we could look through it. Never in my life had I seen a real *chaihana* before—those individual teapots with green or black tea for each person.

The *chaihana* had a European section, with little tables, and an Uzbek one, consisting of a large dais. The people at the little tables ate and drank quickly, leaving the small change for payment in their emptied handleless cups and going away again. On the dais, however, on plaited mats and beneath a reed awning, they sat and reclined for hours, even days, emptying teapot after teapot, playing dice, just as though the long day called them to no obligations. The fruit stall was open to patients as well, but my exile's kopeks cringed at the prices. I gazed with interest at the heaps of dried apricots, raisins, and fresh cherries—and walked away. Beyond this there was a high wall; they did not let the patients past the gate either. Two or three times a day the sound of bands playing funeral marches would come over this wall into the medical colony, for the town was a million strong and the cemetery was right next door. For ten minutes or so they could be heard until the slow procession had passed the colony. The drum strokes beat out a fatalistic rhythm. The crowd was unaffected by this rhythm; its jerkings were more rapid. The healthy people merely glanced around for a second before hurrying on to where they were going (and they knew exactly where they were going). But the patients would come to a halt at the sound of those marches and stand there listening, or poke their heads out of the ward windows.

THE more obviously I was being freed of my illness and the surer it became that I would remain alive, the more despondently I looked about me: I was already feeling sorry to leave all this.

White figures at the doctors' sports ground were sending tennis balls back and forth. All my life I had wanted to play tennis and had never had the chance. The muddy-yellow, turbulent Salar foamed at the foot of steep banks. The park was inhabited by spreading oaks that threw their shade over

tender Japanese acacias. And an octagonal fountain hurled jets of fresh silver droplets at their tops. (And what grass there was on the lawns! In the camps it was ordered to be grubbed out like an enemy; in my place of exile none grew.) Simply to lie face down on it, peacefully to inhale the smell of grass and sun-warmed vapors, was bliss indeed.

And I wasn't alone lying on the grass. Here and there were girls from the medical institute, studying charmingly out of bulging textbooks. Or, bubbling over with anecdotes, on their way back from their practicals. Or lissome, swinging their sports bags, on their way to the stadium. Indistinguishable in the evenings, and therefore three times as attractive, the girls in rumpled and unrumped dresses walked around the fountain, rustling the gravel of the paths. I felt pierced with pity for someone: perhaps for my contemporaries, frozen to death at Demyansk, burnt to a cinder at Auschwitz, hounded at Dzheskazghan, pegging out in Siberia—that these girls would never be ours. Or perhaps for these girls—that I would never be able to tell them, and that they would never know.

And the whole day the gravel and asphalt paths streamed with women, women! Young doctors, nurses, laboratory assistants, registrars, matrons, female relations visiting patients. They passed me by in tenderly severe dressing gowns and in bright Southern dresses, frequently semi-transparent, the better-off ones twirling fashionable Chinese parasols overhead on bamboo handles—sunny ones, blue ones, pink ones.

Each one of them, flashing by in a second, made up a whole story: the life she had led before me and the possibility (or impossibility) of her becoming acquainted with me. I was pitiful. My emaciated face bore the marks of my past—the frown of surliness enforced by the camps, the deathly pallor of my horny skin, slow infection by the poisons of my illness and the poisons of the medicines, as a result of which my cheeks were also tinged with green. Out of the defensive reflex of always giving in and hiding, my back was bent. My idiotic striped jacket barely came down to my stomach, my striped trousers ended above my ankles, the corners of my socks, stained brown with age, hung out of my squat-toed, felt camp boots. Not even the last woman among them could bring herself to walk by my side! But I could not see myself. And my eyes, no less transparent than theirs, admitted to my inner self . . . the world.

And so one day toward evening I was standing by the main gate and watching. The usual torrent was rushing past: parasols swayed here and there, silk dresses flashed before my eyes, brightly belted

shantung trousers, embroidered shirts and skull-caps. Voices merged, fruit was being sold, behind the fence they were drinking tea and throwing dice; and by the fence, leaning on it, stood an ungainly short man, like a sort of beggar, now and again gasping out, "Comrades . . . Comrades . . . ?" The colorful, busy crowd was not listening. I went up to him. "What's up, friend?"

The man had an inordinate stomach, larger than that of a pregnant woman, which sagged like a sack and was bursting his dirty khaki trousers. His resoled boots were heavy and dusty. His shoulders were borne down by an unseasonably heavy, unbuttoned overcoat with a greasy collar and filthy cuffs. On his head was an ancient, tattered cap worthy of a scarecrow. His dropsical eyes were cloudy. With difficulty he raised one hand, the knuckle of which was clenched into a fist, and I drew from it a sweaty, crumpled piece of paper. It was an application by Citizen Bobrov, written in angular letters with a pen that had snagged on the paper, in which he requested to be sent to a hospital, and it was franked twice diagonally, in blue and red ink. The blue ink belonged to the city health authority and expressed a rationally argued refusal. The red ink, however, ordered the clinic of the Medical Institute to admit the patient to a permanent ward. The blue ink was yesterday's, the red ink today's.

"Well, all right," I shouted at him loudly, as though he were deaf. "You must go to the reception room in ward one. You go up here, look, straight past these . . . monuments . . ."

But at this point I noticed that at the very goal his strength had left him, that not only was he incapable of asking the way anymore, or moving his feet over the smooth asphalt, but he could hardly hold on to the threadbare three-pound bag that was in his hand. And I said, "OK, old chap, I'll take you, come on. And give me your bag."

He could hear all right. With relief he handed me his bag, leaned on my proffered arm, and hardly lifting his legs and scuffling his boots on the asphalt, started to move. I led him by the elbow through his overcoat, which was reddish-brown

with dust. His swollen stomach was almost toppling him forward. He frequently uttered deep sighs.

And so we walked, two tramps, along that very avenue where in my thoughts I had walked arm in arm with the prettiest girls in Tashkent. We were slow crawling past the alabaster busts. At last we turned off. On our way was a bench with a back. My companion begged to sit down. I also was beginning to feel sick; I had been standing a mite too long. We sat down. From here that fountain was visible, too.

While still on the way the old man had told me several things, and now, having rested a bit, he added that he should be going to the Urals and that the visa in his passport was for the Urals—that was the whole trouble. For the sickness had taken him somewhere near Takhna-Tash (where, as I remembered, they were starting to build a canal). At Ugrench they kept him in hospital a month, extracted water from his stomach and legs, made it worse, and discharged him.

He had got off the train in Chardzheu and Ursavtyevskaya, but nowhere would they take him in for treatment. Instead they directed him

to the Urals, where his visa was for. He hadn't enough strength, however, to travel in the train, and no money left for a ticket. And now here in Tashkent he had managed in two days to get them to take him. What he was doing in the South, what had brought him here, I didn't bother to ask. According to the medical certificate, his illness was complex, and judging by the actual look of him this was his *last* illness. Having had occasion to watch many sick people, I could see clearly that he no longer had the will to live. His lips were flabby, his words were almost inaudible, and there was a lackluster look about his eyes.

Even the cap bothered him. Raising his arm with difficulty, he put the cap down onto his knees. Lifting his arm again, he wiped the sweat from his brow with his soiled sleeve. The dome of his head was balding, though a ring of uncombed, dust-caked hair, still blond, survived on the crown. It was not age that had brought him here, but sickness. On his pitifully wasted neck, chickenlike,



the skin hung in folds, while his triangular Adam's apple stuck out in front and moved independently. What was there to hold up his head? Hardly had we sat down than it slumped onto his chest. And so he froze in that position, with the cap on his knees and his eyes closed. He had forgotten, it seemed, that we had merely sat down to rest for a moment and that he had to get to the reception room.

A short way in front of us the almost noiseless jet of the fountain soared in a silver thread. On the far side two girls were walking abreast. I found them very attractive. My neighbor sighed audibly, rolled his head across his chest, and raising his yellow and gray eyelids, looked across and up at me. "You don't happen to have a smoke on you, comrade?"

"Perish the thought, old fellow!" I shouted at him. "Even without smoking, you and I are going to have trouble dragging our plates over the ground. Take a look at yourself in the mirror. Smoke! I myself gave it up last month, and hard it was too."

He wheezed and then looked at me again from under his yellow lids, sort of doglike. "Well, give me a few rubles then, comrade!"

I hesitated, wondering whether to give it to him or not. No matter what, I was still a political prisoner, while he was willy-nilly a free man. How many years had I worked out there—and they had paid me nothing. And then when they did start to pay, there were deductions for our escort, for lighting the compound, for the bloodhounds, the administration, our gruel.

From the small breast pocket of my idiotic jacket I extracted an oilcloth purse and inspected the notes it contained. Sighing, I handed the old man a three-ruble note.

"Thanks," he spluttered. Experiencing difficulty in keeping his hand raised, he took the note and stowed it away in his pocket, after which the disencumbered hand flopped abruptly down onto his knee. Then his head again slumped down with his chin digging into his chest. We sat in silence.

During this time a woman passed us, and then two girls. All three I found very attractive. For years you go without hearing their voice or the click of high heels.

"It's lucky at least that they gave you a recommendation. Without it you'd be kicking your heels here for a week. It goes without saying. There are plenty like you."

He heaved his chin off his chest and turned to look at me. Understanding came into his eyes, his voice shook, and his words became clearer: "Sonny boy! They're admitting me because I've earned it. I'm a veteran of the Revolution. Comrade Kirov himself shook my hand personally at Tsaritsyn.

They ought to be paying me my own personal pension."

A faint motion of the cheeks and lips—the shadow of a proud smile—gave expression to his unshaven face. I took in his rags and him as well once more. "So why aren't they paying you?"

"That's just the way things turned out," he sighed. "Now they won't recognize me. Some of the archives got burnt, others were lost. The witnesses can't be rounded up. They killed Kirov . . . It's my own fault, I didn't collect references . . . The only one I've got . . ."

His right hand—the finger joints were puffy and swollen, and the fingers got in each other's way—moved to his pocket and began to thrust its way in, but at this point his momentary animation ceased, he again dropped his arm and his head and froze as he was.

THE sun was already setting behind the wards, and we had to hurry to get to the reception room (it was still a hundred paces away)—in my experience it was always difficult to find a place in clinics.

I took the old man by the shoulder. "Wake up, old chap! Look, see that door there? Do you see it? I'll go ahead and say the word. Meanwhile, if you can, follow on after me; if you can't, wait for me here. I'll take your bag with me."

He nodded as though he understood.

The reception room—a segment of a large shabby hall divided by crude partitions (somewhere behind it there was also a bathroom, a dressing room, a barber's shop)—was always crowded during the day with patients measuring the long hours till they were received. But now, surprisingly, there wasn't a soul. I knocked on the closed plywood shutter.

It was flung back by an extremely young nurse with a snub nose and with lips colored not red but with a deep-violet shade of lipstick. "What do you want?" She was sitting at a desk and reading what seemed to be a spy comic. She had darting little eyes, too.

I handed her the certificate with the two recommendations and said, "He can hardly walk. I'll bring him over in a moment."

"Don't you dare bring anyone here!" she exclaimed sharply, without even glancing at the document. "Don't you know the system? We only take patients after 9 A.M.!"

It was she who didn't know the "system." I thrust my head through the aperture together with, as far as it would go, my hand, so that she couldn't slam the shutter on me. Then, sticking

my lower lip out crookedly and screwing up my face to look like a gorilla's, I hissed in a gutter voice: "Listen, miss, I'm not one of *your* labor gang!"

She was taken aback, moved her chair further away into her room, and added in a different tone: "Reception's not open, citizen! 9 A.M."

"You read this piece of paper!" I urged her in a low, malevolent voice.

She read it. "Well, what of it? The system's the same for everybody. Even tomorrow there might not be any room. There wasn't any this morning." There was a sort of satisfaction in the way she brought that out about there being no room today, as if to sting me with it.

"But the man was just traveling through, don't you see? He's got nowhere to go."

As I backed out of the opening and ceased talking in labor-camp style, her face assumed its former harsh expression: "All our people come from outside! Where are we to put them? Let him take a room in town!"

"Well, you come outside and see the condition he's in."

"Whatever next! Me go and round up patients? I'm not an orderly, you know!" And her snub nose quivered proudly. She was so sharp and quick with her answers that it was as if she had been wound up on a spring for that purpose.

"So what are you sitting here for?" I banged my hand on the plywood counter, kicking up a tiny puff of whitewash dust. "You might as well shut up shop!"

"Nobody asked you, big mouth!" she exploded. Jumping up, she ran around and reappeared out of a passageway. "Who are you? Don't tell me what to do! The ambulance brings them in to us!"

If it hadn't been for those vulgar, violet lips and the same violet fingernails, she would have been quite pretty. That little nose was an adornment. And her eyebrows were very expressive. Her white coat was pulled wide open on her chest because of the heat, and a kerchief peeped out, pink and marvelous, and a Komsomol badge.

"What? If he hadn't come here himself but had been picked up in the street by an ambulance, you would have taken him? Is that the rule?"

She inspected my ridiculous figure haughtily while I inspected her. I had quite forgotten that my socks were sticking out of my boots. She snorted, but assumed a distant expression and concluded: "Yes, *patient*, that's the rule." And went back behind her partition.

I heard a rustle behind me. I looked around. My companion was already here. He had heard and understood. Holding on to the wall and struggling to make his way across to a large garden

bench placed there for visitors, he was just managing to wave his right hand in which he held a shabby wallet. "Here . . ." he muttered exhaustedly, "here, show her this . . . let her . . . here . . ."

I managed to get there in time to support him and lower him onto the bench. With helpless fingers he tried to extract from the wallet his sole reference, but was absolutely incapable of it.

I took the tattered sheet of paper from him, which was glued across the fold to prevent it from falling apart, and opened it. A typewriter had written in violet letters:

PROLETARIANS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

REFERENCE

This has been given to Comrade Bobrov, N.K., to certify that in 1921 he truly served in the glorious Special Services Detachment "World Revolution" of X province and with his own hand hacked down dozens of the bastards that were left.
Commissar (Signature).

Stroking my chest with my hand I asked quietly, "What's this then—'Special Services'? What sort?" "Aha," he replied, barely keeping his lids from closing. "Show her."

I saw his hand, his right hand—so small, with prominent brown veins, with puffed and swollen finger joints, hardly able to get the reference out of the wallet. And I remembered how horsemen used to slash a man on foot with a backhand swing. Down and across.

Strange . . . In full swing the hand would twist the saber so that it carried off the head, the neck, and part of the shoulder—that right hand. And now it couldn't even hold . . . a wallet . . .

Going up to the plywood shutter, I pushed it again.

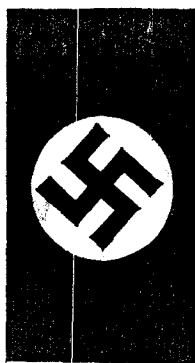
The clerk never raised her head and kept on reading her comic book. Upside down on the page I could see a noble soldier jumping onto a windowsill with a revolver.

I quietly laid the tattered reference on top of her book and turned, nauseated, rubbing my chest the whole time as I went toward the exit. I had to lie down as soon as possible, with my head hanging down.

"What do you think you're doing handing out pieces of paper? Take it away, patient!" shot the girl after me through the window.

The veteran had slumped right down onto the bench. His splayed fingers dangled helplessly. His unbuttoned overcoat hung down on either side. His round swollen stomach lay in an improbable arc on his hips.

His head and even his shoulders had somehow subsided into his trunk.



Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

OZYMANDIAS
by Percy Bysshe Shelley
(1817)

"To work in the Himmler files for a year was like locking oneself up in a combined insane asylum and torture chamber." So said one of the many historians who have helped to study, classify, and make public "virtually the entire archives" of the Third Reich. Mr. Kahn, a native New Yorker and graduate of Bucknell University, became interested in the Nazi documents when he was writing THE CODEBREAKERS, which was published in 1967. He is now at work on a book about German military intelligence.

Secrets of the Nazi Archives

by David Kahn

AN ARMY truck backed up to a former torpedo factory in Alexandria, Virginia, on January 23, 1968, and two large wooden crates were loaded onto it. When the truck pulled away, the biggest project in the history of history reached a final milestone. The crates held the last of the German records seized in World War II that were being restituted after microfilming for publication.

Never before had virtually the entire archives of a nation been captured, removed, and made public. It was like seeing a person suddenly stripped of his clothes, like hearing everything he had said to his wife, his friends, and his psychiatrist. For exposed to the gaze of scholars were nearly all the surviving documents of the German Foreign Office, the Oberkommando der Wehrmacht, army units, the S.S., the Nazi Party, private firms like I. G. Farben, cultural organizations, university fraternities, and virtually every government ministry of Nazi Germany.

The disclosures have already changed accepted views of history. A major case in point involves high German policy in World War I. Historians had generally agreed with studies, based on the then available evidence, that German policies aiming at European hegemony and world power were held only by military and right-wing fanatics. But the opening of the German archives after World War II permitted Fritz Fischer, professor of history at Hamburg University, to make an exhaustive examination of all pertinent documents for the first time. In his *Germany's Aims in the First World War*, Fischer demonstrates that world power was a policy of the entire German government, civilians included, supported by almost everyone who

counted, and that Germany's war guilt cannot be fobbed off on the Supreme Command and the Kaiser. Historians widely regard Fischer's basic thesis as proved, mainly owing to the unimpeachable nature of his sources.

The story of this enormous documentary windfall for historians, one of the most exciting events in historiography, begins with the first Allied soldier who picked up a German document from the battlefield. Frequently, such documents had great intelligence value. When the British captured records of an Afrika Korps radio-monitoring company during a flurry of action in July, 1942, they learned that the Germans had been obtaining considerable data from the British radio traffic. The British instituted new signal and cipher procedures that denied this information to the Germans and were able to build up for El Alamein in secrecy.

As the Allied bombing of Germany increased in intensity, German archivists began to disperse their papers. Starting in July, 1943, many German Foreign Office files went from Berlin to Krummhübel, a resort in southeastern Germany, and to various castles south and east of Berlin. The highly confidential files of the foreign minister's secretariat were microfilmed for protection, while Joachim von Ribbentrop installed himself, his staff, and the original papers in an armored train in which he followed Hitler about. Many military records were likewise moved out of the Heeresarchiv (army archives) in Potsdam. Those that stayed sometimes suffered severe destruction. Thus a historian who today asks the German archivists for information on Prussian Army officers of the 1800s will receive a rather bitter note reporting that the records fell within the competence of the Heeresarchiv but that they were apparently destroyed in an air raid.

JUST before the final collapse, orders went out from Berlin to destroy the records. But orders from Berlin had by then lost much of their force, and the archivists were in addition reluctant to burn the files that they had built up over so many years. The custodians of the evacuated naval records could not do so in any case: the elderly admirals had used up the logs and gasoline intended for the archival bonfire to keep themselves warm in the chilly rooms of Tambach Castle. Consequently cache after cache fell into the hands of the racing Allied forces. The U.S. 7th Army seized the Nazi Party membership card file at a paper mill outside Munich. The S.S. records were found in a cave near Pottenstein in Bavaria. Many of the 1000 finds were recognized and exploited by documents teams, often led by trained archivists. Military government

officials had organized these to obtain the civil authority files that they would need to control occupied areas effectively.

Following the surrender, the thousands of tons of documents were assembled at collection points. Here archivists and lawyers combed through them for material that would serve as incriminatory evidence in the forthcoming Nuremberg trials. They eliminated early the possibility that the files had been deliberately left in the path of the Allies with spurious documents planted to sow discord. The seekers enjoyed at least one major stroke of luck. Ribbentrop's armored train had been destroyed, and with it its files, and the Allies despaired of ever recovering these most important documents of the Foreign Office. But in 1945, Karl von Loesch, a minor official of the Foreign Office who had been in charge of one of the dispersal points and who had secretly buried the minister's microfilmed files, met quite by chance the chief of the British documents team. He disclosed the existence of the microfilm, which had been unknown to the Allies, and led the team to its hiding place. Among the 10,000 microfilmed pages were such items as the correspondence between Hitler and other heads of state, including most of the Hitler-Mussolini correspondence, and the notes of Hitler's chief interpreter on his and Ribbentrop's conversations with foreign statesmen. The Loesch films today constitute one of the prime sources of material on the high direction of German foreign policy during the Nazi period.

A selection of documents from all sources—concentration camp records, telephone conversations transcribed by Hermann Göring's wiretapping "Research Office," Hitler memoranda—were printed in the forty-two-volume record of the Nuremberg trials; they serve as a prime source for the history of the Nazi terror. But left untouched were 99 percent of the documents. These now divided into two major groups—the archives of the Foreign Office on the one hand, and all the rest of the captured documents, largely military, ministerial, and party, on the other.

In June of 1946, the United States and Great Britain agreed to publish jointly the most important Foreign Office papers. They felt that Germany was responsible for World War II and that the documents would establish that. Now the publication of diplomatic documents for polemic purposes stood in an old tradition. Nations had long issued such repertoires to justify their conduct during crises; the oldest of these "colored books," the series of British Blue Books, reaches back to the late 1600s. All these collections exclude embarrassing documents. Even the most scholarly, Germany's forty-volume *Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette, 1871-1914*, which sought to undermine the moral base of

the Versailles treaty by showing that all the nations had blundered into the war, succumbed to this practice.

The Allied publication was to differ from all previous ones in three respects: (a) it would be published by foreign powers, (b) no documents would be omitted for political reasons, since the editorial work was to be performed strictly "on the basis of the highest scholarly objectivity," and (c) it would be done on a cooperative international basis. France adhered to the agreement in 1947.

The Foreign Office files, which had been moved to Berlin, were flown to England during the Berlin crisis of 1948. They were assembled at Whaddon Hall, "the only really ugly Georgian country house," on an estate sixty miles north of London. There a tripartite team began examining the 300 tons of documents covering 1918 to 1945.

Each of the nine scholars usually there—three from each country—had been assigned a topic for the period for which volumes were being prepared. The editor first read through the appropriate files, which came in the form of original telegrams, memoranda, reports, and other documents stitched with cardboard covers into folders about an inch thick.

These files were not a single coherent unit. They represented the working files of officials and were arranged sometimes chronologically, sometimes topically, sometimes alphabetically. "There is no place where, for instance, all the telegrams from the Embassy in London may be found," wrote an editor. "Ten or twenty copies of one telegram may be found in various files; the only surviving copy of another telegram may be found in the file of another mission abroad to which it was sent for information." Often no copy could be found because of destruction or Soviet confiscation. After 1943 the material is fragmentary.

The editor made out a 3 by 5 card for each candidate for inclusion in the printed volume, and then sent the files to be microfilmed. He did not order every single item filmed: the innumerable carbon copies were not, nor were League of Nations reports, pamphlets, routine administrative papers. But most items were photocopied—far more than would ever be printed. This recording of all the relevant documents served as a check upon the editors and as a protection against future burial of embarrassments by too patriotic German archivists; Allied scholars had already found in these very files notes ordering archivists to remove certain items before giving a dossier to a visiting historian.

Upon the return of the files, the editor chose the documents to be printed. Then the entire file was reviewed by an editor from another country, to rule out national bias. Any differences—and these were rare—were resolved by the editors in chief. Trans-

lating the convoluted Nazi jargon created its own brand of difficulty, but the first fat tome of *Documents on German Foreign Policy, 1918-1945* appeared in 1949.

At first, *DGFP* was planned to be published within ten years in twenty volumes. But the quantity and the quality of the documents soon overwhelmed this modest appraisal. The period from Hitler's accession in 1933 to the German declaration of war on the United States in 1941 alone runs nineteen volumes. Subsequent volumes, covering the rest of the war and the years 1918 to 1933, will be published in German by West Germany, which assumed this task after the archives were returned to Bonn in 1958. German editors now participate in the work.

The series has fulfilled its unique promise not to suppress material for political reasons. The historians have sometimes had to fight for this freedom, but, wrote former editor in chief Raymond J. Sontag, "In the end, if the editors said a document was needed, it was printed." A case in point is the publication of the reports, highly embarrassing to the British royal family, detailing German attempts to exploit what they considered the pro-Hitler attitude of the Duke of Windsor in 1940. The non-suppression of documents is moreover assured by the deposit of the microfilm at the National Archives in Washington and the Public Record Office in London, where the public may consult it, and by the publication of George O. Kent's catalogue to it, which facilitates access.

WHILE the microfilm cameras were clicking in England, others were clicking in America. In compliance with another U.S.-British agreement, the German high command, army, ministerial, and Nazi Party records had been shipped to the United States. Naval and air records remained in British custody. The records arrived in Washington just after the end of the war in crates and footlockers. Most went to the former torpedo plant overlooking the Potomac at King and Union Streets in Alexandria.

They arrived in a chaotic state. The GI's who had packed them in crates had sometimes wedged the records of one agency in the spaces left by the papers of another. The records themselves did not often carry labels. Sometimes they had lost their cardboard covers. And the ransacking they had undergone by Nuremberg prosecutors did not help to keep them in order. To make them useful for historical and intelligence research, the Army had to reorganize each agency's files into their original pattern, not only to make them accessible, but also

so that the researcher would know the source of a document. This is another way of saying that the basic archival fact had to be determined for many of the records—their provenance, or the office whose files they were.

For this, the Army archivists sometimes had to be detectives. The scribbled marginal notations of officials were often identified by their characteristic color: green for S.S. Chief Heinrich Himmler, vermilion for General Wilhelm Keitel, brown for General Alfred Jodl, purple for General Georg Thomas. The ribbon that held a document together or a peculiar pattern of holes punched in it sometimes indicated its origin. A German major wrote in longhand an extremely interesting outline of German military activities in France after the Allied invasion; only a note in that same handwriting about an appointment enabled the scholars to trace his name.

Sometimes the archivists could determine provenance only by the backward procedure of using the records to reconstruct what was assumed to be an agency's organizational structure. They did this by spreading the files out on big tables and shifting them about until they appeared to approximate the original arrangement of the files.

Thus prepared, the records yielded up to grateful American intelligence officials vast quantities of minutely detailed information about the Soviet Union. The German armies, in invading Russia, had photographed the terrain, mapped the roads and railways, studied the Red Army organization, examined its weapons, analyzed its tactics, profiled its officers. Until the start of the U-2 flights about 1956, U.S. agencies obtained much basic intelligence on the Soviet Union from the captured documents, using some 35,000 a year.

But such material is not valid forever. Moreover, there was increasing pressure from the West German government to return the archives, as part of its cultural heritage, to credit its claim to represent all of Germany, and to help run its affairs. On the American side, officials were acutely conscious that the Nazis had looted all of Europe and that this situation was not without similarity.

Consequently, the Army began a review in 1954 to determine which records might be declassified to go back. This excited a fear among historians that they might miss a precious opportunity. Once back in Germany, records might be suppressed: the experience of the Foreign Office files had made the scholars wary. Moreover, the documents were deteriorating. Mimeographed matter was crumbling; teletype strips pasted onto telegraph forms were falling off. Microfilming could preserve them. Hans Kohn, professor of history at the College of the City of New York, led in forming an American

Committee for the Study of War Documents. It interceded emphatically with the government and, in a victory unprecedented in the annals of scholarship, won permission to film the documents. In 1956, the year it became a committee of the American Historical Association, it received \$69,000 from the Ford Foundation to begin the filming.

THE project historians soon began their labors at the long, gray Alexandria torpedo factory. They first had to complete the work of the Army in straightening out many of the nonmilitary records within the 30,000 linear feet—almost six miles—of files, some of which, said Mrs. Dagmar Perman, second director of the project, “were in a salad edition.” Occasionally provenance could not be discovered, and then the subject matter was set up as the identifying criterion. “It must be acknowledged with admiration,” wrote a German archivist who reviewed the work, “that this mountain of records, largely in a chaotic state, was relatively well organized . . . within the span of a few years.”

The historians next wrote descriptions of the filmed records and noted the few items they were omitting. The folders, stacked on tables, were then wheeled away to the microfilming room, where a processor unbound them, straightened out folded pages, and gave them to one of—at the peak—seven women microphotographers. The cameras also photographed a counter, thus automatically numbering the page. The folders were then rebound, and at intervals of six months, shipped to the Bundesarchiv in Koblenz. In all, the documents filled more than 15,000 rolls of microfilm containing up to 1200 pages each, making an estimated 18 million pages of material. They range from the most important, such as the only known copy of the complete transcript of Hitler's trial before a Nuremberg court in 1924, to the most insignificant, such as receipts for equipment and schedules of official lecturers.

The historians' descriptions form the basis for a remarkable and exceedingly valuable series of *Guides to German Records Microfilmed at Alexandria, Va.* Eight inches high and 14 inches wide, mimeographed, stapled in distinctive buff covers, these finding aids run between 2 and 231 pages; they average 100. The microfilm roll and frame numbers for each item are given in the guide opposite the item's description. So far 60 guides have been issued; a total of 80 is projected. Though the microfilming is complete, the publication of the guides is not, because the National Archives, which has taken over the work, has only a small staff.

The guides themselves make fascinating reading.

For example, Guide No. 39, *Records of the Reich Leader of the S.S. and Chief of the German Police (Part III)*:

Page 9: "Folder containing notes and correspondence of Hochst.SS-Pol.F./Italien Karl Wolff and of his adjutant, Ostubaf. Wenner dealing with negotiations for surrender of German forces in Italy and with post-surrender procedures; also contains some speculation as to the treatment by the Allies of S.S. troops, Apr-May, 1945. Routine administrative matter has not been filmed."

Page 11: "Hoh.SS-Pol.F./Nordwest (Niederlande) . . . provisions for the care of Dutch women expecting the birth of children of S.S. men, Feb-Mar, 1943."

Guide No. 54, *Records of German Field Commands: Armies (Part VIII)*, describing appendices to War Diary 8 from section Ia (operations branch) of the 2d Army:

"Ia, Anlagen z. KTB 8, Operationsakten. Reports on operations, regrouping, march movements, passwords, training, supplying, casualties, and construction of narrow-gauge railways, roads, and mine fields by the 2d Army and Hungarian Army units in the Voronezh, Podgrovoe, and Fedorovka areas; results of aerial reconnaissance and monitoring Soviet radio communications; use of indigenous population and alert units; morale of the Red Army and civilian population; transportation and supply situation; enemy land and air operations, troop identification and radio situation; Soviet terrorist organization and its methods; and the weather. Map (1:25,000) showing the location of the main line of resistance. Dec 17-31, 1942."

A fantastic wealth of information awaits the researcher in these hundreds of tons of documents! Their value lies primarily in the sheer richness of their raw data: they permit the historian to scrutinize events as if through a microscope, to see every detail of a military action, to postulate, through the profusion of dates, trends that he could not possibly see in memoirs and interviews. In addition, the documents bring the historian into intimate contact with the emotional quality of the time. A sardonic marginal comment on a report or its very handwriting may tell more about the true situation than the report itself. One cannot really grasp Himmler's obsessional nature until one goes through the stacks of paper that he annotated and initialed and dated in one of his eighteen-hour days. For the documents are the stuff of daily life: the scholars were continually finding mixed in with them buttons and thread used by the stenographers, their love notes, their birthday cards, their ration

cards. The difference between working from secondary sources and using the documents is the difference between reading about a person and actually meeting him.

So WHAT have historians found? Were there surprises for them in the documents?

Many nuggets have turned up. Perhaps the most remarkable is a copy of Hitler's lost "Second Book," the never published successor to *Mein Kampf*. Hints about this work had cropped up here and there in Nazi literature, even in a play in Vienna, but it seemed to have disappeared; as late as 1959, historian H. R. Trevor-Roper spoke of it as no longer existing.

But at just about this time, Richard Bauer, captured documents reference chief, received a query about the missing work from Germany. He remembered that in his special safe was a work labeled a draft of *Mein Kampf*. He dug it out and read a memorandum of May 7, 1945, by the U.S. Army intelligence officer who had taken the 324-page untitled typescript from the central Nazi publishing house in Munich. The technical director had said that it was "an alleged unpublished work by Adolf Hitler." Bauer quickly saw that the label was erroneous—the work was not *Mein Kampf*. Then Gerhard L. Weinberg, first director of the Alexandria project, who had also been looking for the document, obtained a copy. He confirmed through stylistic and other tests that it was indeed Hitler's long-lost book. Allusions to current events dated its composition to the summer of 1928. Cross-outs and spaces before periods showed that Hitler had dictated to a typist. But for a number of reasons, he had never published it. Weinberg did—and filled in one of the most important gaps in the story of Adolf Hitler.

Most of the documents are, of course, less sensational. They serve primarily to color in pictures previously known only in outline, to amplify history. And their enormous range attracts a wide variety of users. Some study the microfilm at the National Archives in Washington; others buy copies; others write for information.

A physicist at the Frankford Arsenal asked about gun silencers; he was furnished German Army experimental reports and technical manuals. The *Journal of American Aviation* requested information on the technical development and combat history of German pickaback planes. A Canadian graduate student at Heidelberg used the 92 rolls of film dealing with an S.S. organization to write a 594-page doctoral dissertation on it. A German veteran of the 101st Jaeger Division wrote a history

of his old unit with the help of the documents, working at his home from the film that he bought from the National Archives rather than going to Koblenz for the originals. A professor at the University of Ankara is studying the relations of Turkey and Russia in the twentieth century; he cannot get at either the Turkish or the Russian records, but since Germany had very active ambassadors and military missions in Turkey, he can glean a good deal of information from their records.

The Israelis asked for microfilm dealing with Adolf Eichmann when they were prosecuting him. The furor over Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger's being an ex-Nazi subsided somewhat when *Der Spiegel* published a document microfilmed in Alexandria—a 1944 letter accusing Kiesinger of being the ringleader in interfering with anti-Semitic propaganda.

Sometimes the documents serve unusual special purposes. Once, for example, they made possible a precise evaluation of the techniques of content analysis. During World War II American monitors of Nazi propaganda inferred German capabilities and intentions from the inclusion, omission, and spacing of news items and statements in the broadcasts. For example, one analyst predicted in November, 1943, that a secret weapon would become available in February or March of 1944. But how accurate was this estimate? At the time no one knew, but when the records became available, they showed that that was then precisely what the Germans forecast would be the operational date of the V-1 flying bomb! Thus the captured documents demonstrated the validity of an important method of social science.

The captured records have greatly improved the writing of military history by making it possible to learn the history from both sides. The Office of the Chief of Military History has made extensive use of the German documents in its series *United States Army in World War II*. They have enabled its historians to clear up such mysteries as how the Germans managed to escape as they did from the Falaise pocket in Normandy and to learn of the controversy between Field Marshals Erwin Rommel and Gerd von Rundstedt on how best to defend Fortress Europa. This has provided a more accurate assessment of what went on; the lessons thus taught by history are better accepted; and therefore American military thinking, and one hopes action, are improved.

The documents also throw light on Communist history. Z. A. B. Zeman's publication of selected captured papers shows where the Bolsheviks got their money for propaganda in 1917: from the German foreign minister. Previously the source had been a matter of conjecture. A set of captured captured

records has enabled the West to get one of its clearest pictures of the operation of the Soviet Communist Party. When the Germans smashed into Smolensk in 1941, they seized the files of the Communist Party there, and when they retreated, they took with them about 500 of the major dossiers containing about 200,000 pages covering the years 1917-1938.

The Allies in their turn captured these. Merle Fainsod of Harvard worked his way through them, and in his *Smolensk Under Soviet Rule* he described party and governmental rule in Smolensk Province, frequently quoting reports, letters, and decisions. These are documents that the Communists thought would never be seen by an outsider, and they give a vivid picture of the inner workings of the Party and its impact upon the populace. They have been called the best single source of information concerning Communist Party operations within the Soviet Union available to Western scholars. Interestingly, they confirm the picture of Communist society inferred by Western scholars.

BUT if the amplification of history and the improvement of understanding constitute the largest use to which the captured German records have been put, their most important use—as in Fischer's book—may be in correcting misconceptions, in demolishing myths, and in replacing fiction with fact.

Studies of the Office of the Chief of Military History founded almost entirely on the captured records showed that although the world had gotten the impression that blitzkrieg consisted almost exclusively of a whirlwind armor assault, the Wehrmacht was in fact still using many horses behind its tanks long after the much criticized United States Army had given up horse cavalry and transport. Another case where the documents corrected an accepted story involved the Battle of the Bulge. Legend had it that Bastogne was the be-all and end-all in holding the line. But the U.S. Army official history showed on the basis of the German records that it was in fact the holding of the shoulders of the salient in the first forty-eight hours that determined the battle. Bastogne was important, yes, but it was not the critical factor from the tactical point of view that it is usually thought to be, said chief historian Dr. Stetson Conn.

Again, it was widely believed for many years that Lenin's return to Russia through Germany in the famous "sealed train" in April of 1917 had taken place at the instigation of the German general staff. But Werner Hahlweg, using the documents, demonstrated that the plan had originated in civilian circles, that the Foreign Office made the

arrangements, and that the high command merely signed the traveling papers.

The documents also corrected a misconception of Hitler's policy toward Poland created by the omission of certain critical phrases from a German White Book on the origins of the war. The omissions lay in the minutes of a meeting held March 21, 1939, between Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop and the Polish ambassador to Germany. As printed in the White Book, the minutes did not include a number of anti-Soviet statements made by Ribbentrop to show that a Polish-German agreement was possible on a common anti-Soviet policy. The Nazi-Soviet Pact, intervening between the meeting and the publication of the White Book, had made it impolitic to include those statements. It was not until the original minutes were published that historians were able to see that Ribbentrop had really tried to reach an agreement with Poland and that the Nazi aggression followed only upon the failure of this attempt.

Another error that the documents rectified was the widely held view that Germany had promised military aid to Falangist Spaniards before the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. Not only did no paper turn up to support this view, but the published record showed that a strong difference of opinion on the question existed between the Foreign Office and the General Staff, with the Foreign Office taking a cautious view. It was not until several months later that Germany decided to throw its full weight behind Franco.

These studies are but the first fruits of what will be a historians' harvest overwhelming in its abundance, for the documents are so voluminous, their range so vast, that they will permit minutely detailed analyses of almost any activity of a major nation in the throes of modern war. Moreover, neither the Whaddon Hall nor the Alexandria documents exhaust the list.

A large quantity of Nazi Party records, including S.S. personnel files, serves qualified scholars and investigators in the Berlin Document Center. Great Britain followed a different policy from the United States and restituted the naval and the air records after only some selective microfilming. The Library of Congress holds many photographs and sound recordings. The Soviet Union turned over many files to East Germany.

Of the other Axis nations, a few Italian and Hungarian records have been issued on microfilm, and about 2.4 million pages of Japanese material. The Japanese filming was much less comprehensive than the German, and the language barrier has prevented as great an exploitation.

Taken as a gigantic whole, what do the captured German records show? What conclusions could the

historians who worked on them draw from them?

Perhaps the most immediate impression is the utter falsity of the myth of German orderliness. Both Weinberg and his successor as project chief, Mrs. Perman, felt this. The Nazi Party and the German governmental structure were virtually anarchic, with overlapping jurisdictions and many conflicting responsibilities. This resulted, of course, in impossible inefficiency. Complementing this impression is one of sprawling multifarious bureaucracy. "In April of 1945, with Allied tanks clanking past the shattered windows of Party offices, the Führer's faithful were working out the paper-clip requirements for the third quarter of 1945," wrote Weinberg. "Had the stencil and carbon paper factories been placed at the top of the strategic bombing offensive's priority list, the whole system might well have collapsed earlier."

One of the most remarkable aspects of the story of the seized records is the attitude of the scholars who worked on them. Almost without exception, they remain intensely interested, even enthusiastic. The reason, they explain, is that the papers, particularly the Foreign Office papers, contain top decisions of the greatest war of all time. These men were all historians of modern Germany, they had lived through this epoch, and now they were holding in their hands the very papers that Hitler and Himmler, Ribbentrop and Keitel had held in theirs while making the decisions that shaped our lives. These were the secret actions that had determined the fate of nations, they were real, and these scholars were the first historians to know about them, and to know all, for these papers constituted the ultimate evidence beyond which no one else could penetrate. It was heady stuff. Yet it was not without a searing bitterness as well. For the impression that dominates all others emanating from the Reich archives is one of "the depths to which a supposedly civilized people can fall and the degree to which the poison penetrated all facets of German life," wrote Weinberg. And, he added, "the fuller the record, the deeper the darkness."

Time and again the evidence of man's inhumanity to man rose up off the pages and beat upon the workers' souls. To work in the Himmler files for a year, a historian said, was like locking oneself up in a combined insane asylum and torture chamber. One girl ran screaming from the room when she came upon her own concentration camp papers. And in the end the work was humbling. It brought to mind the evanescence of all earthly strivings—the vanity of vanities, Ozymandias on a colossal scale. "To think," said Mrs. Perman, "of this whole machine that sat on Europe reduced to this dusty pile of papers which you are complete master of, even to whether they will see the light of day."

viewpoint

The Road Back to Internationalism

by Harlan Cleveland

*Mr. Cleveland, American ambassador
to NATO since 1965, was formerly
Assistant Secretary of State for
International Affairs.*

The mood at home, they tell me, is "anti-commitment." We have domestic problems; our first obligation is to do something about the poor and keep the peace right here in America. To an American politics-watcher living abroad, what is puzzling about this mood is not its pleasing righteousness but its dubious relevance.

Righteous we have always been, as much when we thought we were saving the world as in that earlier time when we thought we were saving ourselves from entanglement in it. And there is food for just indignation: Others are not pulling their weight in peacekeeping and international cooperation. The rich Europeans have drawn in on themselves; the poor in other continents are still depending too much on outsiders to do their nation-building for them. But looked at from abroad, our own performance is no longer so impressive either. With only two exceptions, Vietnam and strategic nuclear deterrence, we are spending proportionately less now on U.S. foreign policy than in any year since 1939, the date of our last Neutrality Act. And our congressional and public debate reveals that influential Americans, frustrated at our inability to withdraw from Vietnam, are determined to withdraw from the rest of our foreign policy instead.

The old clichés about commitment were certainly too global, too focused on what America might do, too American in their conviction that if worse came to worst, we could solve any given problem.

But the problems are still right there in front of us, and we are committed to tackling them because we have the capacity to act. Science and technology keep producing more power to be internationally contained, more pollution to be internationally controlled, more ethically neutral instruments of change—from atomic energy and contraceptives to trade patterns and weather control. We are all staring, fascinated but paralyzed, at global gaps in wealth and weaponry that seem unbridgeably wide. The tensions and technologies of the 1970s will make imperative new international restraints on national action and new dimensions in international cooperation. At this extraordinary moment of history, we just happen to be the world's strongest economy, its most durable democracy, its greatest military power, and its most creative fount of scientific discovery and technological triumph.

Withdrawal and anti-commitment cannot be our "thing." Our problem is not to decide whether we will be involved, but how. Our capacity to act comes in a package with the obligation to choose a course of action.

Our international commitments are usually justified, before or sometimes after an irrevocable act, on the basis of abstract principle—the sovereign right of independent states to defend themselves, and to ask for help in doing so; the obligation of the fortunate to help the disadvantaged; the common interest in cooperative endeavor. These ab-

stractions are indeed the stuff of politics. Civilized people are moved by them to accept burdens, appropriate money, and join the Marines. And it so happens that these three abstractions stand for the three main kinds of international undertakings to which the United States is continually recommitted by word and deed: "security," "aid," and "technical cooperation."

We help arm other countries if we perceive a U.S. national interest in their defense—that is, if we judge that not arming them might, in a pinch, require us to undertake their whole defense with our own arms. We join in international development schemes partly because our growing antipoverty commitment at home enlarges our antipoverty commitment abroad, whether we like it or not. But we also help in international development because most Americans vaguely fear the social and political and military consequences—that is, the greater costs—of trying to live in our wealthy manner in the midst of a global slum. We join international organizations (fifty-four of them so far) and attend international conferences (more than six hundred of them each year—fifteen or twenty in any given week) because there are so many fields in which we can better serve our own interests by pooling them with those of others: like forecasting the population and the weather, allocating resources and radio frequencies, pursuing scientific truth and dope peddlers.

In facing each new commitment, or deciding whether to continue old ones, the question for the policymaker almost never seems to be whether to enlarge or extend our international obligations. Instead, the form of the policy question is nearly

always the opposite: What can we effectively do to avoid getting in too deep? Most of the time the purpose of "commitment" is to avoid or minimize or economize on larger commitments that otherwise would probably have to be made. We involve ourselves in limited ways precisely in order to avoid getting involved in unlimited ways.

The explosive growth of international cooperation in the last couple of decades seems to have obscured from public view the fact that the motivation for most of our commitments is commitment-avoidance. But it is worth remembering a few of the dozens of occasions when we did *not* get committed.

We referred to the UN a 1960 Congo request for direct military intervention.

We did not move militarily (in 1956) in Hungary or (in 1938 or 1948 or 1968) in Czechoslovakia.

We did not fight—though we did try to make peace—in two wars between India and Pakistan, and three wars between Israel and its Arab neighbors.

We avoided direct involvement in confrontations between Indonesia and Malaysia, Morocco and Algeria, the North and the South in the Sudan, and a dozen other pairs when they fell to fighting. In all these cases, and in dozens of other small wars or near wars or civil wars, either or both sides asked for U.S. help or would have been glad to have it. But as a committed Asian once told me bitterly, "The United States is the world's biggest neutralist nation—it tries to be neutral on more subjects than anyone else."

This is not, on a sober look at modern history, the record of a messianic policeman to the world. Yet for one reason or another, we have picked up forty-three allies—fourteen in NATO, twenty-one in the Rio Pact, and eight in Asia—to help avoid the scourge of war through collective security. And we have undertaken, in the United Nations Charter, the farthest-reaching commitment of all—

to maintain international peace and security, and to that end: to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace, and for the suppression of

acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace, and to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law, adjustment or settlement of international disputes or situations which might lead to a breach of the peace.

What a commitment! Anyone who wants to cut back our peace and security obligations had better start by undermining the UN Charter.

What has made all this vulnerable in our domestic politics is the demonstration, in Vietnam, that commitment-avoidance doesn't always work, that one thing can lead to another with unintended results. Both the inarticulate majority that supports the war and the articulate minority that opposes it seem to have found common ground in the slogan "No More Vietnams." And "world policeman," an honorable term when used in the early debates about establishing the United Nations, has in a short generation become a political epithet and a summary indictment of American foreign policy.

"In solitude, in trouble"

We've learned, the hard way, the happiest irony of modern power politics: the more power a nation has, the more difficult it is to use that power without partners. The cure for that feeling of overcommitment is multilateral commitment. James C. Thomson, Jr., speaking at the "No More Vietnams?" symposium (held at the Adlai Stevenson Institute, and excerpted at length in the *Atlantic* last winter*), captured this idea when he said Americans seem to want "a sense of joint enterprise with other nations rather than a sense of the American flag in solitude and, often as not, in trouble."

It is already noticeable that U.S. international commitments of all kinds are less vulnerable in our domestic politics when they are more multilateral in structure.

Thus in the past twenty years our Atlantic relationships, together with our UN policy and our commit-

ments in the Western Hemisphere, have been consistently bipartisan and comparatively noncontroversial. When there is a row about a UNESCO program, or a UN peacekeeping operation, or NATO troop levels, or the Alliance for Progress, it is not the *depth* of our treaty commitments or the *character* of our cooperative arrangements that is in the line of fire. Rather, the criticism is narrow-gauge, short-term, and tactical—that a booklet subverts our teachers (not that a UN agency shouldn't produce booklets with our money); that the peacekeeping force shouldn't have been pulled out of the Middle East (not that it shouldn't have been there in the first place); that European defense is too hard on our balance of payments (not that we should withdraw from our NATO commitment); that the Alliance for Progress has not abolished hemispheric poverty (not that it shouldn't try).

Even when the essence of an international operation is the U.S. input—the Korean War, the Lebanon and Dominican Republic crises, the Children's Fund, the World Weather Watch—dependable domestic political support requires the operation to have an international character, and international governance. President Truman ordered General MacArthur to start resisting in Korea even before the UN Security Council could meet and make that resistance a UN operation, but it did become a UN Command constitutionally related to the Charter and the Organization. President Eisenhower sent troops to Lebanon, but announced they were intended merely to hold the line for UN peacekeeping and mediation; the UN came into the picture considerably later, and after the imminent crisis was resolved, but the UN involvement was crucial for the general opinion, of Americans as well as of mankind. The Dominican Republic affair started in the middle of the week as a unilateral rescue operation, but to be workable as a peacekeeping operation it had to be internationalized. It was the later decision—better late than never—to conduct the peacekeeping chore under the auspices of the Organization of American States, which enabled

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order and politics to be restored in Santo Domingo—after a year of skillful mediation by an OAS commission headed by an American diplomat, Ellsworth Bunker.

When the Congo blew up in 1960, during the first week of its independence, the government appealed to President Eisenhower to intervene; instead he encouraged the UN to act on a similar request Dag Hammarskjöld had from the Congo; then the President and his two successors backed the UN operation to the hilt. Later, as the Congo erupted again and again, those of us involved found ourselves again and again in President Kennedy's office, and he always seemed to ask the same question: Is it still true, as you told me last time, that if the UN has to withdraw, the United States might get drawn in? Each time he got an affirmative answer, and each time he told us to go back and help the UN restore peace in the Congo.

In international development it has also been true that spending our money through world banks and funds is comparatively popular, while spending it by ourselves is increasingly unpopular. There is something to be said for and against both bilateral and multilateral development aid. But measured by political reactions in the United States, the choice is not even close. The World Bank, the UN Development Program, and the aid efforts of the international technical agencies keep rising as a proportion of all U.S. foreign aid because people sense we can thereby ensure that a fair share is put up by other rich countries, and that the administrative and political troubles any aid program experiences will also be widely shared rather than come home to roost in Washington. In the five years that I was presenting the multilateral aid programs to hard-nosed Appropriations Committees, I was astonished to find we almost never lost a dime from the President's request to Congress, while our U.S. foreign aid program each year lost a larger proportion of the President's asking figure.

The same is true of the money we pay for international technical cooperation to study fisheries, to con-

trol the airwaves, to combat illiteracy, to set up a global weather-forecasting system, to develop the Mekong Valley and the Indus and the Volta. U.S. support for international development is impressive, if grudging; we are still the largest contributor to international development assistance, which now outranks the U.S. bilateral program as the world's largest aid effort.

Whose flag?

By contrast, when an overseas operation is (or looks) unilateral, its domestic support seems to suffer badly. Can you think of a current example? Right the first time. I do not suggest that this aspect of the Vietnam ordeal is its only controversial feature, but surely it is that sense of loneliness, that feeling that we are doing our part but others are not, which accounted for much of the loud and effective opposition to the war in the living rooms, the universities, the Senate, and the streets. And this is true even though there have been more non-American troops helping South Vietnam than there were in the UN command that helped South Korea in the early 1950s. But in Korea we fought a UN war; in Vietnam we are fighting, people think, an American war.

There is a big difference. We had participated in the early UN arrangements in Korea, so it was natural to go to the UN Security Council the weekend of the attack across the 38th Parallel. But in Southeast Asia we set out on our lonely and imponderable way in 1954, when we stood aside from the very Geneva Agreements which we later decided to adopt as our war aims in Vietnam.

The international peacekeeping machinery for Laos and Vietnam was a three-nation International Control Commission; the world had not yet learned through UN experience that a "troika" is predestined to paralysis. A war with no clear beginning, no clear front, generated no clear signal to command international attention and trigger international action. Other nations came in, but the framework remained parallel national action, not international action. Somehow the chance

never presented itself, or went unrecognized, to attract an international involvement as our national involvement deepened.

One reason the Vietnam War became a domestic political issue, it seems, was precisely that the involvement was national. Perhaps the successive decisions to resist indirect aggression in Southeast Asia would have looked different—perhaps some of them would even have been different—if it had not been for the too-American framework for that resistance.

I have no trouble remembering the time when operating under the American flag was domestically the most acceptable thing to do. Somewhere along the line, we passed, almost without remarking it, into a time when operating under an international flag—the UN, or the OAS, or NATO—is the best way to avoid or postpone an adverse domestic verdict on an overseas enterprise.

Yet in the *Atlantic's* presentation of the "No More Vietnams?" symposium, thirteen scholars and practitioners discussed lessons from Vietnam for thirty-nine pages, and only two—James Thomson and Edwin Reischauer—seemed to notice that our problem was more than a narrowly American one. For the others, perceptive as they often are on other lessons of the war, the outside agent in Vietnam's horoscope is relentlessly American. The intellectual blunders thus revealed could be troublesome as Americans adjust to a more interdependent post-Vietnam world, for if both proponents and critics of U.S. actions in Vietnam derive only unilateral lessons from the experience, then No More Vietnams comes close to meaning No More Foreign Policy.

Of course, No More Vietnams cannot in the nature of things mean No More Foreign Policy, or even No More Resistance to Indirect Aggression. But if this undeniably attractive slogan comes to mean sharing with as many partners as possible the responsibility for international peacekeeping and development—which means sharing not only the dogwork but the decisions as well—No More Vietnams may yet achieve an honored niche in the conventional wisdom.

THOREAU AND AMERICAN

IN THE Morgan Library in New York you can look at the box that Thoreau built to hold his journals. This work runs to thirty-nine manuscript volumes and was published in fourteen volumes. It contains nearly two million words in more than seven thousand printed pages. It is not the longest journal ever kept only because Thoreau, who kept it fiercely from the time he was twenty, died before he was forty-five, probably of the struggle I am about to describe. But it is one of the most fanatical, most arduous, most tragic examples in history of a man trying to live his life by writing it—of a man seeking to shape his life by words as if words alone would not merely report his life but become his life by the fiercest control that language can exert.

The greatest part of Thoreau's life was his writing, and this is true of many writers, especially in our time, when they are interested not merely in composing certain books but in making a career out of literature. But what makes Thoreau's case so singular, and gives such an unnatural severity to his journal itself, is that the work of art he was seeking to create was really himself; his life was the explicit object that he tried to make in words. Constant writing became for him not a withdrawal from life, a compensation for life, a higher form of life, all of which it has been for many writers since Romanticism identified the act of composition with personal salvation. It became a symbolic form of living. Writing was this close to living, parallel to living, because the only theme of Thoreau's life was himself. He transcribed his life directly onto paper—I do not mean that he reported it actually, but that he sought to capture experience in just one form: the sensations and thoughts of a man walking about all day long. To this commonplace daily round he was restricted by his own literal experience, for he did not wish to invent anything in the slightest and was incapable of doing so. But he was also restricted by the fact that he had no experience to report except being a writer and looking for topics in nature. Thoreau never married. Wherever possible, as everyone knows from his most famous book, he lived alone. But this was in fact not always possible, for other members of the Thoreau family preferred not to marry, clung together, and imposed themselves on him through the family's pencil business. So Thoreau at least went about alone and became a naturalist in his own indepen-

dent style, an observer who could find his material on every solitary walk, a "self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms." He had his favorite classics to quote from in his journal, books that he used to support his moral vision of nature; he had this large family, full of eccentrics like himself, who neverthe-

less provided a home base; and he had a few friends, associates of his ideas rather than intimate friends, notably and least satisfactorily his employer and sometime patron, Emerson, with whom his journal records the constant friction that was so necessary to his relation with even the most forbearing individuals in New England. Otherwise Thoreau might have felt that he was betraying his ideal life, the life that nobody could conceive for him but himself, that he lived only in the epiphanies of his journal, that nobody could live except with himself alone.

Since books were really personal instruments, and friends were invariably, sooner or later, to betray his design for life, this left for subject matter, in a book of two million words, what one may call the American God, the only God left to these wholly self-dependent transcendentalists in the New England of the 1840s—Nature. Thoreau told Moncure Conway that he found in Emerson "a world where truths existed with the same perfection as the objects he studied in external nature, his ideals real and exact." Nature, by which Emerson meant everything outside the writer for him to explore and to describe—Nature for Thoreau became the landscape, mostly around Concord, that he could always walk into. It served as the daily occasion of Thoreau's journal, the matter that tied Thoreau to the world outside, that became *his* world, that safely gave him something to write about each day. Nature gave him the outside jobs he took as a surveyor from time to time to keep him in some practical relation to his town and neighbors. Nature even



POWER by Alfred Kazin

made him a "naturalist," a collector of specimens and Indian relics, a student of the weather and of every minute change in the hillsides that he came to know with the familiarity that another man might have felt about the body of his wife.

But above all, Nature was himself revealed in Nature, it was the great permissive space in which he found himself every day. Nature was perfect freedom; Nature was constant health and interest; Nature was the perfection of visible existence and the only link to an invisible one; Nature was the ideal friend, the perfect, because always predictable, experience—it was ease and hope and thought such as no family, certainly no woman, not another writer, would ever provide. Nature was the divine principle disclosing itself, for God to Thoreau meant not the Totally Other, what is most unlike us, but perfect satisfaction.

This is what God had begun to mean to Emerson and other proud evangelists of the new romantic faith that God lives *in* us and *as* us—that God is manifested by the power and trust we feel in ourselves. Emerson was the oracle of a faith that only he could fully understand, for it rested on his gift for finding God in and through himself alone. Emerson's faith was pure inspiration; without his presence to give testimony, the intuition's access to the higher mysteries had to be painfully approximated by secondary faculties. Emerson was thus the unique case among modern writers of a spiritual genius whose role was essentially public, such as the founders of new religions have always played. Without his incomparable face, his living voice, Emerson on the printed page was never to inspire in later generations what the magnetism of his presence had created in his own day—a grateful sense on the part of many listeners that here was the founder of American originality, the oracle, the teacher of his tribe. Emerson, actually a very subtle writer, was face to face a living myth—the appointed leader who comes in at the beginning of a new civilization, sounds a collective hope and purpose, out of himself passes spiritual strength to the people.

THOREAU's life was entirely private and was lived, he insisted, for his own higher purposes. Except for his explosive anxiety about the growing power of

the slave interest, which was getting such an influence over the United States government that Thoreau discerned in it a threat to his own absolute freedom as well as an affront to his wholly personal Christianity, he was not merely indifferent to the State but contemptuous of it. He was interested in society only as an observer of different species taking notes on his Concord neighbors and their peculiar ways. His God was private to himself and really not to be taught to or shared with anyone else. It was imaginative pure power, Henry Thoreau's most perfect acquisition in a narrow life that sought only a few acquisitions, and these the brightest and purest—pure morality, pure love, pure creation in the pages he wrote each night in his journal from the notes taken on his walks.

God was not even a name; He was the fulfillment you sensed in the woods as you passed. But of course other poets of nature were saying this in the first half of the nineteenth century in England, Germany, and the United States. What Thoreau was saying, in prose of exceptional vibration, was that *he* had this fulfillment, this immanence in the woods, for and to himself whenever he wanted it; that he had only to walk out every afternoon (having spent the morning writing), to walk in the woods, to sit on the cliffs and look out over the Concord River and Conantum hills, for the perfect satisfaction to return again. As late as 1857, he would write in his journal: ". . . cold and solitude are friends of mine. . . . I come to my solitary woodland walk as the homesick go home. This stillness, solitude, wildness of nature is a kind of thoroughwort or boneset, to my intellect. This is what I go out to seek. It is as if I always met in those places some grand, serene, immortal, infinitely encouraging, though invisible companion, and walked with him."

The satisfaction lay first of all in the daily easy access to revelation. Sauntering about—Thoreau playfully derived the word from *à la sainte terre*, to the holy land—his mind dreamily overran what he saw, made nature incandescent, even when he was most assiduously playing the inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms. He filled up every space in nature with evidence of design, growth, meaning. If you live with a perfect attachment to the world outside your door, constantly note the minute changes in plants and animals, you create the figure

of nature as a single organism with the irresistible tendency to explain herself to you. The visible surface of things then glows with the relationship to man that Emerson had so rapturously felt at the Botanical Garden in Paris on July 13, 1833—"Not a form so grotesque, so savage, nor so beautiful but is an expression of some property inherent in man the observer,—an occult relation between the very scorpions and man. I feel the centipede in me,—cayman, carp, eagle, and fox. I am moved by strange sympathies; I say continually 'I will be a naturalist.'" Thoreau's sympathies with nonhuman living forms were so intense that they arranged themselves to please an eye that could not have been more unlike the professional scientist's even when he searched details to exhaustion. Thoreau sought ecstasy: union only with the invisible.

This perfect satisfaction could not always be found; there were inevitable days of bleakness, dissatisfaction, and weakness. But Thoreau, using nature's revelation of God as an instrument of personal power and happiness, was able to create on paper his own life of satisfaction, to retain in words the aura of this perfect attachment. He was able to make this life by writing it. Writing was his great instrument, a prose that always took the form of personal experience, created wholly out of remembrance and its transfiguration, writing in which the word sought not only to commemorate an experience but to replace it. "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail." The ecstatic real thing was always getting lost. But what had been lost could always be found again on the page, and what had merely been wished for could be remembered as if it had happened. A memory more than his own was Thoreau's imagination to the point where this "memory" relived the original so intensely that it replaced it. The dreaming mind of the writer, imagining his life as if there were nothing else in the world to imagine, at last created it.

But this called for the most relentless control of the page by style, by an attentiveness to the uses of words that quite wore him out, by a constant show of epigram, pun, paradox, *jeu d'esprit*, ingenious derivation, that he recognized as his characteristic fault of style. He practiced this until he became weary of his own strategy, as even the most devoted reader of Thoreau is likely to see through his literary tricks. But these are the essence of Thoreau's genius and the reason for his enduring appeal. They have an extraordinary ability to evoke the moment, the instant flash of experience, to give us the taste of existence itself. They hold us to the glory of a moment—single, concrete, singular.

Thoreau was always, I think, a young man, and certainly oriented, as Thornton Wilder put it, to

childhood. He addressed his most famous book to "poor students," and his most admiring readers, whether they are young or not, respond to the inner feeling of youth in his pages—the absoluteness of his impatience with authority, the natural vagabondage, the expectation of some different world just over the next horizon. Students recognize in Thoreau a classic near their own age and condition. All his feelings are absolutes, as his political ideas will be. There is none of that essential complexity, that odd and winning ability to live with contradiction, that one finds in Emerson's obligation to both his "soul" and the social world he thinks in. Thoreau wrote in his journal for 1851 that "no experience which I have today comes up to, or is comparable with, the experiences of my boyhood. . . . As far back as I can remember I have unconsciously referred to the experiences of a previous state of existence. . . . Formerly, methought, nature developed as I developed, and grew up with me. My life was ecstasy. In youth, before I lost any of my senses, I can remember that I was all alive, and inhabited my body with inexpressible satisfaction."

This happiness is what Thoreau's readers turn to him for—it is a special consonance of feeling between the pilgrim and his landscape. And it was not so much written as rewritten; whatever the moment was, his expression of it was forged, fabricated, worked over, soldered from fragmentary responses, to make those single sentences that were Thoreau's highest achievement, and indeed, his highest aim. For in such sentences, and not just by those sentences, a man could live. Transcendentalism was a church of the word. Each of Thoreau's sentences is a culmination of his life, the fruit of his hallucinated, perfect, all-too-perfect attachment to his local world; each was a precious particle of existence, existence pure, the life of Thoreau at the very heart. Each was victory over the long unconscious loneliness—and how many people, with far more happiness in others than Thoreau ever wanted or expected, can say that their life is all victory, how many can anticipate a succession of victories? In the end was the word, only the word:

When I was four years old, as I well remember, I was brought from Boston to this my native town, through these very woods and this field, to the pond. It is one of the oldest scenes stamped on my memory. And now tonight my flute has waked the echoes over that very water. The pines still stand here older than I; or, if some have fallen, I have cooked my supper with their stumps, and a new growth is rising all around, preparing another aspect for new infant eyes. Almost the same johnswort springs from the same perennial root in this pasture, and even I have at length helped to clothe that fabulous landscape of my infant dreams, and one of the results of my presence and influence

is seen in these bean leaves, corn blades, and potato vines.

A student once wrote in a paper on Thoreau: "This man, too honest, too physically aware to fashion an imagined scene . . . searched to exhaustion a scene that sometimes appeared empty." But years later another student, as if to answer the first, noted that after writing *Walden*, Thoreau could look about him, as we do today when we visit Walden Pond, with the feeling that this environment has been changed by his writing the book. Thoreau did create Walden Pond; the hut along its shores became. Ellery Channing said, the wooden inkstand in which he lived, and the attachment to Walden itself became as total and single in its all-absorbing attentiveness as a baby's to its mother, as a prisoner to his cell. *Walden* is the record of a love blind to everything but what it can gather from that love, to everything but the force of its will. That is why we can recognize in *Walden* the beauty of youthful feeling that is haunted by doom but not by tragedy, to whom death seems easier than any defeat from the social compact.

For youth the center of the world is always itself, and the center is bright with the excitement of the will. There is no drama like that of being young, for then each experience can be overwhelming. Thoreau knew how to be young. He knew how to live deep and suck all the marrow out of life. "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary." That is youth speaking, for only youth thinks that it can live "deliberately," that a man's whole life can be planned like a day off, that perfect satisfaction can be achieved without any friction whatever, without friends, without sex, with a God who is always and only the perfect friend—and all this in relation to a piece of land, a body of water on whose shores one practices the gospel of perfection. Yet only youth ever feels so alone, and being alone, burns to *create* its life, where so many people merely spend theirs. Thoreau's greatness lies in his genius for evoking the moment, in sentence after sentence each of which is like a moment. Only the individual in the most private accesses of his experience knows what a moment is—it is a unit too small for history, too precious for society. It belongs to the private consciousness. And Thoreau's predominating aim was to save his life, not to spend it; he wanted to be as economical about his life as his maiden aunts were about the sugar in the boardinghouse they ran (they kept the sugar

spoon damp so that sugar would cling to it). He wanted to live, to live supremely, and always on his own terms, saving his life for still higher things as he went.

HERE is where the State comes in. Nature, as we know, Thoreau could always transcendentalize. No storms or solitude or discomfort could turn him out of his fanatical control there. He felt at home in the world of savages. If he was in any sense the scientist he occasionally wanted to be, it was when he felt superior and untouched by dumb things in nature. The only object in nature that seems genuinely to have frightened him was Mount Katahdin in Maine. Describing the night he spent on the summit, he significantly confessed, "I stand in awe of my body, this matter to which I am bound has become so strange to me. I fear not spirits, ghosts, of which I am one . . . but I fear bodies, I tremble to meet them. What is this Titan that has possession of me? Talk of our life in nature—daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it—rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! the *solid* earth, the *actual* world! the *common sense*! Contact! Contact! *Who* are we? *where* are we?"

Still, he could always get off that mountain and return to the village of which he said, "I could write a book called Concord," and which he began to see wholly as the book he was writing in his journal. But the State, which to begin with was represented by other men he could not always ignore, this was to become the Other that he could not domesticate as he did God, Nature, and other men's books. In Chapter VIII of *Walden*, "The Village," he describes his arrest (July, 1846) as he was on his way to the cobbler's. He was arrested for not paying the poll tax that in those days was still exacted by the state in behalf of the church. Thoreau's father had been enrolled in the church, and Henry's name should not have been on the roll. He spent one peaceful, dreamy night in jail. In *Civil Disobedience* he reports that "the night in prison was novel and interesting enough. . . . It was like travelling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to lie there for one night. . . . It was to see my native village in the light of the Middle Ages, and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and visions of knights and castles passed before me." At the suggestion of the Concord selectmen he filed a statement after he had demanded that his name be dropped from the church rolls—"Know All Men by These Presents That I, Henry Thoreau, Do Not Wish to Be Regarded As a Member of Any Incorporated Society Which I Have Not Joined." The experience was not a traumatic one, and on being

released, he "returned to the woods in season to get my dinner of huckleberries on Fair Haven Hill." But he says truly, "I was never molested by any person but those who represented the state."

Thoreau was to say of his prison experience in *Walden* that it showed the inability of society to stand "odd fellows" like himself. In the essay *Civil Disobedience*, 1849, he was to say in a most superior way that the State supposed "I was mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up," and since it could not recognize that his immortal spirit was free, "I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons . . . and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it."

But what gives *Civil Disobedience* its urgency is that between 1846, when Thoreau was arrested for a tax he should have paid in 1840, and 1848, when he wrote it, the State had ceased to be his friend the Concord sheriff, Sam Staples, who so pleasantly took him off to the local hoosegow, but the United States government, which, under the leadership of imperialists like President James Polk and the Southern planters determined to add new land for their cotton culture, was making war on Mexico, and would take away half its territory in the form of California, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico. The Mexican War was openly one for plunder, as Congressman Lincoln and many other Americans charged. But it was the first significant shock to Thoreau's rather complacent position that the individual can be free, as free as he likes, in and for himself, though his neighbors think him odd. Oddity, however, was no longer enough to sustain total independence from society. Despite Thoreau's opposition to slavery in principle he knew no Negroes and had never experienced the slightest social oppression. He was a radical individualist very well able to support this position in Concord; he had a share in the family's pencil business, but was not confined by it, and he was indeed as free as air—free to walk about all day long as he pleased, free to build himself a shack on Walden Pond and there prepare to write a book, free to walk home any night for supper at the family boardinghouse. Up to the Mexican War—and even more urgently, the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and finally John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859—Thoreau's only social antagonist was the disapproval, mockery, or indifference of his neighbors in Concord. He never knew what the struggle of modern politics can mean for people who identify and associate with each other because they recognize their common condition. Thoreau was a pure idealist, living on principle: typical of New England in his condescension to the Irish immigrants, properly indignant about slavery in far-off Mississippi, but

otherwise, as he wrote *Walden* to prove, a man who proposed to teach others to be as free of society as himself.

Civil Disobedience is stirring, especially today, because of the urgency of its personal morality. As is usual with Thoreau he seems to be putting his whole soul into the protest against injustice committed by the state. He affirms the absolute right of the individual to obey his own conscience in defiance of an unknown law. But despite his usual personal heat, he tends to moralize the subject wholly and to make it not really serious. He makes a totally ridiculous object of the State, he turns its demands on him into a pure affront and is telling it to stop being so pretentious and please to disappear. This is certainly refreshing. But anyone who thinks it is a guide to his own political action these days will have to defend the total literary anarchism that is behind it. And it is no use, in this particular, identifying Gandhi with it, for Gandhi as a young leader of the oppressed Indians in South Africa was looking for some political strategy by which to resist a totally oppressive racist regime. There were no laws to protect the Indians. Thoreau's essay is a noble, ringing reiteration of the highest religious individualism as a self-evident social principle. The absolute freedom of the individual like himself is his highest good, and the State is not so much the oppressor of this individual as his rival. How dare this Power get in my way? For Thoreau the problem is simply one of putting the highest possible value on the individual rather than on the state. This is urgent because we are all individuals first, and because it is sometimes necessary to obey oneself rather than the State. But for the greatest part, Thoreau is not aware that the individual's problem may be how to resist his state when he is already so much bound up with it. He can hardly just turn his back on it.

The significantly political passages in the essay have to do with what Thoreau calls "slavery in Massachusetts." He of all people could not grant that property is the greatest passion and the root of most social conflicts and wars. But he insisted that "if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name—if ten *honest* men only—ay, if *one* HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, *ceasing to hold slaves*, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America." With his marvelous instinct for justice, for pure Christianity, for the deep-rooted rights of the individual soul, he said: "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison." But morally invigorating as this is, it would perhaps not have helped the fugitive slave, and the Mexican prisoner on parole,

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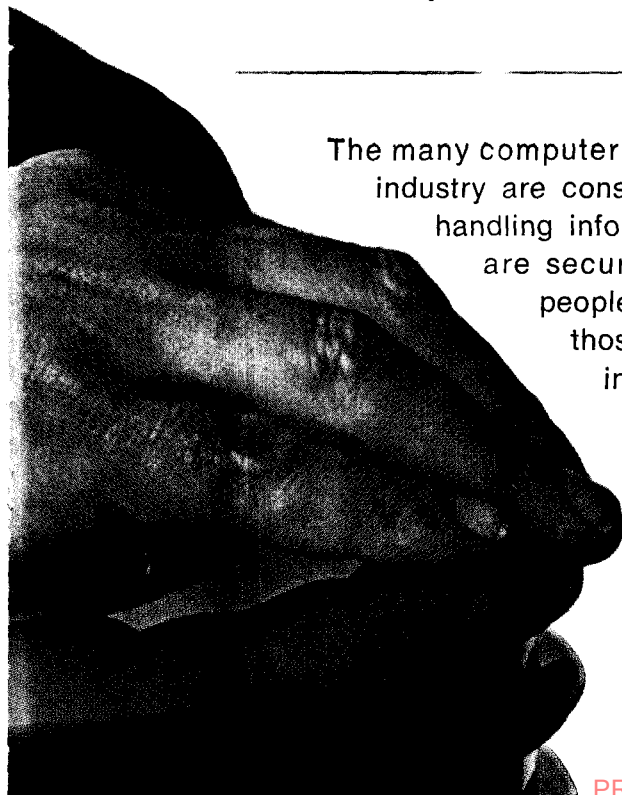
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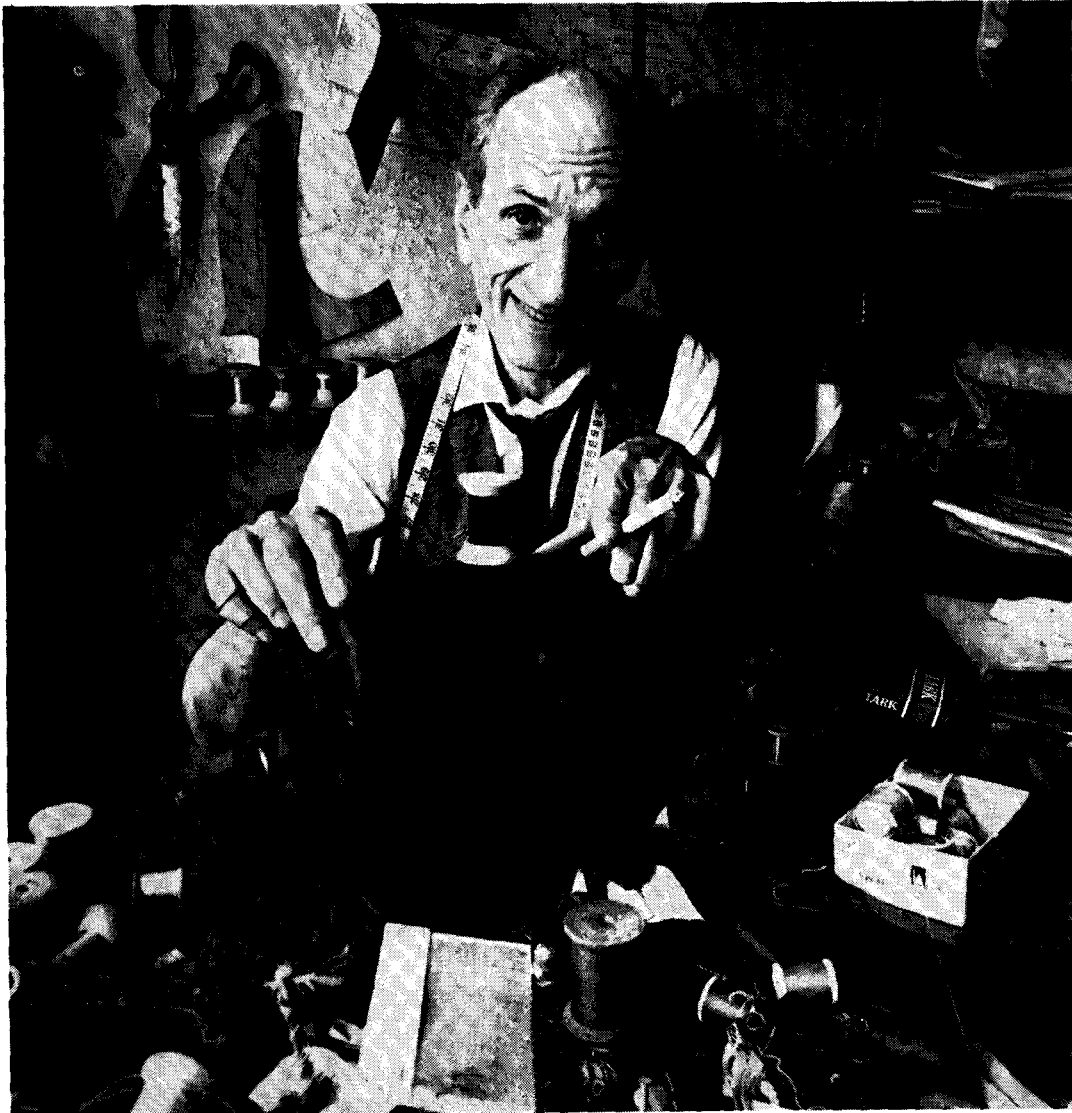
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and the Indian come to plead the wrongs of his race when, as Thoreau said, they came to the prison and found the best spirits of Massachusetts there. Thoreau estimated the power of individual example beyond any other device in politics, but he did not explain how the usefulness of example could communicate itself to people who were in fact slaves and not free.

By 1850 the fury of the coming war could already be felt in Massachusetts. The Fugitive Slave Law was made part of the Compromise of 1850, and now Thoreau really exploded. "There is not one slave in Nebraska; there are perhaps a million slaves in Massachusetts." With all his uncompromising idealism he attacked every possible expediency connected with politics: "They who have been bred in the school of politics fail now and always to face the facts. They put off the day of settlement indefinitely, and meanwhile, the debt accumulates." The "idea of turning a man into a sausage" is not worse than to obey the Fugitive Slave Law. Rhythmically, he pounded away at the State, the Press, the Church, all institutions leagued, as he felt, by this infamous conspiracy to send runaway slaves back to their masters. He mimicked the attitude of the timorous law-obeying citizen: "Do what you will, O Government! with my wife and children. I will obey your commands to the letter. . . . It will indeed grieve me if . . . you deliver them to overseers . . . or to be whipped to death. . . . I will peaceably pursue my chosen calling on this fair earth, until perchance, one day, when I have put on mourning for them dead, I shall have persuaded you to relent."

Each sentence is, as usual, an absolute in itself; each is a distillation of Thoreau's deepest feelings. Yet it is impossible to imagine the most passionately anti-Vietnam writer saying today that in the face of such evil, "I need not say what match I would touch, what system endeavor to blow up." We have all lived too long with violence to be persuaded by the violence of language.

THOREAU's greatest affirmation in politics (something different from a great political utterance) is, I think, *A Plea for Captain John Brown*, delivered in the Concord Town Hall on the evening of October 30, 1859. Emerson's son Edward, who heard Thoreau deliver it, said that he read his speech as if "it burned him." There is nothing quite so strong elsewhere in Thoreau's work; all the dammed-up violence of the man's solitary life has come out in sympathy with Brown's violence. It is clear that Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry roused in Thoreau a powerful sense of identification. Apocalypse

had come. John Brown's favorite maxim was: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." Brown's raid was exactly the kind of mad, wild, desperate, and headlong attack on the authority of the United States, on the support it gave to the slave system, that Thoreau's ecstatic individualism sympathized with. It was too violent an act for Thoreau to commit himself; he had long since given up the use of firearms and was more or less a vegetarian. But Brown represented in the most convulsively personal way the hatred of injustice that was Thoreau's most significant political passion—and this was literally a *hatred*, more so than he could acknowledge to himself, a hatred of anyone as well as anything that marred the perfect design of his moral principles.

All his life Thoreau had been saying that there are only two realms. One is of grace, which is a gift and so belongs only to the gifted; the other is of mediocrity. One is of freedom, which is the absolute value because only the gifted can follow it into the infinite, where its beauty is made fully manifest; the other of acquiescence and conformism, another word for which is stupidity. One is of God, whom His elect, the most gifted, know as no one else can ever know Him; the other is of the tyranny exacted by the mediocre in society. John Brown, whom all the leading historians, judges, lawyers, and respectable people have solidly denounced as mad; John Brown, who indeed had so much madness in his background, nevertheless represented to Thoreau the gifted man's, the ideal Puritan's, outraged inability to compromise between these two realms. What is worse than evil is the toleration of it, thought John Brown, and so he tried to strike at evil itself. To Thoreau, this directness proved Brown's moral genius. Then, as the state of Virginia and the government of the United States rallied all its forces to crush this man and to hang him, it turned out, to Thoreau's horror, that this exceptional man was not understood. The State, which would do nothing to respect the slave's human rights, and had in deference to Southern opinion acknowledged its duty to send back every runaway slave, would indeed obliterate John Brown with an energy that it had never shown in defense of helpless blacks.

It was this that roused Thoreau to the burning exaltation that fills *A Plea for Captain John Brown*. He had found his hero in the man of action who proclaimed that *his* action was only the force of the highest principles. Thoreau's "plea" indeed pleads principle as the irresistible force. The pure vehement personalism that had been Thoreau's life, in words, now sees itself turning into deeds. The pure love of Christ, striking against obstinately uncomprehending, resisting human heads, turns into

pure wrath. God has only certain appointed souls to speak and fight for Him, and that is the secret of New England. "We aspire to be something more than stupid and timid chattels, pretending to read history and our Bibles, but desecrating every house and every day we breathe in. . . . At least a million of the free inhabitants of the United States would have rejoiced if he had succeeded. . . . Though we wear no crape, the thought of that man's position and probable fate is spoiling many a man's day here at the North for other thinking. If anyone who has seen him here can pursue successfully any other train of thought, I do not know what he is made of. If there is any such who gets his usual allowance of sleep, I will warrant him to fatten easily under any circumstances which do not touch his body or his purse." But for himself, Thoreau added, "I put a piece of paper and a pencil under my pillow, and when I could not sleep I wrote in the dark."

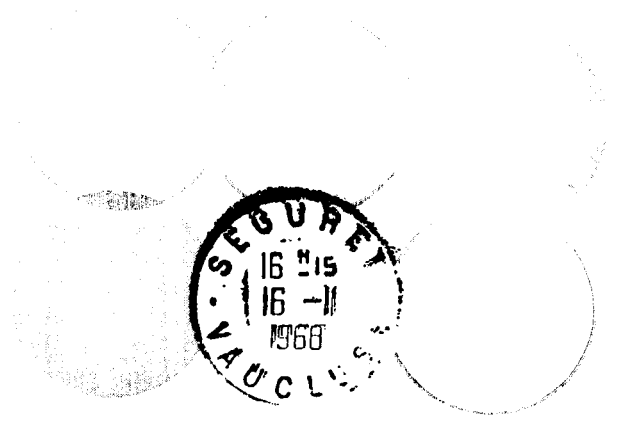
He wrote in the dark. Writing was what he had lived for, lived by, lived in. And now, when his unseen friend was being hanged in Charlestown prison, he could only speak for him. The word was light, the word was the Church, and now the word was the deed. This was Thoreau's only contribution to the struggle that was not for John Brown's body but for righteousness. He called the compromisers "mere figureheads upon a hulk, with livers in the place of hearts." He said of the organized Church that it always "excommunicates Christ while it exists." He called the government this most *hypocritical* and *diabolical* government, and mimicked it saying to protesters like himself, "What do you assault me for? Am I not an honest man? Cease agitation on this subject, or I will make a slave of you, too, or else hang you." He said, "I am here to plead this cause with you. I plead not for his life, but for his character—his immortal life; and so it becomes your cause wholly, and is not his in the least. Some eighteen hundred years ago Christ was crucified; this morning, perchance, Captain Brown was hung. These are the two ends of a chain which is not without its links."

There was nothing Thoreau could do except to say these things. Brown, who was quite a sayer himself, had said to the court: "Had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great . . . it would have been all right. . . . I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in defense of His despised poor, was not wrong but right."

Yet we in our day cannot forget that Brown was punished for a direct assault on the government, for seeking to stir up an actual insurrection. He did as much as any man did to bring about the Civil War,

which Thoreau himself thoroughly rejected as immoral. By contrast, *our* martyrs, in the age of the Big State, the War State, the All-Demanding and All-Punishing State, have been the self-sacrificers like Arthur Ziegelbaum, who as a minister in the Polish government in exile took his life in order to call the world's attention to the massacre of the Jews and the indifference of the Allied governments; an isolated German soldier, Franz Jägerstätter, beheaded because he would not kill; the theologian Dietrich Bonhöffer, executed because he made himself a center of opposition to the Hitler regime; the Polish priest Maximilian Kolbe, who took another prisoner's place in one of the "starvation cells" at Auschwitz, and died after weeks of agony. If we have any moral heroes and martyrs today, it is not men of violence, no matter how holy their violence seems to them, but Martin Luther King, Russian writers and poets who are locked up for decades in Arctic camps, American scientists who refuse to aid in the destruction of Vietnam and its people, students who believe in peace, live by peace, and act for peace. Thoreau said that "the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." By that test Thoreau paid much to become the writer he did. But the cost of nonviolence—which Thoreau took for granted—is now so great in the face of the all-powerful twentieth-century state that Thoreau, who identified power only with individual spiritual power, does not help us in the face of the state power which we supplicate for the general "welfare" and dread for its growing power over our lives.

Thoreau did not anticipate the modern state. He distrusted all government and understood it far less than did Jesus when He counseled the Jews under the Roman heel—*Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's*. Thoreau could not deal with the State at all, for he would not recognize it. Near his end, when the Civil War broke out, he advised an abolitionist friend: "Ignore Fort Sumter, and old Abe, and all that; for that is just the most fatal, and indeed, the only fatal weapon you can direct against evil, ever." In short—*Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect*. That was the only power Thoreau knew and believed in—outside the writer's power that made him a life. He would not have believed it possible that the United States could become the most powerful state in the world, and that people in this state would be reading and applauding Thoreau in order *not* to do anything about the government. The final irony is that the government itself has become even more self-righteous than Thoreau thought the individual *soul* should be.



6000 BOTTLES OF WINE

Mary Roblee Henry

A VOGUE editor and her French husband, a United Nations diplomat, rearranged a seventeenth-century rubble of stones on a hillside in southern France into La Sérafine, a country place "afloat in a sea of vineyards." The grape harvest when it came was superior, the occasion for an international convergence on the village of Séguret and for this pleasant interlude from A FARMHOUSE IN PROVENCE, a book by Mary Roblee Henry to be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

SUMMER after summer we marveled at the miracle of our vineyard in Provence as the undulating slopes turned from grubby brown to a broadloom of tender green. The first tendrils pushed up in little clumps like lonely pale lettuces in too vast a bed. Under the magnanimous sun of the Vaucluse and the gentle prodding of our vintner, Monsieur Verdeau, they soon became vines, stretching, reaching for the sky, their arms jeweled in lucent leaves. To give them air and light, Jean-Pierre Verdeau, his son, strung ribbons of wire, taming, training the branches to interlock until their leaves entwined, wave after wave of vines dancing an eternal ballet to the music of the wind. Finally, we saw the first waxen fruits in golden clusters on the boughs and Monsieur Verdeau assured us that in the autumn our vineyard would yield its first grapes for wine.

"The grapes are bursting on the vines . . . a fantastic year for the Rhône Valley wines, you must come for the *vendange*," Monsieur Verdeau wrote with unaccustomed verve, urging us to drop everything and fly to Séguret to harvest our vineyards. There was a shortage of labor, and our grapes, as the best in Séguret, had been left to mellow in the sun until their juice ran with the highest degree of alcohol. Most of the vineyards had been stripped before October, but ours, curved as they were around an amphitheater of hillside facing south,

could risk an extra week of sun. Our wine would be only of the *cuvée des gourmets*, of the top quality. What a splendid idea to have a reunion of the entire family for our first great *vendange*. It was, after all, the culmination of our dream, the victory of the land, the triumph of La Sérafine, to be plucking our first purple fruits, to watch the blood of our grapes flow into vats to age for our first heady wine. On the spur of the moment, I decided to fly over for the grape harvest. I sent a flurry of cables all over the world. Beau-père could take the train from Bayonne to Avignon. Jacques and Nicole had not yet started classes and could drive down from Paris. My husband, Paul-Marc, was on a United Nations mission in Kenya en route to Rome, where friends would motor him up to Provence. My sister, Peggy, in Madrid would be putting her girls into Marymount School in Barcelona and could meet me in Marseilles. I took the Air France night flight from New York and joined her at Marignane airport, where we were met by Monsieur Verdeau.

It had been raining and cold in New York, but the air was as soft as silk in Provence. At Salon, the first welcoming bower of plane trees locked horns over the main street, and we stopped in the shadow of the bronze figure of Nostradamus. I had spotted an irresistible market and was aching to finger the glossy *aubergines* and bite into a warm, ripe Provençal tomato. The produce was set out in baskets, a

marvelous still life of green peppers, watercress, pink-and-white radishes, gritty mushrooms, lemons, yellow onions, and mounds of field salad, *la doucette*, as the Provençaux call it. Inside, where chandeliers of garlic hung and buckets of black olives shone, we heaped up a carton of food.

October is the oyster season, so we stocked up on a supply and bought a knife to open them. *Boursin* with *fines herbes*, *chèvre*, and *caprices des Dieux* were our cheeses. At the butcher's, we found white veal and a *gigot* of three pounds, and at the bakery, two wands of bread and a bag of butter *croissants*. Doing the *marché* made us feel we were really back in Provence.

At our village of Séguret, Madame Verdeau, her daughter Simone, and Beau-père were waiting at the Verdeau house. Monsieur Verdeau had paved his graveled terrace with flagstones and bought new blue deck chairs, and there we chatted as though we had never been away. As Paul-Marc would not arrive until the following day, Monsieur Verdeau lent us a 1950 Deux Chevaux, which I ground and bounced and urged up to La Sérafine, our stony farmhouse cliffhanging above the Plain of God.

We got our bags and groceries inside, and after changing, we walked down to have a look at the vines. Indeed, they were bent and heavy with grapes, great clusters weighing down every branch. We plucked a basket for the house, some of the tawny pink grapes for the *rosé* wine and some of the deep purple for the red. They were sweet and warm from the sun and tasted delicious after the feast of oysters we had on the terrace.

On the horizon we could see dark clouds forming, and by nightfall ominous peals of thunder cracked the sky. A fearful storm was brewing. Streaks of lightning lit up the valley, and suddenly we heard a great barrage of gunfire, as though God's Plain were being bombed. Small bursts of orange flashed against the black clouds. I rushed to our new telephone to ask Monsieur Verdeau what was happening, but he assured me all was normal. Séguret owned seventeen bazookas, which were fired into threatening skies to break up the hail, far more dangerous to the vines than rain. Thunder and lightning and the barrage went on and on. We brought in logs from the guesthouse cellar and lit a fire in the library. Beau-père went about battenning down the blinds, mumbling *Ave Maria*, calling on lost saints remembered. "*Après nous, le déluge*," he exclaimed, as a gust of wind hurled him through the French doors and the rain suddenly came down in rivers.

The storm was fierce, too driving for us to go outside and close the kitchen shutters. We could see forks of lightning splitting the heavens as we gathered around the stove, nervously slicing *auber-*

gines, peppers, onions, and tomatoes for a *ratatouille*, that spicy *ragoût* of Provençal vegetables. One of my favorite and most accomplished dishes, it is something I always resort to cooking in moments of stress. We kept our spirits up by singing and gulping down goblets of gold-medal red.

As we were about to settle at the table, we noticed the kitchen tiles sinking in water, which rose with alarming speed, so that all the kitchen floor rags and sponges we applied failed to stem the flow. We were beginning to panic when Beau-père decided there must be an unseen leak. By pulling out the refrigerator, we discovered a stream of water gushing in from a hole the size of a tennis ball. We plugged it with an empty wine bottle and disconnected the flimsy extension cord to which the refrigerator, for some inexplicable reason, was attached. Then the lights went dead as a bolt of blinding lightning flashed, thunder roared on its heels, and we knew the storm was right on top of us. We crowded together into a corner near the doorway as the house was struck. A ball of fire, glistening, yellow, rolled in from the open circuit, danced over the red tiles by our feet, careened through the entrance hall and out the door. We were paralyzed with fear; acrid smoke filled the air.

"The house is on fire," Peggy screamed. Thank God she's alive, I thought, dashing to douse the flaming dustcloths under the sink. Thunder, lightning, wind, and rain howled about the house. The entire countryside was plunged into darkness. The *ratatouille* was still bubbling on the gas stove. We lit the candles and settled down at the long shadowy dining table—a white-haired patriarch with two trembling women. Out of hysteria and terror, we ate ravenously, overcome with relief at our good fortune to be alive. The rain still washed the roof above our heads as we crawled into bed, leaving the doors open between the rooms, spent with fatigue and foreboding that the storm had cut our grapes from their stems or reduced our wine to water.

THE next morning when Paul-Marc arrived, we investigated the damage. Monsieur Bonell, our electrician, came up to say that every house on our hillside had been struck by lightning. The hole in the wall from which the water gushed had been my fault. Monsieur Bonell had left it for my dishwasher, that hypothetical mechanical helper that would never arrive. All the telephone wires were down. What concerned us most, however, were the vines.

The storm had been a disaster for the vintners with vineyards in the plain. At the cooperative Monsieur Lebrun was bringing in his grapes, soggy and reduced to eight degrees. Everyone was praying

for a good cold whip of the mistral, a wind that blows away clouds and illness, *un vent sain*, a healthy wind, as they say in Provence. We expected Monsieur Verdeau to be in despair because of the storm, but he showed his usual *sang-froid*. The rains had rolled off our rocky hillside like water off a swan's neck, he assured us, and we had better all be up and in the vineyards at six the next morning.

It was my turn to feel like Marie Antoinette at her *petit hameau*. We set the alarm and got up at daybreak. By the time we had coffee and arrived at the vineyards, Monsieur Verdeau was there with his orange tractor and his team of *vendangeurs*. Simone worked fastest and best, like a round dark gypsy in her pale-blue smock. She had been picking fruits and grapes since the age of fourteen. "*C'est dur*," she said, lopping off bunch after bunch of Grenache grapes with her sharp knife. There were others working too: Benoit, a young Spaniard of sixteen; Claude, whose father owned the nursery where we bought our plants and shrubs; Jean-Pierre Verdeau, handsome and strong, who picked grapes until eight, when he went to work at the cooperative for the rest of the day.

I had brought gardening scissors for our team, and Monsieur Verdeau provided us with plastic buckets. Each cluster had about fifty grapes, Monsieur Verdeau explained, as he taught us how to snip the largest number of bunches in the quickest possible time. You hold the clump of grapes in your left hand, cut with the right, and drop the fruit into the bucket in a kind of one-two-three movement. When the bucket is filled, you take it to the tractor and then on to a trailer to be carted to the cooperative.

Our first load weighed well over a ton, and Monsieur Verdeau drove it down to the entrance to the cooperative. After he had dumped the grapes into a huge grinder, Madame Estève, the wife of the superintendent, tested the juice in a refractometer for the degree of sugar and alcoholic content. Our first batch read eleven degrees, which meant it would come to twelve. The grapes were then pressed. The wine is stored in concrete vats to age for the *vin ordinaire*, but for the *cuvée des gourmets*, such as ours, it rests in huge oaken vats. In the room of the *dégustation*, Jean-Pierre was offering the best of the cellars in small round glasses.

Everyone took special pride in the tasting, because our wine had just achieved the honor of a village classification. No longer would the wine of the cooperative of Roaix-Séguret have merely an *appellation* Côtes-du-Rhône. We were now *vignerons*, with a special label, one equal in quality to that of Tavel or Gigondas. This merit had been bestowed because the wines of Roaix-Séguret had

won a silver and a gold medal at the Paris Fair of Vintners; a grand prize, a gold medal, and two first prizes at Mâcon; a gold medal at Orange.

In order to achieve the privilege of *vignerons*, proof of the long history of the plantation had to be presented. As vice president of the cooperative, Monsieur Verdeau had helped unearth the document in the Inguibert Library in Carpentras dating from 1746, stating that Séguret and Roaix had always grown vines of superior quality. Now the brochures read, "*Les Vignerons de Roaix-Séguret vous offrent leurs 'Côtes-du-Rhône' rosés*," agreeable, nervous, and subtle, and "*leurs 'Côtes-du-Rhône' rouges*," aged in oak, heady, full-bodied, with delicate bouquet.

As members of the cooperative we were entitled to a special rate, but even for consumers all over France, or the world, the price for the best gold medal was about ninety cents a bottle, and as little as forty cents for the lesser vintages.

Jacques and Nicole arrived, and we all worked in the vineyards from morning until night for three days. Beau-père wore a straw hat against the sun and had his special system, which made him a champion. From the top of the slope, Jacques communicated by walkie-talkie with Nicole, who wore a bikini to renew her suntan as a *vendangeuse*. I loved being a grape-gatherer. The sun shone down hot and strong, and my back ached from bending over the vines, but the air glistened and the sky opened blue and clear above. We were all working together, and there was a wonderful spirit of comradeship.

We planned a party celebrating the final day of our grape-gathering. Everyone climbed the hill to the terrace, all of us hot and tired and strangely exhilarated, for no matter how arduous the labor of the *vendange*, it is, above all, a labor of love. It is the *raison d'être* of the village of Séguret, and there is not one villager who does not rejoice in a good harvest. At dinner there were exuberant toasts and teary speeches, unprecedented outbursts of emotion for the reserved Provençaux, as we congratulated each other on the success of the season. For the Verdeau family and for us, the *vendange* sealed a bond, confirming our future, crystallizing our friendship as partners irrevocably rooted in the same land. Monsieur Verdeau lifted his glass ceremoniously, praising the yield of our property, sixty hectoliters of wine from six tons of grapes. We were delirious with joy. At last we counted as true citizens of Séguret with our own *cru*. The cellars of the Clos de La Sérafine overflowed. We could drown in *rosé* and *rouge*. Our five acres of vineyards had produced six thousand bottles of wine!

LOVE

NIGHT THOUGHTS FROM BALI

BY LEONARD WOLF

All I can get this tropic dark to do
Is pour a rush of love I did not earn.

It swirls around me as if it would wet
My heart and lips, but I grow parched beneath

The stars that shimmer like bright snowflakes on
A hill. I cringe, I crimson. I begin

To stammer through my dreams. They swell
With faces that I never kissed with love.

Like hers — the thin, mad girl who said my name.
Clawing my cheek, she asked, “Why should I die

Before you’ll let me cuddle you to sleep.
Only my brain, my dear, is mad. My breasts

And lips are sane. Why won’t you love my flesh
And make a saint of me? Hello? Hello?”

My head burned like a crown of fires for her.
I smiled, and she was torn away by men

Who made apologies as if her cry
Of love had in it anything insane.



20/20

BY MICHAEL WOLFE

There is this woman sleeps
at the back of my mind.

To be more explicit:
she’s woven a room in the fold of my eye,
shadow along the lens
as a spider across the crease
of a curling leaf.
There she sleeps.

Meantime, from time to time
another one,
this one or that one,
has searched the reach of the rest of my body
or colored the cell of a thought.
Blindly, I’ve loved them all.

When I open my eye
she waits.

Drawings by Lawrence Scott

UNICORN and THE WHITE DOE

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Unicorn with burning heart
Breath of love has drawn
On his desolate peak apart
At rumor of dawn,

Has trumpeted his pride
These long years mute,
Tossed his horn from side to side,
Lunged with his foot.

Like a storm of sand has run
Breaking his own boundaries,
Stolen in hiding from the sun
Under camphor trees.

Straight was the course he took
Across the plain, but here with briar
And mire the tangled alleys crook;
They balk desire.

A shoulder glinted white —
The bough still shakes —
A white doe darted out of sight
Through the forest brakes.

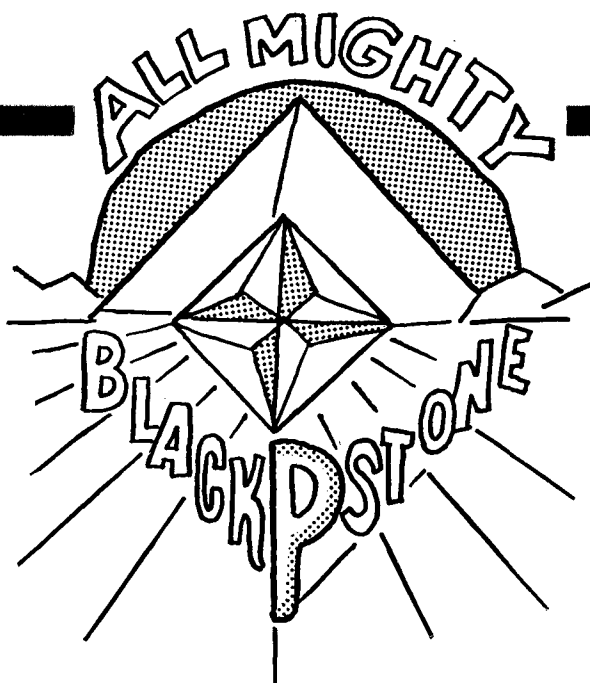
Tall and close the camphors grow
The grass grows thick —
Where you are I do not know,
You fly so quick.

Where have you fled from me?
I pursue, you fade,
I hunt, you hide from me
In the tangled glade.



Often from my hot lair
I would watch you drink,
A mirage of tremulous air,
At the pool's brink.

Vultures, rocking high in air
By the western gate,
Warned me with discordant cry
You are even such as I:
You have no mate.



AND WHAT

THE POVERTY PROGRAM FUNDED THEM.
THE SENATE INVESTIGATED THEM.
THE POLICE ARE AFTER THEM.

SOMETIME between 1961 and 1963, according to evidence presented to a Senate subcommittee chaired by John McClellan of Arkansas last July, an unknown number of black young men, who lived in the general area of Sixty-sixth Place and Blackstone Avenue in the Woodlawn area of Chicago's South Side ghetto, organized a street gang. Like most street gangs, it was formed to protect its members from intimidation by other gangs in the South Side area. The most formidable enemy of this new group was a gang called the Devil's Disciples, which claimed part of the neighboring Kenwood area. In the years which followed, the Disciples became the traditional enemies of the Woodlawn youths, who called themselves Blackstone Rangers.

At first the Rangers were interested only in protecting their territory and their membership from attacks and retaliations by the Disciples, but by 1965 there were an estimated 200 of them in the group, and they were breaking with traditional gang patterns. They were organizing in Woodlawn. And this organization caused some public concern, and even fear, because it began during a period of violent rivalry between the Rangers and the Disciples. During these formative stages the Blackstone Rangers seemed to have placed the running feud between the Disciples and themselves secondary to their primary goal: organization. Soon their influence in Woodlawn caused minor, less influential, less powerful gangs to join them. And they came from all over the South Side: the Maniacs, the Four Corners, the Lovers, the V.I.P.'s, the Pythons, the Warlocks, the F.B.I., the Conservatives, the Pharaohs. At present there are anywhere from 3500 to 8000 boys and men who identify with the Blackstone Rangers and who have affixed the Ranger name to the

DOES THAT MEAN ?

Some whites and blacks think they are the key to order, if not law, in Chicago's South Side ghetto. Are the Blackstone Rangers a corrupt, exploitive street gang? Or a constructive engine of community black power? This is Part I of a two-part study of the Ranger Nation, the result of six months of research and interviewing. The reporter is a 1968 graduate of Harvard Law School, a teacher of English at Iowa State University, and author of *Hue and Cry*, a book of short stories published this month by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

names of their own gangs. Such is the organizational structure and size of the Blackstone Rangers today that they call themselves a Nation. The Ranger Nation is headed by a group of young men called the Main 21. Until 1968 the president of the organization was Eugene "Bull" Hairston, the vice president was Jeff Fort (also called "Angel" and "Black Prince"), and the warlord was George Rose (also called "Watusi" and "Mad Dog"). The Rangers' spiritual leader was Paul "The Preacher" Martin, and the rest of the Main 21 was made up of leaders of the minor gangs who had joined with the Rangers. Each individual gang, it seems, maintained its own organizational structure with its own officers; but collectively all of the gangs made up the Blackstone Nation, which is presently incorporated to do business under the laws of Illinois.

Since the emergence of the Ranger Nation, individual members have been charged with murder, robbery, rape, knifings, extortion of South Side merchants, traffic in narcotics, extortion and intimidation of young children, forced gang membership, and a general history of outright violence, especially against the Disciples who never joined the Rangers. On the other hand, the Ranger Nation has been credited with keeping the South Side of Chicago "cool" during the summer of 1967 and the spring of 1968, following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. It has been said that they have kept drugs, alcoholics, prostitutes, and whites hunting for prostitutes out of their neighborhoods. They have also been credited with making genuine attempts to form lasting peace treaties between themselves and the Disciples in order to decrease the level of gang fighting on the South Side. They have been

alternately praised and condemned by the national press, their community, the United States Senate, the local police, and Chicago youth organizations to such an extent that, if one depends on the news media for information, it is almost impossible to maintain a consistent opinion of the Blackstone Rangers.

Some of the Chicago papers have been quick to report any charges of violent activity against a Ranger. In newspaper accounts, the name of the gang takes precedence over the individual arrested and charged with crimes. Many of the charges are accurate; many of the young men who identify with the Rangers are guilty of various crimes. But much of the information passed on to the press is shown to have no substance upon thorough investigation. Still, the adverse publicity serves to keep the Chicago communities, both black and white, in a state of apprehension over the Blackstone Ranger organization, as opposed to the individuals in it.

There has been, and presently still is, a cry for a massive police crackdown on the Rangers. To accomplish this, the Chicago Police Department, following a general order issued by former Chicago Superintendent of Police O. W. Wilson, formed the Gang Intelligence Unit in March of 1967 to learn more about the Rangers and to decrease forcibly the level of gang violence in all areas of Chicago generally, and in the South Side area in particular. The stated purpose of the Unit was to eliminate "the antisocial and criminal activities of groups of minors and young adults in the various communities within the city."

IN EARLY June of 1967, The Woodlawn Organization (T.W.O.), a grass roots community association made up of one hundred or so block clubs, and civic, religious, and business organizations in the Woodlawn area of the South Side, received a \$957,000 grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity to set up a special kind of youth project in the Woodlawn area. The purpose of the program was to utilize the existing gang structures—the Blackstone Rangers and the Devil's Disciples—as a means of encouraging youth in the gangs as well as non-gang youth to become involved in a pre-employment orientation, motivational project. The project was to include eight hundred out-of-school unemployed youths. And the entire program was to operate through four job-training centers which were to be set up in the home territories of the Rangers and Disciples. Reverend Arthur Brazier, president of The Woodlawn Organization, was responsible for bringing the interest of OEO to the

proposed program, which was admitted to be a "high-risk venture."

The money from OEO went directly to The Woodlawn Organization. It did not go through city agencies, although one of the conditions of the grant was that the mayor was to be "invited" to concur in the selection of a project director for the program. There is some opinion that the mayor's office was not pleased with this. In fact, the full operation of the program was delayed over two months because of the inability of the T.W.O. people and Mayor Richard J. Daley to come to an agreement on a director for the program. By the time the program officially began in September, a project director had not been hired, and the Rangers and Disciples had, apparently, lost much of their enthusiasm for the program.

In September of 1967, The Woodlawn Organization opened four training centers in the Woodlawn area: two for the Blackstone Rangers and two for the Devil's Disciples. One of the Ranger Centers was located in the First Presbyterian Church, a church in the Woodlawn area headed by Reverend John Fry, a white Presbyterian clergyman. The Xerox Corporation was hired to formulate the curriculum; the Chicago Urban League was hired to do job development; and Arthur Andersen & Company was hired to give T.W.O. monthly reviews. In addition, a Monitoring Unit with the Chicago police was set up to have two meetings a month with T.W.O. people and representatives from the two gangs, which had attempted to de-escalate the level of their violent rivalry since the new program had been announced.

The trainees were paid \$45 a week to take five hours of instruction a day for five days a week, in addition to travel expenses. The instructors in the program, or Center Chiefs, were not professionals but gang leaders who were supposed to be under the supervision of professionals because, as Reverend Brazier stated before the McClellan Committee, "many of these youth do not relate to professionals because the professionals with middle-class attitudes do not relate to them." Eugene Hairston, president of the Rangers, was hired as an assistant project director at a salary of \$6500 a year. Jeff Fort, Ranger vice president, became a Center Chief and received \$6000 a year. And many of the other members of the Main 21 occupied, at one time or another, salaried positions in the project. Apparently, there was not much public opposition to the hiring of gang leaders by the program. Rather, there seems to have been a reversal in public attitude toward the Rangers because of their performance in the year before the program began.

One of the activities which helped their public image was the production of a musical review

called *Opportunity Please Knock*, which was sponsored by Oscar Brown, Jr., the jazz pianist, and performed by groups of Rangers and students from the Hyde Park High School. The show, which was eventually taken over by the Rangers, ran for six weeks in May and June of 1967. An estimated eight thousand people went to the First Presbyterian Church during the first weeks of its performance, and it received very favorable nationwide publicity. Subsequent performances were given in various suburban communities around Chicago, and parts of the show traveled to Watts to perform. Some members of the troupe appeared on the Smothers Brothers show, and *Ebony* featured a large color story of the production in its August, 1967, issue.

A second instance of positive Ranger activity, which also gained them favorable publicity, was their willingness to be bussed out of town on August 12, Bud Billiken Day (named for a mythical folk hero created by the *Chicago Daily Defender*, a black newspaper). All past major conflicts between the Rangers and the Disciples had taken place during the Bud Billiken Day Parade and picnic in the South Side's Washington Park. In 1966 the city of Chicago had financed an out-of-town picnic for the Rangers through the Boys' Club, although there is some evidence that it considered the picnic idea a kind of blackmail exacted by the Rangers. In 1967, however, The Woodlawn Organization requested from OEO permission to use \$5000 of its funds to take six hundred Rangers to an out-of-town picnic at Valparaiso University. The Rangers made the decision to leave town, it is said, because of rumors of a brewing riot and the public expectation that they would cause or at least participate in it.

The Ranger vice president, Jeff Fort, had been jailed on July 30 on murder charges and was still in jail on Bud Billiken Day. There are conflicting statements about whether or not Fort threatened to start a riot. Policemen have testified that he stated that if he were arrested, "the city would burn," while other sources reported that he cautioned the Rangers, after his arrest, not to riot. In any case, he remained in jail until early September of 1967, and there was no riot. The Rangers attended their picnic, and there were few incidents during the day. Whether or not the Rangers and Disciples actively contributed to the calm remains an open question. But a safe assumption can be made that when the T.W.O. project began in September, the Blackstone Rangers were enjoying a good deal of favorable press coverage and community support.

A final incident in the fall of 1967 helped their image in the city. In the Kenwood district, which adjoins Woodlawn, the police dispersed a black-power rally on September 15. The crowd then moved to a local high school, where bottles were

thrown and two shots were fired by a sniper. The situation seemed to have been too tense for the police, when Herbert Stevens, leader of the Four Corners Rangers and a member of the Main 21 (known as "Thunder"), was said to have stood before the crowd and said, "All you who are willing to die, step up now. Otherwise, let's go home." And as he turned to leave he said, "When I come back, I don't want to see anybody on the streets. I want these streets cleared." When he returned in five minutes, the story goes, the crowd had broken up.

THE Blackstone Rangers wanted to play a major role in determining how the OEO-Woodlawn project should be run, and there were meetings throughout the summer of 1967 between the gang leaders and representatives of T.W.O. to determine the extent of their voice in the project. These meetings were kept under surveillance by detectives from the Gang Intelligence Unit.

The public favor enjoyed by the Rangers during the summer of 1967 dropped off severely when the president and vice president were arrested in late September of 1967 for soliciting three juveniles—Marvin Martin, fifteen, Sanders Martin, fourteen, and Dennis Jackson, also fourteen—to murder a narcotics dealer named Leo McClure. McClure was in fact one of three men who were shot. Though he was not, it emerged, the prime target, he was the only one of the three who died. Dennis Jackson was alleged to have done the actual shooting. Hairston, the Ranger president, was kept in jail without bond, and the newspapers printed so many stories about a Teen-age Murder, Inc., and so many details of the case against Hairston, that the first courtroom case ended in a mistrial.

During the same period the activities of Reverend John Fry and the First Presbyterian Church, which served as one of the T.W.O. training centers, were called into question. The church was said to be an arsenal for the Rangers to store their guns and a place where they sold and smoked marijuana, had sexual activity, and held their secret gang meetings. Then Jeff Fort was arrested in October and charged with murdering a Disciple. Both his arrest and the earlier arrest of Hairston encouraged the press to give extensive adverse publicity to The Woodlawn Organization because of their employment by the project. Soon afterward, three of the Main leaders, also members of the T.W.O. staff, were indicted for rape. The detectives of the G.I.U. made extensive visits to the training centers and found, according to their reports, no actual training taking place, the falsification of time sheets, gambling, and evidence that marijuana was being

smoked on the premises. Finally, a Disciple was shot in one of the two Disciple Centers with a shotgun. The shooting was said to have been an accident, but the G.I.U. detectives who investigated the shooting found evidence that "light narcotics" (Robitussin) were being used at the Disciple Center. It was about this time that Senator McClellan's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Committee on Government Operations began to gather evidence in its planned investigation of The Woodlawn Organization's "high-risk" project.

THE investigation began on June 28, 1968, in Washington. There was nationwide television coverage as all those who had connections with the project, official or otherwise, testified before Senators Jacob Javits, Carl Curtis, Fred Harris, Edmund Muskie, Karl Mundt, and of course, Chairman John McClellan, who asked most of the questions.

Reverend Arthur Brazier made a desperate attempt to defend his project, explaining how participation of gang members was necessary for its success and charging that harassment from the Gang Intelligence Unit and explosively adverse news publicity had made it almost impossible for the project to develop as anticipated. Members of the Gang Intelligence Unit testified that they had made extensive visits to the training centers during the period of their operation and had found very little, if any, instruction going on. They also testified to the long list of crimes said to have been committed by gang members while under the sponsorship of T.W.O., especially the murder which was said to have been solicited by Eugene Hairston and Jeff Fort.

Perhaps the most damaging testimony against the program, if not against the Rangers themselves, came from George Rose, a former warlord of the Rangers who had defected from the organization, and a Mrs. Annabelle Martin, a black mother of ten who claimed to have had a very close relationship with the gang. The two Martin boys allegedly solicited by Hairston to commit the murder of Leo McClure were her sons.

Rose testified that the Rangers were involved in the sale of narcotics; that trainees in the program were forced to kick back to the organization from \$5 to \$25 each week; that the Rangers, from the start, had no interest in job training and that the program was used only to increase the gang's membership and its treasury; and that the First Presbyterian Church and its people—Reverend John Fry, Charles Lapaglia, and Anne Schwalbach, all white—were attempting to control and direct the gang through influence over Jeff Fort.

According to Rose's testimony, Reverend Fry had actually written the proposal for the OEO grant and had turned it over to Reverend Brazier; the church was used for the sale of narcotics, the storage of guns, and a convenient place for the Rangers to engage in sexual activity. He also told the Committee that Lapaglia had taken some of the Main 21 leaders on a trip to Michigan to purchase guns and on another trip to Philadelphia to attend a black-power conference where the murders of certain nonmilitant civil rights leaders were plotted. He said that the Rangers had made it known to Reverend Brazier that they considered the OEO money theirs and would not let outsiders—school dropouts who were not Rangers—into the program. And, according to his testimony, Brazier consented to this without informing OEO officials. Rose told the Committee that many of the gang leaders who had been hired as instructors or Center Chiefs had fifth- or sixth-grade educations and that Jeff Fort, who served as a Center Chief, could not read or write. Finally, he stated that students from regular schools were forced to drop out in order to join the program and the gang, and that those who refused were beaten, shot in the arms, forced to keep off the streets, or killed. In this way, he said, the Rangers induced "a couple hundred" students to leave public schools and join the program, and that it was a practice of the Rangers to solicit juveniles to commit murder because they received a lighter sentence if they were caught.

Of special interest was his testimony that the Rangers had offered to help the police, and, in fact, did outfit themselves in black uniforms, called themselves the police of the Blackstone Ranger Nation, policed their neighborhoods, and turned over to the police several non-Rangers in order to clear the name of their organization. He stated that the police accepted them at first, but then, "after we turned a couple of guys in and made it known that they weren't our guys, the police still started cracking our young fellows' heads, just because of the uniforms. They called us storm troopers because we had black jump boots, black pants tucked into the top of the boots. . . . They didn't like this at all. They called it mob action."

Rose also testified that after the Rangers were rejected by the police, Reverend John Fry advised them to begin extorting merchants. "Since we were being accused of it," he said, "there wasn't anything we could lose by doing it." Rose said that the Rangers got from \$5000 to \$8000 a week from tavern owners and various sums from shoe stores, clothing stores, food stores, and drugstores through threats of future violence against them.

Robert L. Pierson of the Chicago State's Attorney's Office told the Committee that the Rangers

"are the beginning of a Black Mafia." He testified that the Rangers were, in fact, extorting merchants but that the merchants would not complain because of fear of retaliation from the gang. During the April days following the murder of Martin Luther King when the Rangers distributed signs to be displayed in the windows of neighborhood merchants, he said, they charged \$50 for their protection.

Jeff Fort, who had assumed leadership of the gang after Hairston was convicted in May of 1968, was subpoenaed to testify before the Committee. He was sworn in but never sat down before Senator McClellan. Marshall Patner, Fort's lawyer, submitted a request that the Committee allow Fort to confront and cross-examine the witnesses who had testified against him. The request was refused by Senator McClellan under authority of the Committee Rules. After a heated exchange between Patner and Senator McClellan during which both the lawyer and Fort were reminded of the possibility of contempt charges if Fort refused to accept protection from the Fifth Amendment and proceed with his testimony, Marshall Patner turned to Fort, still standing beside him, and said: "We really must go." Then they walked out.



THE Woodlawn, Kenwood, and parts of the Hyde Park areas of the South Side of Chicago are said to be Ranger territories. While the Rangers' presence in Hyde Park, especially in the area around the University of Chicago, is not very obvious to the casual observer, the walls of buildings in Woodlawn and Kenwood advertise their existence. It is impossible to pass a single block in Woodlawn without seeing the signs. Many of the buildings are being torn down, but most of the signs look fresh and bold and new; "Black P. Stone," "Stone Run It," "Almighty Black P. Stone Nation," "Don't Vote! B.P.S." they read. The wind blows bits of dirt and plaster into the faces of the children who play among the bricks and rubbish in the lots where houses once stood.

Blackstone Rangers are shy these days. They do not talk to most strangers. Whenever Jeff Fort is arrested, and he has been arrested many times since the McClellan Committee hearings, the story is picked up by almost every major newspaper in the country. Perhaps it is because of determined harassment from the Gang Intelligence Unit that the Rangers have grown tight and uncommunicative. Whatever the cause, they are suspicious of strangers, and their meetings are held in secret. They no

longer make much use of the First Presbyterian Church; they may meet there from time to time, but not regularly. Possibly their only facility open to the public is the Black P. Stone Youth Center on the corner of Sixty-seventh and Blackstone, in the heart of the Woodlawn community. The building was once a Chinese laundry, and at another time it was a poolroom. Now it seems to serve as the central point for most Ranger activities. The building is windowless, and it is painted black. Few non-Rangers go into the building uninvited; only those who have dealings with the Nation seem to feel free to enter. And perhaps this is because of the large black-and-red "All Mighty Black P. Stone" diamond-shaped symbol painted on the Blackstone Street side of the building. During the day adults hurry past the teen-age boys and men who may be standing outside the door. There is a bar a few doors away from the Center, and many of the older people who pass the building go in there to escape the wind, or into the barbecue house next to the bar, or else continue about whatever business they may have further down Sixty-seventh Street. The latch is broken, and the door is never really shut. Anyone can walk in, but for the most part only the children do.

Jeff Fort is the "Black Prince," the president, the "Chief" of the entire Blackstone operation. One cannot think of learning about the Nation without assuming that Jeff Fort is the key, the source of all information. To see Jeff, it is necessary to go to the Black P. Stone Youth Center and wait. It is necessary to wait a long time. Jeff Fort is extremely busy. Besides leading the Rangers, he is fighting a contempt of Congress conviction for walking out of the McClellan hearings last July (he was found guilty in November); awaiting certain cases pending against him in the Cook County courts; and, until he resigned in early December, working as a community organizer for the Kenwood-Oakland Community Organization (KOCO).

But waiting for Jeff Fort to come to the Center gives one the opportunity to observe some of the Rangers as they wander in and out of the smaller, first room of the place, which serves as an office. The room is painted black. There are two desks, a telephone, ancient magazines, a water cooler with no water, and a bulletin board. Tacked on the board are job announcements, pictures of Rangers who participated in *Opportunity Please Knock*, messages, and cartoons—including one by Jules Feiffer. It is not an impressive office, but the door never stops opening as the children come in. There is little in the office to suggest why they come, but sitting in the one big ragged chair in a dark corner of the office, one is able to observe a steady flow of children, boys and girls, ranging in age from seven

to fourteen, walking in and out of the office as if in search of something.

Lamar Bell, the coordinator of the Black P. Stone Youth Center, does not mind my waiting. "The Chief is due here in a few hours," he always says. And he says it again, much later in the evening. It is obvious that he does not trust me. Finally he asks why I want to see the Chief. "I want to do a story on the Nation," I tell him. "I want to see how the Nation relates to the community and the police." Bell turns off completely. "Put *that* in your story!" he says, pushing a pink mimeographed sheet close to my face. "The trouble with Black Police in our community," it reads, "is not police brutality to blacks, it is that these men and women are afraid of the power structure. So they join it to save themselves from the misery of being Black and powerless. The only way they can prove themselves, to city rulers and world conquerors, with this so called authority is to take it out on their Brother's and Sister's, your Mother and Father and my Mother and Father, and our children. If they weren't police they would be in the same shape as any other oppressed Black man, Woman, or Child. God help them," it went on, "for they know not what they do. To them it's a job for money; to us it's our lives, home and children."

"This is just what I want to write about," I tell him.

Lamar Bell walks to the door between the office and the back room, which has been off limits to me during my past visits to the Center, and says, "You'll have to talk it over with the Chief. He'll be here in a couple of hours."

Every evening for at least three hours Lamar Bell and Carl Banks, one of the Center's teachers, conduct a percussion class for some of the younger boys who come there. Banks has been a Ranger for two years. He is twenty-one, and came to Chicago from New York two years ago. He wants to become a professional drummer and earns money from infrequent band engagements. The rest of his time he spends in the Center, teaching a percussion class for neighborhood children. He is friendly and talkative. "The kids are really interested in expressing themselves," he told me. "A lot of these kids are misunderstood. Drumming gives them a way to express themselves. If I had money for the course, I would get more equipment and books, take the kids to see other drummers perform. Try to work out a little drum and bugle corps."

From the chair where I sat in the office during my first visits to the Center, I could hear the music they made with their drums in the mysterious back room.

One Saturday night Bell informed me that there was an extra bongo drum and invited me

to sit in on the session. He allowed me to enter the back room, a kind of auditorium with a small stage, and the three of us played drums, without speaking, for several hours. While we played, some of the older Rangers came in and watched us. They looked at me, and then at Bell, then at me again. It was obvious that I was not a Stone.

"You didn't give off the right vibrations," Art Richardson, the director of the Black P. Stone Youth Center, told me later that night. "That's why I was watching you. But you *could* be a Stone because you came into the Center and participated, on *our* level. That's what Stone is all about."

Art Richardson believes in vibrations as a method of determining the sincerity of people. Although he grew up on the South Side of Chicago, he has been a Ranger for only two years. He is not a member of the Main 21, but because he is articulate and extremely intelligent, he has been made a "head" and director of the Black P. Stone Youth Center. He is twenty-eight, married, and has served in the Army. He was given an Undesirable Discharge in 1965 because, he says, "I was just exposed to prejudice and reacted to it in the only way I knew." He has a police record. He also has a way with people. He would rather ride a bus than a cab because, he says, "You can't get vibrations from peoples in a cab." He never says *people*; the word always comes out *peoples*, with enough warmth and emphasis to suggest sincerity.

THE Englewood Urban Progress Center, located at 839 West Sixty-Fourth Street in an area which is said to be Disciple territory, houses a concentration of community service agencies. The building itself is a Masonic Temple which has been converted into offices. Only the ground floor is used for official purposes; the upper floors are essentially unused, although the second floor has a fairly large auditorium with a stage and good seating capacity, and there are many other, smaller rooms, all quiet and waiting to be put into use. In one of the larger rooms on the second floor, the one with the stage, Darlene Blackburn, an accomplished black dancer of considerable reputation in Chicago, gives creative dance lessons to girls from the community. Waiting for her in the semilighted room are children, boys and girls, who come to participate in the class or to watch her dance. Art Richardson and I wait with them. Art wants to ask her to dance at a Thanksgiving show he is organizing for the Black P. Stone Youth Center. While they wait, the children play at jumping off the stage and onto the floor, a distance of some three or four feet. Sometimes they fall on their faces, but they always

laugh, and climb back onto the stage to jump again. It is a game.

"Look at that," Art told me.

A boy was dropping onto the stage from a trapdoor four or five feet above. He landed on his knees, unhurt, and climbed up to jump again.

"That's energy," Art said. "We can't do that anymore."

I agreed.

Art walked over to the stage and watched the boy jump again. This time he landed on his feet. "You know," he told me, coming back to where I was sitting, "the young brothers represent a form of energy just like any other energetic force in nature, just like the atom. If it could be channeled, if it could be turned to constructive directions just like the atom . . ." He began to walk about the room. "If I had a bigger place, if I had a place like this, I could bring more of the little brothers in and get that energy."

"What would you do with it?" I asked.

He looked up at the old Mason paintings on the walls and ceilings, half-hidden in the darkness. "I'd like to have job-training programs, arts and crafts workshops, adult workshops sort of like the P.T.A. to assemble adults just to get them to talk and maybe close the generation gap. Help them influence the kids in the necessary direction." He paused. "As a matter of fact, I would do exactly what the other organizations are trying to do. But only *I* do it. Most of the other organizations can't reach the kids. We can. We can give them something to relate to as theirs."

"What?" I asked him.

Art lowered his voice so that the children could not hear him. "Stone," he said softly. Most of Englewood, and whatever energy there is in it, still belongs to the Disciples.

NO ONE really knows how many Rangers there now are in the South Side area. The Gang Intelligence Unit estimates that they claim a membership of from 1500 to 3000, while the Rangers themselves claim a membership of from 5000 to 8000. Perhaps the difficulty in estimating their number lies in the fact that the gang, if it can presently be called that, is not well organized. Aside from the Main 21, there seems to be very little perceptible formal organization or control by leaders over individual gang members. If anything, the Rangers seem to represent a certain spirit in their community, a spirit which is adopted by young people. But whether this adoption is voluntary or forced upon young people is one of the major controversial questions that concern the Woodlawn,

Kenwood, Oakland, and Hyde Park communities.

During the McClellan hearings there was a good deal of testimony that small children were being forced to join the Rangers and pay protection money. There is some evidence, some opinion, that the Rangers are still recruiting. But few black people in the areas in which most of the intimidation is supposed to be going on seem willing to talk about it, especially to a black like myself who is not known to them. At the hearings, charges were also made that the Rangers were using The Woodlawn Organization's federal funds to line their own pockets. Few private black citizens have much to say about this either.

In the proposal for the Black P. Stone Youth Center the Rangers state that "above all things or ideas of personal materialistic gain, we intend to cultivate our people spiritually, mentally, physically, and economically. To construct and develop our ideal of a new method of existence and behavior." The proposed program is a plea for community support. At present, few adults come to the Center. "Our P.," the statement of intentions goes on, "stands for people, progress, and prosperity." There is no mention of power in the statement.

"We're only interested in trying to develop our community services," Art Richardson told me, "so that it becomes obvious to the peoples that we only have the community's interest at heart and the development of ourselves. We're interested in all peoples as long as they are interested in our philosophy."

The Rangers have scheduled weekly Saturday night meetings at the Center for adults. Some adults do come out, but they are few in number; and those who come wait around nervously for other adults to show and attempt to make conversation with the older Rangers. For the Rangers have a community relations problem. They lack the vocal support of the majority of adults in the areas in which they have an obvious influence over young people. Perhaps it is because many of the adults are unwilling to recognize the Rangers as a legitimate force in a community crowded with "letter-name" organizations, all claiming a certain rapport with the grass roots.

Al Garrison, for example, is a twenty-five-year-old machinist. He is black, and he lives in the Woodlawn area. He grew up in Chicago, is divorced, and has two children. He is not so much concerned about the Rangers as he is about the present state of affairs in this country. He is afraid that his children will not live to reach his age. He believes that the country will not survive much longer, and he wonders why he continues to work every day. He believes that the Chicago police are corrupt beyond control. And he believes that the

Mafia controls many members of the police force and the Blackstone Rangers.

"A friend of mine who used to be pretty big in the Rangers told me that white men run the gang," Garrison confides. "He said that they give the guys a new kind of dope that makes them want to kill people. They just go crazy when they take it," he says. "The whites are just using those boys."

Garrison is not bitter or militant. In fact, he cannot understand militancy at this late stage in what he believes to be the decline of America from causes still unclear to him.

The Rangers do not appear to be militant either, at least not in the contemporary sense of the word. They have refused to make a coalition with the Black Panthers. They do not seem to have any political philosophy. If anything, they believe only in themselves and in their motto: "Stone Run It!" But they are waiting too. Whether it is for more federal funds or for their presence and power to be recognized by the black community through their influence over ghetto youth, they are waiting. And their energy is at work.



JUST don't do it, put some soul into it! I got more soul than International Shoe Company!" the man says. His name is just "Buzz." He is a highly skillful pool player: he has beaten the great Minnesota Fats. But he is also a Blackstone Ranger, and for three hours every Monday afternoon, from 3 P.M. until 6 P.M., he is a disc jockey for a music program called *Stone Thang*, sponsored by the University of Chicago's student-run WHPK-FM radio station and the Black P. Stone Nation. Buzz takes his work seriously: he keeps time with his fingers, he sings along with the records, he makes spontaneous, soulful comments, he sweats and smokes, and he enjoys himself. The Rangers take the program seriously too: at least three of them assist him, tight-lipped and silent, in the little studio on the second floor of the university's student activities building. "If you got any soul at all," he announces to his FM audience, "give old brother Buzz a call." And the telephone keeps ringing for three hours, and Buzz keeps talking.

The station's program director, Tom Jacobson, is a senior at the university. He observed that since *Stone Thang* began in October, there has been an increase in the station's audience, and, he believes, some improvements in communications between the Ranger community and the University of

Chicago-Hyde Park white community. The station, however, is a low-power operation, and only reaches FM sets in the Woodlawn, Hyde Park, and South Side areas. The students hope to expand the station's operations to AM sets in order to reach more people, but, Jacobson said, present expansion is doubtful because of lack of funds.

"We've been trying to do this type of show for months," Jacobson commented. "Finally we got Chuck Lapaglia from the First Presbyterian Church and Jeff Fort to help us set it up. The object of the show is to make the Black P. Stone Nation a part of the community."

Buzz and the Rangers who assist him are volunteers. Their only visible compensation lies in the plentiful opportunities Buzz has to say, "This is a *Stone Thang* presented by the All Mighty Black P. Stone Nation!" The other Rangers in the studio look solemn whenever he says this.

"The kids dig Stone," Carl Banks told me. "But the older people aren't sincere enough to come down and give help. We'd like to get to older people through their kids. In a sense, we're babysitting here because a lot of parents aren't interested in their kids and a lot of them don't trust the Stones. That's why we passed out a list of our intentions—to let them know that it's a peaceful thing. Some people in the area are skeptical because of the past, but they ought to come in and see us now."

The Rangers want money. They want to expand the range of activities presently offered in their Center and set up other Centers in the South Side area. They believe that they have the people, or at least the younger people, with them. Now they want money to put their programs into operation. Lamar "Bob" Bell, a former member of the Main 21, estimates that the Nation needs about \$259,000 a year to put its present plans into operation. While his estimate may be far from conservative, it is obvious that for whatever cultural programs the Rangers may have in mind, the Sixty-seventh Street Center will not provide adequate accommodations. At present they have three rooms: the outer room, which serves as an office; the back room, with a small stage; and a sort of kitchen area, with a small bathroom. All of these rooms are in poor repair. For equipment they have a percussion set, two bongo drums, a Ping-Pong table, and about twenty-four metal chairs.

The Rangers are attempting certain ventures in business. The newly formed Kenwood-Oakland Community Organization, funded by a \$100,000 grant from the Community Renewal Society of Chicago and headed by Reverend Curtis Burrell, has loaned the Rangers \$3000 to open a restaurant on South Woodlawn Avenue. But there is a feeling, an old one, going back to the days of the OEO grant

and the sponsorship of the Rangers by The Woodlawn Organization and Reverend Arthur Brazier, that a supposedly legitimate organization is subsidizing gang activities and allowing an already uncontrollable force to grow even larger and more powerful.

IN 1968 there were two incidents which increased public interest and, perhaps, concern for the Blackstone Rangers. The first was their attempt to control the violence on the South Side of Chicago in the uncertain days in April after the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King by passing out to neighborhood merchants hand-painted signs which read: "Do Not Touch . . . Black P. Stone . . . Jeff." They are said to have also set up a riot-control center in the First Presbyterian Church, where they received calls from troubled areas and directed Ranger leaders to the scenes of potential riotous activity. Finally, the Rangers and the Disciples called a truce on the Sunday following the assassination, during which some 1,500 Rangers and 400 Disciples marched through the Woodlawn area and met in a park near the University of Chicago to negotiate the end of violence, or at least the immediate hostility, between the traditionally enemy groups. The march was covered by the local press, and the Rangers were given credit for preventing a riot on the South Side.

And in August, while the police and hippies rioted in the hotel area and in Lincoln Park, the South Side remained calm. Whether or not the Rangers were responsible for the calm remains an open question. There is some evidence that the F.B.I. had investigated certain threats, some of them alleged to have been made by Reverend John Fry, that the Rangers were planning to riot in the Loop, disrupt the Convention, and assassinate Eugene McCarthy and Hubert Humphrey.

Captain Edward Buckney, head of the Chicago Police Department's Gang Intelligence Unit and the ninth black police captain in the history of the Chicago Police Department, does not believe that the Rangers were responsible for keeping their neighborhoods cool during the April riots. "Fry will tell you that they were responsible for keeping things cool last April," he says, "but in our opinion that's a lot of hogwash. We just don't believe that's so. We believe that idea was a brand of hysteria created by the group to get credit for something they didn't do."

As an example of the hysteria, Buckney related that in August of 1968, just after Jeff Fort was jailed for probation violation and before the Democratic Convention, Reverend Brazier and other community people requested a meeting with the

superintendent of police. "Their basic pitch was 'We can't guarantee what will happen with Jeff in jail.' They were pressuring the police to release him on the implication of the possibility of future violence. To me it's a means of bartering or dickering with the community for their own betterment," Buckney said. "There were no disturbances on the South Side, and the reason was basically because the black community did not want to become involved. If the Rangers claim credit for it, that's some more hogwash."

"In April," he said, "there were about 5,000 United States troops, policemen, and many other agencies in the Kenwood-Woodlawn area. Historically, in Chicago there have never been riots on the South Side; they have always been on the West Side. The closest one was in April, and most of the damage there was done in Ranger-Disciple territory. Also, you have to consider the fact that over in the Ranger end there is little else to destroy because they have already destroyed most of it."

Buckney was promoted to captain last November, just after the election. He senses that his police position has made him unpopular in certain areas of the black community. But he believes that his role as a policeman is clearly defined. "Our approach is the hard-line police approach," he says. "We're not concerned with sociological approaches. As long as they don't violate the law, we don't concern ourselves with them." And as a policeman Buckney is in fact determined to break up the gang. He believes that this can be accomplished if most of the older members, possibly those who exert a bad influence over the younger members, are taken out of the area. He believes that 95 percent of the young people in the gang are there because they have no choice in the matter. "No one likes to be continually shot at because he's not a member of the gang," he said. "If we could divorce those who religiously believe in it from the community, the others would have a chance to get out. If the courts deal severely with a considerable number of them, if the courts deal severely in the cases pending against Jeff Fort and some of the other Main leaders, I think the Rangers could be broken up."

Like many other public officials in Chicago, Captain Buckney blames overzealous clergymen for the rapid growth of major gangs over the past two years. During the McClellan investigation, and later, in the Chicago papers and on television, he criticized Reverend John Fry and Reverend Brazier for supporting the activities of the Rangers and the Disciples. He was especially critical of Burrell's subsequent hiring of Jeff Fort as a community organizer. "From what we have seen already," he stated, "we can tell what kind of organizing he was

doing. He used intimidation and fear to get young people to join the gang." He blames Reverend Fry's First Presbyterian Church for luring these youths away from the Boys' Clubs and into the church. Under Fry's guidance, according to Captain Buckney, the gang enjoyed a tremendous growth. He estimates the present membership of the Rangers to be between 1500 and 3000 youths, but indicates that Reverend Fry's estimation is closer to 4000. "But I doubt if you could find any more than 300 hard-core Rangers," he remarked.

The captain believes that the most notable achievement of the Rangers was the formation of an entertainment troupe, a major part of which was the "Blackstone Singers." "But you have to look at that with a jaundiced eye too," he cautioned me. "Most of them were high school kids, not hard-core Rangers." He feels that too much attention is being given the gang members to the exclusion of all the other poor children in the Woodlawn community. "If people keep pushing the bad things under the rug, at the rate they're going now they soon will become untouchable because they've already done almost everything attributable to organized crime.

"I believe in giving credit where credit is due," he says of the Rangers, "but they don't do anything constructive. All they're interested in is money in their pockets. If you have any dealings with them, the question always is what can you do for them. You won't get much out of them for nothing."

Buckney has been criticized for what some Chicagoans call his persecution of the Rangers. He is aware of this, and seems to be able to live with the constant criticism from community-minded whites as well as from some of his fellow blacks. "I'm often accused of persecuting the black community," he admitted. "But when I look at these homicides"—he picked up a pile of papers from his desk and dropped them before continuing—"when I look at these and see a minimum of 95 percent to 97 percent of them coming out of the black community—well, I believe you have to concentrate your men where the problem is." In 1968, the captain disclosed, there have been more than ten killings in Woodlawn.

"If they were so sincere about doing something constructive for the community and if they have knowledge of crime, why don't they turn it over to the police?" the captain asked. "There've been other gangs who have turned members over to the

police for doing some wrong. But the Rangers have rarely if ever cooperated with the police and probably never will. If one of them is locked up, they'll try anything possible to spring him—bribing witnesses, even intimidation. They have a complete disdain for the law. They won't even show up for court appearances."

This sort of suspicion is reciprocated: the chief witnesses against the T.W.O. project and the Rangers before the McClellan Committee, George Rose and Annabelle Martin, are rumored to have been bribed by the police to testify as they did. Rose had been arrested for a narcotics violation, but charges were never brought; and the two sons of Annabelle Martin had been previously arrested for the murder of Leo McClure and were the principal witnesses in the case against Eugene Hairston. The charges against both the boys were dropped. Both Mrs. Martin and George Rose moved out of Chicago. Captain Buckney denies the bribery allegations: "Bribery is, point-blank, not true. In the case of George Rose, we got word that the Rangers wanted him killed. We got to him first. All we wanted was inside information on the Rangers. Mrs. Martin certainly wasn't bribed. She was merely asked by the senators if she wanted to go to Washington, and she agreed. We just arranged for her transportation out of the city."

Since its formation in March of 1967, the Gang Intelligence Unit has grown in power and importance in the Chicago Police Department. In 1968 there were only thirty-eight policemen, mostly black, assigned to the Unit; but since the first part of November, plans have been made to increase its strength to two hundred men. "We're striving for 100 percent integration of the Unit," Captain Buckney told me. It is highly probable that members of the Unit have infiltrated the gang; Captain Buckney seems well informed on Ranger activities. But it is also just as probable that the Rangers know a good deal about the activities of the Unit.

Some non-G.I.U. policemen, like Field Commander William B. Griffin, have attempted to work with the Ranger organization rather than against it. "Griffin's problems are different from mine," Buckney says. "He may have to do what is best for the community, while I, if I were in his place, might do something different. But the general consensus in the police department is the hard-line police approach."

In next month's issue, Mr. McPherson follows the Blackstone Rangers through a time of transition, talks with their leaders and Chicagoans who deal with them, and offers some conclusions.



LETTER FROM A FAR FRAT

by Herbert Gold

If this is the era for assaulting university presidents and prancing nude in Harvard houses, can life in a typical college fraternity still be the same? To the hop-flavored surprise of Mr. Gold, author of FATHERS, THE MAN WHO WAS NOT WITH IT, and other novels, the answer — at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in any case — proved to be, Yes.

WELL, the Fraternity House still exists. I almost thought it went out of fashion with Dick Powell and Jack Oakie and the great homecoming games of early MGM musicals, but by golly, the old beer-spraying, girl-harvesting, ear-splitting article can still be found on, say, the campus of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, which is an excellent school with high standards. Because I was a guest in the house, I'll invent a name for the occupants, Kappa Lambda Pi.

OK, on a Saturday night the fine old lovingly demolished mansion is surrounded by MG's, Sprites, American convertibles; the lawn is covered with heartbreakingly—beautiful? well, cute—it's covered with girls, and weaving about the girls are the boys, casting their spell, making time. The band is an amplified rock group, good strong sound, tough and nonpsychedelic, out of Carrboro or the country surrounding—black, of course, and no one else is. The hospitality is immense and genuine. They are lovingly demolishing the place by hand; it's a local craft. Echo says, and echo replies: "Have a beer, have a brew. Here, have a swig. Hey, sir, have a drink of mine. Aw, come on, have fun with us, sir."

The boys of KLP are celebrating losing a game. On other nights they celebrate winning the game, or rush week, or the water shortage, or exam week,

or the visit of Spiro T. Agnew to Raleigh, or it doesn't make any difference. The faucet in the kitchen is never turned off. Since there has been a prolonged drought and a crucial water shortage which threatens to shut down the school, it has seemed a fine joke to some good old boy to get out of various academic problems by doing his best to drain the lake. Some of the would-be adults in the house think this is childish behavior, he hadn't ought to do like that, but it's a matter of *esprit de corps*. It would be finking on a good buddy to interfere. When one fellow twisted the faucet shut, his good brother got red-eyed and sore, silent; but that's the limit of it. Well, it really means something to him, that water-lover. Hurtie tough-titty feelings. Anyway, they might get the emergency pipeline from Chapel Hill to Durham in time to relieve the reservoir. And in a democracy every man should be free, shouldn't he, to decide whether or not the town has any water?

During the festivities which I attended, sex and politics were the prime subjects. So far, so good. I've heard of them. Water and studying were a distraction from real life. The future is a slightly disagreeable consequence of the present, following it by association as "liver" follows "cirrhosis of the." The smell of beer, which I thought had disappeared from campuses, is making its last stand in North Carolina. Beer was a stranger to me (I've spent a lot of time at California colleges). A tall, sandy, snub-nosed brother called Boyce explained about things: "We can't be too cool, man. We can't operate like them Ivies, you know, smoke a joint and then zap her upstairs. We got to plan and work out a three-stage campaign, not like those Ivies up north, man. I prepped at Lawrenceville, I skied in Colorado, so I had that experience, those Ivies. We got to work a three-stage campaign, not cool, man, not like those Ivies, man, sir."

"I understand," I said, almost understanding.

"First stage, we got to dance a little, get 'em a little slushed up, you know, hot, not like those Ivies. That's first stage. Love 'em up a little. Then second stage: into the car. Sir, let me explain, that's trouble, getting 'em out of here and across the parking lot into the car. Now they want it as much as we do, don't misunderstand me, sir, just like those Ivy girls, they want it, but they stumble, they make it tough crossing the parking—OK, into the car, man. Then we have these apartments in town—"

"You mean you can't take the girls upstairs?"

He looked at me, shocked at my presumption. He offered me a swig from his can. He defended Southern womanhood. "Here?" he asked. "In the house? In front of all everybody?"

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Well, we drag 'em out the door and through the parking lot. Course lots of times they yell and scream and laugh and throw up a lot, but we get 'em out, because they want to as much as we do, you know, that's human nature. So then we get 'em to our apartments in town, oh, maybe three, four of us share an apartment, and then . . ." A grin lit up his face. It was like the sun rising over Georgia. "Man, can I just tell you what I did to that little girl over there—see, that one? No, not that one, sir—you like her? Cindy?—no, the one next to Cindy."

He pointed to a little flower of Southern womanhood stubbing out her cigarette against the veneered wood atop the TV.

"You don't know her, do you? so it's all right if I tell you. But listen, sir, if you'd like to meet her . . ."

First, however, he described stage four in the three-stage plan.

I was also interested in his political views, but first we got involved about this girl.

Oh, well, I have prurient interest, too.

"Come here, honey," Boyce called to the girl (not Cindy). She came over, mussed and sulky, with a great hair-collector's mane of yellow hair, and then shot me that marvelous easeful flirty Southern smile which nice girls down there give not only their men but also girlfriends, pregnant ladies, small animals, and the short-answer questions on a nursing exam. She had liquid brown eyes, lovely, hysteric eyes, soft stalks with contact lenses perched atop the irises. "I just been telling him what we did t'other night, honey."

"Went to the movies," she said.

"No, not that night—"

"Saw *Disaster Angels*, with a revival of camp classic *Suddenly Last Summer*—"

"No, the next night, night we had the party—"

"Oh, Boyce, you're a, you're a, you're a—"

He grinned while she suffered her failure of vocabulary. But she seemed about to cry—hysteric, remember?—so he apologized gently, saying, "Aw, honey, don't carry on like that. I didn't show him the Polaroids."

I was getting mired in interpersonal relations. It would be better all the way around, including my development as a thinking human being and a visiting writer, if I heard some of their views on wider topics.

Floyd Jones is an activist. He has been to Europe on his summer vacation. He thinks about local option and states' rights (positive). Hair and hippies mash around in his emotions (negative). In Europe he noticed the happy faces in West Berlin, the unhappy ones in East Berlin, and that settled Communism for him. It was all clear now, roger and over, and this led him straight back to American politics. "I met these German men in a bar," he told me, "good old boys, spoke good English, said why don't we kick the shit out of those hippies and draft-card burners." He had discussed everything from Vietnam to race with those happy faces, and they compacted together that Communism must be stopped.

Our conversation took place during the heat of the last political campaign, just after a Northerner, Curtis LeMay, native of my home state of Ohio, had been chosen to assist George Wallace in his mission. "He's a good old boy," said Floyd, as the dancers flailed about us. The cigarettes were falling into the carpet, the fastidious were drinking out of plastic-foam cups, the forthright were drinking out of their cans, and the group had me backed against the color TV. The sound was turned off, but the light show flickered and spattered against the screen. I reached behind to turn it off so that the radiation wouldn't catch me behind while the vocal emanations and renditions took me afright.

Floyd is the only man I know who was overjoyed by the three major candidates for the presidency. Hubie was a good old boy, loyal to Lyndon, a virtue all in itself, and of course Wallace had the clearest and finest ideas, but he personally was voting for Mr. Nixon. It's a class thing, he felt; a duty to live up to the word "responsible"; and Mr. Nixon's speeches nearly brought tears to his eyes. They were that sincere. Also, he hoped he'd kick the shit out of those draft-card burners and long-haired hippies.

"You really like all the candidates?"

"They're loyal Americans, aren't they? That's what I ask of a man."

I offered some objections to Floyd and the others, but mainly I tried to play Socratic Method—questions: Is this a happy country? Do you really think

more weapons for the police are the "answers" to law and order? What is your conception of America's role? One very tall, horn-rimmed young man, with a look of poetic angularity about him, hung on my words, and I thought I had an ally. He too seemed puzzled by America circa 1968. He suddenly burst out: "Wha yo so gol-darned negative? What is this negative bit?" Astonished by his own anger, he added: "Sir?"

A few girls had joined us. One of them was Cindy—eyes afire, that old golf club menace in them. There was some kicking and giggling going on below the level of the conversation. It was stage one and a half of the campaign, I decided, not like those Ivies.

I must have asked a question, because the sensitive-looking brother burst out, "Course I wouldn't kick the shit out of 'em! I just say that!" Then he smiled shyly. "Wouldn't want to get my shoes dirty," and nudged me. "Aw, sir, I just say that. They got the right to free speech, too, so long as they don't go tearing down this country. You're not always so negative, are you, sir?"

It was time to be their buddy, I decided. I too had done my term at Fort Bragg and elsewhere, though this was before their birth. I reminisced about Fayetteville, North Carolina, which we called Eagleberg.

"You mean Fayetteville?" Floyd asked. "When they call me there, I'm going. If they cancel my deferment, sir, I'm going. But I'm going to try to finish my education first, and get into a good position, and if the Lord is good to me, I won't have to fight. I can tell what you're thinking, sir. I got strong feelings. But like I already explained, killing's just not in the American line."

He was wearing tight maroon pants and a white button-down short-sleeve shirt with notched vents at the sleeve. One of his Hush Puppies was unlaced. He leaned on me a little, partly out of friendship and desire to be understood, saying, "Now don't get me wrong, hear? They call me, I go. I got this deferment, no gol-darned evasion."

"I'm not a pacifist either," I said.

"But I never did meet any Marine from Veetnam committed an atrocity who enjoyed it, hear? Hear me, sir? We just got to defend the American perimeter, it's as simple as that. So I'll go, I'll go, sir, soon as they call me."

When it came time to part, two of the brothers insisted on walking me home to the Carolina Inn. It had rained gleaming Burgie flip-top friendship rings on the Carolina earth. The brothers scuffed along, bumping and uneasy about the discussion. The men of the KLP house have a complex feeling about life—a minority on this campus, a majority in their own hometowns, but are they a majority in

America and the world? It is no longer easy to find the tides of right and float back and forth on them. Kappa Lambda Pi is in trouble as a way of life.

There was a shy moment in the fragrant Indian summer evening, hot rods and flowering trees and sweet echo of amplified rock from the Carrboro Rhythm Ramblers. Something had been left unsaid. Some generation gap had been left ajar, some culture gap unclosed, some stony silence in the metaphysics. We all wanted to be close and warm, and yet we were not close and warm. We had kidded around, but what else? In a world of making out OK, and getting bugged by it, we had made out all right, and gotten bugged by each other, just like the Ivies; and yet there must be something more than paltry victories in love and politics. There might be, for example, real victories. Stage five. Stage six. Stage seven.

On another part of the campus the 1 A.M. showing of underground art flicks was just beginning, and the Dandelion, a head shop, was just closing, and the Racial Confrontation group was continuing out under the famous Davie poplar. As we walked by, a tall black man in a denim suit, a refugee from Resurrection City, a pioneer of Freedom City, was smiling and saying softly, We're sick of trick-eration, we won't stand still for extermination, so we got to have communication; and an earnest young white student said, But we got to talk it all out first so's not to frighten the other people; and the man from Resurrection City said, Son, that's trick-eration . . .

One of my escorts shook his head, grinning. "Man, oh, man," he said to me. Some of these jerks were beyond his comprehension.

All over the campus the gritty Indian summer smell of autumn leaves was helping lovers and celebrants and reformers and late-night scholars fix the memory in their hearts, whether they knew it or not: *This is it, this was college in my time.*

As we walked along, beer fizzing in the jiggled cans, a member of my honor guard said, "It's just, sir, we didn't want you to get the one-sided impression about this school."

"I appreciate your hospitality," I said.

We were standing near the rocking chairs on the porch of the Carolina Inn (widows, conferences, and faculty visitors). "Don't get us wrong," he said. "We have strict rules at the house. We don't always live up to them, but we try not to be litterbugs. We might be Tarheels and we got a lousy team, but we have fun, too, sir." He gazed wearily back across campus to the traditional Davie poplar, famed in song and story. Chapel Hill's little Berkeley was still strolling and consulting near that spot. "Just didn't want you to go away thinking we're all a bunch of stupid intellectuals."

THE incident itself didn't last long. The wall behind his desk was covered with framed awards, commendations, pictures of colonels and generals shaking hands, chiefs of staff, and up top against the flag was our President. The Major said, "Why aren't you in uniform, Sergeant?" And I said, "I have something to show you, Sir." "Well what is it Blake?" he said, for in a military way we were friends. With an edge cutting in my hand I pulled the blade down the middle of my chest through the T-shirt and hair down to the bone. And as the blood sprang into the split flesh I drew another cut across the top of my chest to make a cross. And stood there with the warm seeping down into my pants, looking at him, realizing he would never see me, or any of us.

My mother was an artist from Milwaukee and my father left Charleston. They met at a picnic and went to New York to build their lives together. They had ideals. But my mother painted less when she had children. And my father became very successful in business and protected us. I went to all the good schools, and finally Harvard. My sister made her debut at the Junior League Ball. And at times when I had nothing else I thought back to that world and to those names like symbols of the days when I was better than everyone else.

At the Guard's Ball the beautiful, intelligent daughter of a paper manufacturer broke down crying with me. I patted her bare back and took her out for a cup of coffee. We walked down to Lexington Avenue, she barefoot, carrying her shoes though it was midwinter, me with a white turban around my head set with a glass jewel, walked into a drugstore and sat at the counter. She couldn't stop crying. She kept saying it was a sham, it had no meaning. Everyone on the counter stools was staring at us, and I wanted her to speak more softly.

At first I didn't do very well at Harvard. I tried hard. I always tried hard, but I felt I had blinders on and didn't know how to take them off. I was asked to join a club. People in clubs ignored you if you were not. I joined. Mine was regarded as one of the best, if not blue blood or polo-playing particularly, then vaguely intellectual. It was the only one that accepted one or two Jews each year, and I thought that was right. I studied classics and English. I fell in love with an undergraduate actress, and when she was no longer amused, tired of Harvard and myself, I left.

I reached the doorstep of Doctor Schweitzer's hospital in Lambaréné and worked there for close to a year with lepers. But faced with a humanity in the natives as deep or maybe deeper than my own, and afraid of dying or never leaving, I grew

BLOOD LETTING

a
Story
by
John
Bart
Gerald

hungry for learning just who in hell I was, so I went back to school.

Elections were held around the club's large banquet table. Three roommates were asked to join and a fourth was not because he had the wrong color. The alumni would have objected. I didn't want to belong any longer. When I sent in my resignation I was told I couldn't resign, any more than I could resign from being a gentleman. I was not sure. When the resignation was refused again I walked into the club's leather-upholstered leather-bound library to the book where members had signed in on election night over the past two hundred years. And I looked through page after page of neat signatures, finding a President and other names of government, finance, and industry, without a smudge, until I came to my own name and drew a thin line through the name in ink, initialed and dated it.

Not many club men talked to me again. On the other hand I began studying and learning and didn't think about the club again for a long time. I finished strong at Harvard, still running a race, and went right into six months with the Air Force Reserve. Since I already knew so much officer material, I wanted to learn what it was like to be an enlisted man. Later I went to monthly meetings, married my girl from college, wrote earnest short stories, and began to teach school.

It was awkward to feel that the war starting was immoral and would ultimately be disastrous to the people of my country, and to belong at the same time to the military. It was awkward teaching that stories and ideals were as real as life's blood when some of my students would graduate into war. It was awkward paying taxes. It was awkward distrusting my government. I found a number of things awkward. What amazed me was how much awkwardness I could live with.

I was always intrigued by the father of a college friend who became a cabinet minister in one of the countries Hitler conquered until he could no longer face the crimes his own government found expedient and went off to die on the Russian front. I always thought if I had been in Germany in the thirties, white Anglo-Saxon Protestant as I am, I would have had the sense to leave rather than be trapped by circumstance. But I wouldn't. I would have stayed long enough to discover whether I was the blind middle class, the Jew, or the storm trooper.

The annual two-week tour of duty was spent learning how to load bombs. After three days I pulled my back lifting and was taken to the base hospital. In the other beds were casualties back from the war zone, men who had played dead, men with parts of their bodies gone. One told what it was like to shoot a woman. Another talked only of prisoners. They told their stories late at night, stories not asked for, told in blood.

At the peace demonstration in Washington, I marched and laughed with my friends, with my students, but the wounded were still more real to me. I couldn't forget them, they knew what the war was. They were sent out to be killed. They knew how strong their rights were even to live. I remembered a black man without legs who looked in my eyes and said, "Don't go."

In basic training a friend was ordered to clean out the ovens when the K.P. sergeant found he was Jewish. The ovens were still hot, and he cleaned them out on his hands and knees while I watched. All through training I didn't say a word. The military taught me how to survive, just survive until it was all over. Because I still hoped to be square with myself, I stared at my cowardice and the moments of compromise so that finally I would not betray myself. I learned the uses of anonymity. I learned stupidity. I learned to keep my mouth shut. I learned men do not obey out of love. I

learned to be jovial with a stupid officer. I learned that the military could do what it wanted, and if my rights were protected in regulations, business was carried out behind their facade. I learned respect for sergeants. I learned to be more clever. I knew my fear kept me free as long as and if I was free.

I survived. At times I was impressed by my lack of stature as the war continued to escalate and civilian casualties rose and the other country and her people were destroyed. And our own men were killed for a mistake. In five years of monthly meetings I became a sergeant. And went out to the firing range with the rest of the guys and shot expert with such a splitting headache I could barely see the target.

I wanted to avoid prison. In civilian life I did not break any law or sign a pledge to. When my students asked if they should go to jail, I turned them back to their own consciences. Because I would not go to jail. I did not want to go. All I had to do was oversleep my monthly meetings to face disciplinary call-up. Refusal meant military prison. I had lived through it many times in my head, but I didn't think I could live through the years in prison. They kept me running. The only price I had to pay for my freedom was the continual admission of my own cowardice.

I preferred not to look at it that way. I explored areas of my life where I secretly considered myself a hero. I thought at times I was a hero to my marriage, though that was not fair to my wife. I remembered my moments with the civil rights movement, especially as I believed more and more in man's right to live free. I remembered walking through the Alabama countryside singing "Before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave, and go home to the Lord and be free." And being thrown in jail for breaking no law at all, and beaten for it.

It was hard to admit I preferred heroism without having to pay too much too often. Christ, whom I admired, only went up on his cross once. I wondered if I didn't admire more the TV or movie hero who could make a career out of heroic acts. I liked myself less. I dreamed of prison and the Air Force confused in the same dream.

At times I thought I was too hard on myself. At my monthly meetings I only sat and watched Driver Safety lectures, or played with wooden dummies. In military prison I would have emptied garbage cans for the war effort. I saw others like me. And if it was hard to do absolutely nothing for a bad war, I was doing no harm. Wooden bombs weren't real bombs. But then one supported the system finally or one did not, as a fighting man, a reservist, or civilian. Those closer to the flame just took more risk in getting burned.

Mr. Gerald, now in his late twenties, has served in the Air Force Reserve and is the author of a novel, A THOUSAND, THOUSAND MORNINGS, published by Viking three years ago.

I decided the argument with a note to myself. "Men don't choose to spend five years in jail. They go because they have to follow their conscience. Whatever it says about me I still have the choice." I always had the choice. Life offered me so many choices, my difficulty was in choosing. I hoped I would never have to confront this choice. I knew if I did I would learn something that frightened me.

MY WIFE began the pork chops and spinach. I sat at the kitchen table with the late paper before me, and looked through the list of activated reserve units until I found my unit's name. Then I read an account of the latest incident when there was some doubt who was telling the truth.

I asked Linda not to answer the phone because I wanted time to think before I was caught up in the network binding me to the military. Maybe I was caught already. I went to the bedroom and lay down. My mind began a useless meandering of logic through the alternatives before me.

I was aware of a slow steady pulse of survival beating under the surface of my life. Linda's aunt in Montreal would hide me, then find me a job up north or passage out. We had some good friends in Canada. I would be AWOL, then a deserter. I laughed suddenly. I was always realizing I was American, no great patriot but the country was part of myself. I couldn't ignore it. I couldn't resign from my whole life. I couldn't resign from myself.

Then I thought serving might not be so bad. I was paid fairly well and the officers left me alone. I liked the people in my unit. I might not be sent to the war zone. And maybe I could switch into administrative work and not load the bombs myself. That's what I thought.

I knew if I served two years straight in the Air Force, it wouldn't matter from then on what I thought was right or wrong because I would have to accept in my heart I would do anything, or be part of anything. And then my sense of right and wrong wasn't worth much. My whole life wasn't worth much. And the words I used were worth nothing. I grasped at that and tried to accept. I wanted to accept it. I couldn't go to jail. Not just because I would lose Linda and life, but prison was my private terror, as if I had lived with it since the day I was born. Until my thoughts broke down and I was thrown back on several incidents which I suddenly saw very clearly because they were all I had left.

I was marching over the bridge out of Selma into the Alabama countryside with my legs trembling, afraid someone would shoot at us from the woods. I was huddled on the cement floor while the cons kicked me. I sat on that floor scared of the jailers,

scared of the cons, their razors, taking my wedding ring, what went on behind the blankets they stretched around their steel bunks and threatened me with, scared I wouldn't get out, scared I would start screaming and never stop. I never left that jail in Alabama completely. The prison was still in my head. I used to pray, "God let me be free."

When I left the hospital in Africa, Schweitzer gave me a letter for the authorities. I never gave it to the government. I kept it in the back of my journal. Because it said I was a good and honest person, with the Doctor's cramped signature at the bottom of the page. Because the words said I was worth something, when I wasn't always sure. I remembered "reverence for life," and all the clichés fashionable people associated with the old man. But I saw him trying to work them out in life, awkward and clumsily at times, as out of place as organ music in the jungle night, a man trying to make his conscience real.

I remembered saying the Lord's Prayer hundreds of times in my boarding-school chapel. And my tutor at college whose blood was literature. And Linda looking at me in the days when we were in love.

She was standing by the door looking at me. The phone rang and rang and rang.

Once in a bad time my father gave me a piece of paper with his father's name on it and his father's father, back six or seven generations of ministers and doctors in small Southern towns. And my father said, "You'll be all right. We always have been. And you're one of us."

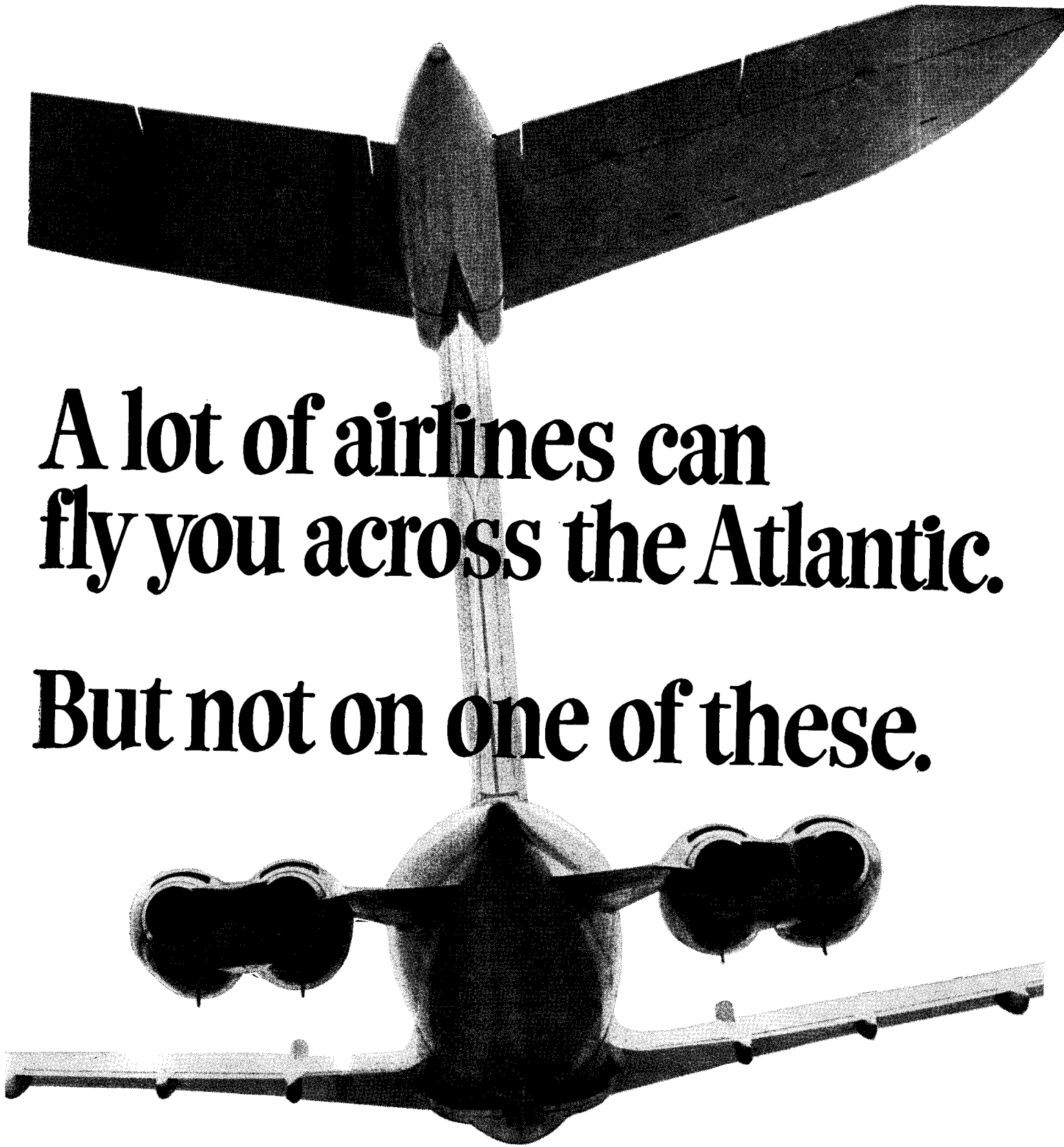
She stood by the bed crying. I wanted to comfort her but there wasn't anything to say. She kept touching me. She didn't ask what I was going to do. When I was ready I hugged her as strong as I could but I didn't feel her. There was a knot tied in my chest pulling tighter and tighter and tighter. I said "See you." And when I walked out the door I fell into America.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

BY T. S. MATTHEWS

The girl who felt my stare and raised her eyes
Saw I was only an old man, and looked away,
As people do when they see something not quite nice
Or a row of houses so dreary they'd spoil your day.

Children don't see me at all: they look right through me
My sons reach out a filial helping hand
(To me, who am shaking now with lust and fury).
These facts I know but find difficult to understand.



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THE EDUCATION OF GENIUS

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER



THE time is long past when Alexander Pope was identified with his least impressive verse, and having been the eighteenth century's supreme English poet, was adjudged in the nineteenth no poet at all. So precipitous a fall has been condignly discredited, so inverted a fate has been dazzlingly revised. (Pope in every age, to be sure, has had fervent admirers.) Standing higher today than at perhaps any time for almost two centuries, he has received the kind of homage that serves him well: a fine seven-volume scholarly edition of his poetry and a five-volume one of his letters. Encomium and exegesis have walked side by side, one facet of Pope's work matched with another. Professor Reuben Brower has very ably canvassed Pope as a classicist; Professor Geoffrey Tillotson has, perhaps rather excessively, traversed him as a moralist; and various scholarly publications abound in probings and analyses of one kind or another. If a decided gap yet remains, it is that Pope's rehabilitation and even his renown have been too largely academic. For however high their estimate of Pope—and I would think it extremely high—our recognized literary critics and poet-critics, who for a good many years have written about such other English poets as Keats and Blake, Milton and Wordsworth, Donne and Marvell, Hopkins and the moderns, have tended to pass Pope by; equally important, there has for over a generation been no full-length literary biography of the man and the poet. This has been very unfortunate, both

in opening no door on Pope for a congenial, rather than specialist, audience, and in not providing a book where the man, and even more his period and its society, are organically joined to the poet.

Happily, though at the moment given only half a loaf, we now have Volume I of Peter Quennell's biography of Pope, subtitled "The Education of Genius, 1688-1728" (Stein and Day, \$7.95). It would be extremely welcome if only for rendering Pope the kind of service I have just said he stands in need of: Mr. Quennell is an accomplished biographer, a seasoned man of letters, an urbane man of the world. He is also what might be termed a periodist: though much at home elsewhere, he is altogether so in Pope's era and Pope's world, having indeed written biographies of two of Pope's contemporaries, Hogarth and George II's Queen Caroline. What is important here, however, is less how well Mr. Quennell knows Augustan England than that Pope knew it even better. For every classical cadence and echo in Pope, there are perhaps two contemporary whispers and nudges: his finest poetry is seldom less than sprinkled, is usually studded, and is sometimes crammed with pseudonymous eighteenth-century figures, pointed references, enigmatic allusions, in a melee of Grub Street and grandees, of coffeehouses and country houses, of warring politics and rival Courts. Mr. Quennell brings home to us a great deal of all this in his portraits and vignettes of people and his recountal

Drawing of Alexander Pope by Jonathan Richardson, 1737. Courtesy Stein and Day, publishers.

of incidents—a far more enjoyable way of treating them than in flavorless footnotes. This constitutes, moreover, the real-life subject matter which, fitted into a classicist background, brilliantly completed Pope's "education."

Education until the age of forty may seem a peculiar word and need, all the more for how fantastically precocious, in social as well as artistic ways, Pope was, he having come of age able to boast equally a distinguished visiting list and a notable place in letters. Yet, as "the education of genius," the forty years are conceivably accurate, for though they include *The Rape of the Lock* and some fine shorter pieces, and culminate in the first version of *The Dunciad*, had Pope died at forty, very little of his greatest work would have existed. In a real if restricted sense, the man properly governs Mr. Quennell's first volume, as the poet will doubtless dominate the second.

THE child of Roman Catholics, Pope grew up—it was one of the penalties of his faith—with irregular schooling, and at twelve developed a tuberculous disease of the spine which left him sickly and deformed, a four-foot, six-inch hunchback, for life. It would yet not immure his life, and it conceivably enriched his life's work. Having at twelve written the still famous *Ode on Solitude*, he was in his mid-teens corresponding with landowners and lords and with so famous a playwright as Wycherley, whose manuscripts he "corrected"; and before he was eighteen was being wooed by the distinguished publisher Jacob Tonson. So early launched, Pope would, with some debt to his influential connections, be early laureled, and have written by his mid-twenties that classic of battered and Bartlettéd gems, the *Essay on Criticism*; as, in *The Rape of the Lock*, he had written a small mock-heroic masterpiece. When he was not yet thirty, he published his *Collected Works*, and when just thirty, the final volumes of his translation of the *Iliad*. In terms of career, never perhaps had the course of true talent run more smooth; nor, more steadily, the climb to a place among the great. He could write at twenty-nine:

After some attendance on my Lord Burlington, I have been at the Duke of Shrewsbury's, Duke of Argyle's, Lady Rochester's, Lord Percival's, Mr. Stonor's, Lord Winchilsea's, Sir Godfrey Kneller's . . . and Duchess Hamilton's.

Add to this friendship with Addison and Steele, Congreve and Gay, and many others in the literary world, and we are not far distant from the era that came to bear Pope's name.

Yet there was a decidedly dark side: every step upward was accomplished with physical pain, making life at best an invalid's bed of roses; his appearance proved one way of flogging his poetry and condemning him to a critical bed of spikes. The enmities came to be even better known than the friendships, and to beget greater verse. As it was the clash with the critic John Dennis—who alluded to "a young squab short gentleman . . . bent almost double, like the bow of love"—that drove in the first spike, so it was the falling out with Addison that produced Pope's first masterpiece of denigration. Neither great fame nor great friendships could curb Pope's resentment when ridiculed or attacked; he became, indeed, so touchy as to magnify small slights, so suspicious as to manufacture them, so rancorous as to remember them for life. This is a matter of far more than biographical interest, seeing that Pope was endowed with the greatest genius for rhymed vituperation in English literature. At times, to be sure, his revenges could be totally unrhymed and fiendishly crude, as with the "unspeakable" publisher Edmund Curll, into whose wine Pope dropped a strong emetic with the desired results; and then, still unsatisfied, concocted pamphlets in which he had Curll tell how "bloody sick" he got and Curll's wife describe the occasion as the "greatest adversity that ever befell my poor man since he lost one testicle at school by the bite of a black boar." But far oftener Pope's tactics were both circuitous and subterranean: he methodically sought the return of his letters, that he might touch them up—and sometimes ink them out—for posterity; and he first published *The Dunciad* anonymously, that if it ran into trouble he might disavow it and provide an "authorized" version. And most of his personal revenges and retaliations were long delayed: no one could more rewardingly bide his time, to produce vintage defamations with anger, by now transmuted into art.

Although Pope could be wryly and even obscenely frank about his appearance, it yet cut very deep, and perhaps deepest of all where it came closest to pleasure, in his relations with women. He contrived, in a life abounding with contrivances, to make himself out something of a rake; why, he asked, should he, the "gayest valetudinaire alive"

Follow girls seven hours in eight
I need but once a week?

He did not, Mr. Quennell concludes, "lack sexual experience," but adds that it was "of a mercenary or transient kind." With women in the social world Pope frequently established a gifted writer's pen-deep gallantries and flirtations; his deeper feeling for Martha ("Patty") Blount and, even more, for that remarkable recipient of so many clashing ad-

jectives, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, made for a tightrope walk that, however adroitly and successfully managed, could bring no rewards. Indeed, the most famous and perhaps most plausible explanation of his quarrel with Lady Mary is that he made love to her and was laughed at. About women in general he had decided knowledge and perceptiveness; as Mr. Quennell suggests, from never thinking of him as a husband or a lover, they might reveal their inner selves and entrust their secrets to him.

Yet, for all his ill health and his ill luck in sex, the poet of genius proved also a man of many talents and considerable activity. Though having to pad his rickety legs with three pairs of stockings, and to keep a servant within call whom he might again and again ring for in the night, he went again and again on lengthy rounds of visits, he maintained a large and many-sided correspondence, he got wind of almost everything and came to know almost everybody. He won much more from his writings than literary fame; in the heyday of Grub Street, he won financial independence. A guest of the highborn, he played host to them also—even the Prince of Wales came to see him, and the Queen hinted she would like to come. Pope's garden and grounds at Twickenham, though much less well known than his grotto, have their place in the century's annals of landscaping. As in literature such figures as Swift and Gay were his close friends, so in architecture were Lord Burlington and Kent, and, among men of birth and battles and politics, Bathurst and Peterborough and Bolingbroke.

All this, which gives substance to Mr. Quennell's book, had importance in Pope's career. For, in the half century between the decline of Restoration comedy and the rise of the social novel, Pope as poet is conceivably England's brightest novelist of manners; and surpassing what may have been his textbook, *The Spectator*, is England's most brilliant satirist of society. Indeed, to the classical ancestry of Horace in Pope's work, we might subjoin a cousinship with Horace Walpole. If Pope's individual portraits can be jaundiced and envenomed and if Leslie Stephen might call Pope, not too exaggeratedly, "the most untruthful man of his age," he was largely truthful about the age itself. The world he portrayed shared his taste, if not his genius, for scandal and calumny; it equally aspired, without his gifts, to wit and elegance and a Palladian-cum-Popian correctness. The critic of morals in Pope, as in any true satirist and student of mankind, was genuine enough; but the delineator of manners and

ATLANTIC critic Louis Kronenberger, with his deep sensitivity to English usage, is well qualified to evaluate the art and artistry of Alexander Pope and Peter Quennell's biography of the heroic couplet.

homme du monde was oftener present in him and far oftener pre-eminent. His most brilliant work of this kind is the stuff of Mr. Quennell's second volume; but, master that he was of the heroic couplet, Pope had from his youth put it to fine social and satiric uses; to a mock-heroic

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea;

or a swift body blow:

And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;

or a Squire-Westernish caricature:

Or with his hounds come hollowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse;

or that delicately chilled absinthe frappé:

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike.

But Pope, as a supreme master—rapier or wreath or looking-glass in hand—of his medium, would later excel himself with various Epistles, Satires, Moral Essays. Here we are given a tour of Augustan high life and a portrait gallery where not many sitters would wish to hang; for here even Pope's personal faults make for poetic virtues, and to the poet's genius are added a novelist's inventiveness and a dramatist's eye for effect. Brief quotation is irresistible, even if it reduces art to hors d'oeuvres. There is furious, ill-behaved Atossa:

The pleasure missed her, and the scandal hit;

unfeeling, superficial Cloe:

She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair . . .
Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head;

and mercilessly vilified, the effeminate Lord Hervey:

. . . familiar toad
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad . . .
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord . . .
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

And upon a kind of moral floor Pope, with fine-edged satiric tools, reared an unsurpassed early-Georgian habitation. There we espy, for one example, his aging, pleasure-seeking, now haglike society women:

Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honor died,

and observe their fate:

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous, and dead. forgot.

Even from these bits we get, I think, a sure sense of Pope's choice of words and artistry in placing them; of his antithetical succinctness and his turn for style; and of his lethal use of scalpel and saber, dagger and poisoned dart. There is perhaps no one else whose verse so instantly strikes us with its force and stops us with its felicities; stops us cold, where perhaps more exalted poetry would carry us away. Pope's poetry is hard to discuss except in comprehensive terms or very concrete ones; line-by-line study, if a dreary pedagogical mania today, in Pope's case is rewarding for its line-by-line or couplet-by-couplet effects. Unlike most fine poetry, Pope's is of course very seldom romantic

or mystical or introspective; its worldly subject matter can easily obscure or devalue its artistry, and deprives the critic's vocabulary of its habitual terms of praise, words like *lofty*, *visionary*, *awesome* (though not, surely, of *haunting*). It is poetry that is sometimes possible, Matthew Arnold fashion, to damn as fine prose; but at its best it has, in economy of means, intensity of treatment, stunningness of effect, and perfection of utterance, the credentials of great poetry; or, to make an end by making an equivalent of it, the credentials of great literature or art. Pope is not for everybody or, it may be, for most people; what, like many other men of genius, he demands is a particular, not to say kindred, temperament and sensibility, just as what he bestows is a high and special pleasure found almost nowhere else. If factually Mr. Quennell's book offers little that is new, that is of no consequence; what, for people who might find Pope more congenial than they think, could have great and infectious value is Mr. Quennell's cultivated command of literary biography, his characterization of Pope, his presentation of Pope's world and the poetry that came out of it.

CLEVER WOMEN

BY L. E. SISSMAN

Clever women live and die on our attention.
They make us feel that we are their invention.
Perhaps we are. They scale us like a tower,
Hand over hand, their eyebeams locked on ours,
Until they overrun our slower brains.
Then what confusion, what cerebral pains!
We drown in borrowed wit and rented reading,
Tags, quotes, allusions, maxims, special pleading,
Polemics, set pieces, and syllogisms
Designed to tax us for our sins and schisms
In spurning each one of those nobly sexed
And fashionably gownèd intellects
Who wear the Empress's new clothes. Alas,
We can't accommodate their weight on us,
Who weighed on them until at length we sprang,
Relieved, to life, and joined the shabby gang
Of men, our dumb, companionable brothers,
Leaving behind those weeping, waving mothers,
Who now, refreshed as a small-breasted race
Of long-haired daughters, press their aching case
Against our flabby front at every arty
Show, opening, dance, happening, and party.

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Salvation in the Suburbs

by Charles Nicol

John Cheever, cheerful believer in suburbia, champion of the upper middle class in lower middle age. He invokes the muse merely to describe a railroad station, then confidently explains that "the setting seems in some way to be at the heart of the matter. We travel by plane, oftener than not, and yet the spirit of our country seems to have remained a country of railroads." America's essence rides the commuter train.

St. Botolphs, Shady Hill, and now Bullet Park—the setting is indeed at the heart of the matter, and Cheever's genius is the genius of place, so much so that in this novel the first person we meet is a real-estate agent. Here are the \$50,000 and \$60,000 homes, each with its toilet seat cover of "pink plush" and its "telephone directory bound in pink brocade," each with its suffering, hangover-ridden commuter recovering from the weekend: "Finally he dresses and racked by vertigo, melancholy, nausea and fitful erections he boards his Gethsemane—the Monday-morning 10:48." Crucified middle class indeed; the main characters of this novel are named Hammer and

Nailles. And Hammer, who is insane, intends to immolate brutally an arbitrarily chosen member of the middle class, on the altar of a suburban church, to awaken the world to the sins of suburbia.

According to Cheever, suburbia is the trickiest paradise since Eden, full of traps and falls, demanding

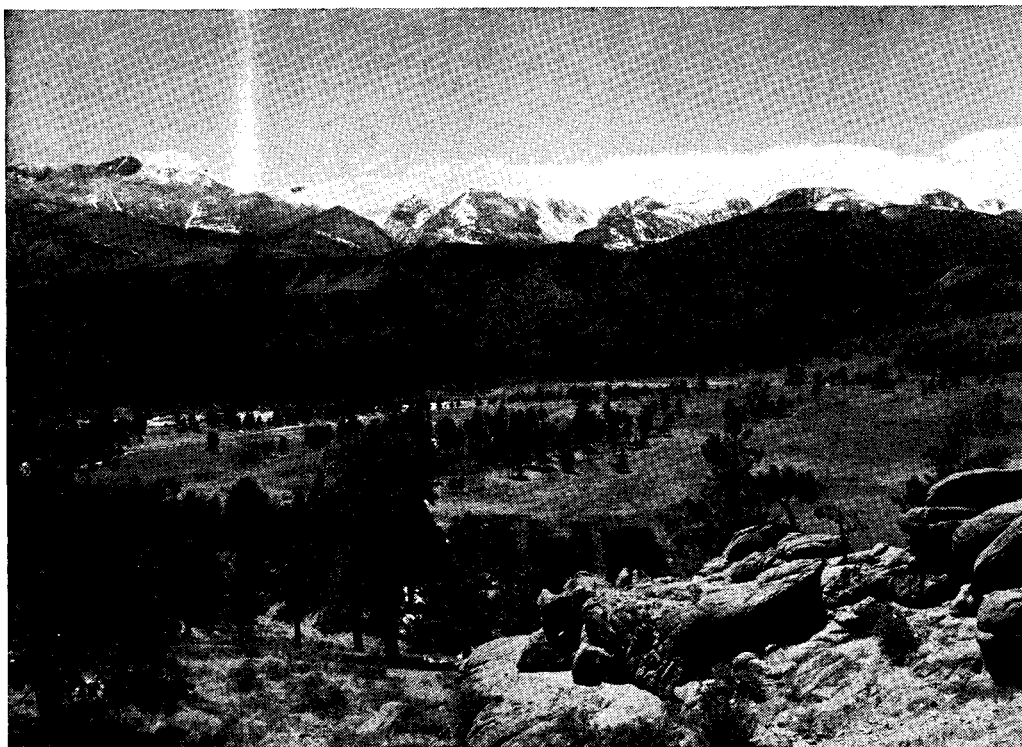
Bullet Park
by John Cheever
(Knopf, \$4.95)

much of its inhabitants. One exemplary couple, the most successful social movers in Bullet Park, take their recreation so seriously that it collects a steady toll of their flesh and blood: "When they arrived at a party they would be impeccably dressed but her right arm would be in a sling. He would support a game leg with a gold-headed cane and wear dark glasses." Their countless accidents in the cause of sociability merely add to their success. Survivors of the good life wear scar tissue like medals.

Early one morning Nailles successfully defends his carefully

clipped lawn against an enormous snapping turtle, and though the man has a shotgun, it is his persistence rather than his power that finally triumphs, the same persistence that claimed Bullet Park from the reptiles in the first place. This heroic perseverance is a characteristically middle-class quality, for the middle class must walk a very difficult and narrow path, a thin edge between two pits, bodkin between indifference and obsession. This is the way we live, with persistence and a rough temperance, rationing our cigarettes and counting our drinks. John Cheever is not interested in teetotalers or luses, but in the human need to establish a shaky equilibrium, the desperate paradise of two-sided man, ticking along like a bad clock, passing the time through pendulum swings to either side, and perpetually in need of adjustment.

Nailles's son Tony tends to get stuck on either side: first he becomes obsessed with television, then indifferent to his French course and obsessed with football, then so indifferent to the world that he cannot be roused from bed. Doctor, psy-



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70% of the American people are jammed onto 1% of the land. If inhabitants of the other 99% like it that way, it's easy to see why. Nevertheless, we are finding a welcome around Windsor, Colorado to match the beauty of the Front Range of the Rockies. We are putting up a plant there, our first U.S. photographic manufacturing plant away from Rochester, N.Y., which is now just on the edge of Megalopolis.

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of the thousand or so people working there will have been hired locally. Whether they will have come in from half a mile away or from 2,000 miles away is up to them. Whatever their origin or ancestry, they ought to be doer types themselves who insist on living and working in a place no less pleasant than the Front Range was before we arrived. More prosperous but no less pleasant.

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Another reason for calling the KODAK EKTALITE Projection Screen significant is that classrooms which need never be darkened cost less. There needn't be any better reason.

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chiatrist, and physiologist all try to put Tony together again, but only a Negro guru can jolt Tony from his ennui. This contemporary holy man effects cures on wounded psyches by a process so simple it embarrasses him to perform it: he repeats hopeful words or phrases. His first cure consisted of repetition of "valor." The nobility and absurdity of man is that he responds to such an empty, but potentially full, word as though it were already stuffed with essence. At the end of "A Vision of the World," an earlier story seminal to this novel, the narrator awakes from a dream and exclaims, "Valor! Love! Virtue! Compassion! Splendor! Kindness! Wisdom! Beauty!" and announces that "the words seem to have the colors of the earth, and as I recite them I feel my hopefulness mount until I am contented and at peace with the night." It is this hopefulness that is instilled in Tony, the belief that these abstractions do exist and justify suburban life. For here is what the commuters live for, not the pink plush that so lamely represents the ideal.

In the discrepancy between reality and the vision, reality tends to become dreamlike. The wife in "A Vision of the World" has the feeling that she is "a character in a television situation comedy." "I mean I'm nice looking, I'm well-dressed, I have humorous and attractive children, but I have this terrible feeling that I'm in black-and-white and that I can be turned off by anybody." It is a frequent feeling in Cheever, one that Nailles experiences in looking at his family at the breakfast table ("they seemed to have less dimension than a comic strip") and that drains his son Tony of all resolution until he decides to stay in bed ("I feel as if the house were made of cards"). Suburban existence seems threatened with meaninglessness from all sides. Mrs. Nailles is deeply disturbed by the nudity in off-Broadway theater, by homosexuals fructifying on the bus, by the psychiatrist's questions about her family's moral norms: "'We are honest and decent people,' she said angrily, 'and I'm not going to be made to feel guilty about it.'" Their life is continually on the defensive. Nailles suddenly finds that he can no longer face his commuter train in the morning without massive doses of

tranquilizers. While the Nailles family desperately persevere, they dream of a simpler past. It is John Cheever's special ability to view our healthy suburbans as a noble and dying race, their unique virtues soon to be extinct.

The penalties seem rather high, but there are also rewards for Cheever characters: swimming, trout fishing, and cutting wood—these seem to be lasting, soothing occupations that belong by right to them and temporarily make their souls whole. Religion, though dilute enough to add to their guilt feelings, can be another reward, curiously tied to the other delights just mentioned. "The trout streams open for the resurrection. The crimson cloths at Pentecost and the miracle of the



tongues meant swimming." The "holy smell of new wood" is mentioned in an earlier story: in *Bullet Park* the holy man burns sandalwood for incense and is also a carpenter; Nailles thinks of scriptural quotations as he cuts down dead trees whose fragrance reminds him of "cold churches in Rome"; and even madman Hammer is free from his demons while he trims back the deadwood behind his house. When Nellie Nailles smells wood shavings, she asks herself, "Which came first, Christ the carpenter or the holy smell of new wood?" When Cheever appeared on the cover of *Time* a few years ago, we found that he was indeed both a churchgoer and a worker with chain saw and ax. What Proustian undercurrent runs here? Cheever is placed just before

Checkhov, another fine writer of short stories, in the fiction section of your public library, and the tempting criticism of the Wapshot novels is that they sometimes seem to be past-ups of minimally connected stories. *Bullet Park*, a novel with a clean plot line, the convergence of hammer and nail, resists this temptation to digress. We are nevertheless ultimately disappointed, for while Cheever's writing retains its brilliance, his plot is not at all convincing, depending as it does upon the motivation of Hammer, a most unsuccessful character. Hammer's madness is apparent only in his plans for an absurd murder. Can it be Cheever's intention to argue that murder involves little aberration in a man's personality, or is there a previously unsuspected limitation to Cheever's imagination? This lack is made far more obvious when Hammer, for a third of the novel, tells his own story. From Poe through Faulkner and Nabokov, American authors have delighted in projecting variant images of the world through the eyes of the child, the idiot, and the lunatic. Yet the world of Hammer is pretty much the same as the world of Cheever in the rest of the novel. Nothing seems to have been gained through that first-person interlude, and a lot has been lost, including our confidence in the motivation of the character most crucial to the plot. No doubt Cheever intends to show that experiences today are fragmentary and that people no longer possess—if they ever did—a unified personality, yet if Hammer has only the vaguest of notions about why he wanted to commit murder, and discusses his actions with both detachment and distaste, we may justifiably ask why we should listen to him at all.

Curiously, the novel is more than half finished before the main plot and the character of Hammer begin to be important, and this first half is the more pleasant part. It is always strange to read a novel that weakens toward the end; we blame ourselves for its deterioration. Highly recommended for those who never finish one book before they start another.

Illustrations are from the new, revised and expanded edition of *The Graphic Work of M. C. Escher* (Meredith Press, \$7.95).

The Critic as a Revolutionary

by Yorick Blumenfeld

Ernst Neizvestny, forty-three, the Soviet Union's leading sculptor, is officially condemned as being both decadent and unpatriotic. John Berger, forty-three, the foremost Marxist art critic in the West, has in the past condemned Picasso as "an example of a failure of revolutionary nerve" (*Success and Failure of Picasso*, 1965). *Art and Revolution*, while purporting to be a book on Neizvestny and the role of the artist in the U.S.S.R., actually is a brilliant chapter in Berger's continuing inner debate on the social role of the artist and his obligations to society.

The fact is that Berger uses Neizvestny as a tool to expound his own theories. Neizvestny is convenient because Berger believes that the sculptor has remained faithful to the

would trace the interaction between Neizvestny's development as an artist and the changes in Soviet art since Stalin. Not at all. Berger provides little insight into what it means to be a nonconforming artist in the Soviet Union today.

Berger freely admits that under Stalin's rule the arts were subverted, that the belief in the prophetic quality of art was subtly, but disastrously, transformed into the belief that art was a means of definitively deciding the future. Berger rejects socialist realism totally and turns to what interests him: the notion that cubism and futurism, as revolutionary forms in art, foreshadowed the political and economic revolution in the Soviet Union. Malevich, Lissitsky, Kandinsky, Tatlin, Pevsner are his true heroes. They all believed in the social role of art and saw themselves as representing the liberated future. They served notice that the role of the artist in the coming world would be very different. And Berger would have us believe that Neizvestny is continuing this movement.

Judged by current standards, one might readily think that Neizvestny's works dated from the 1917-1923 period, that they are at least forty years behind the times. Berger, however, argues that this is the result of a conscious effort on Neizvestny's part: that he wants to continue where such revolutionary artists as Malevich and Kandinsky were forced to stop. Berger believes that a new style in art evolves to meet the problem of treating new content born of social change. Neizvestny's work is important, he declares, primarily because of its relevance to the emerging third world. The sculptor's muscle-bound figures protest against human exploitation. And when freedom from exploitation has been achieved, the artists of tomorrow "will produce art unimaginable by us today." Neizvestny's sculpture is thus seen as an interim monument to the endurance necessary for this struggle.

Neizvestny is not a rebel; he just stubbornly refuses to conform. Apparently he believes in Marxism,

**Art and Revolution:
Ernst Neizvestny and the Role
of the Artist in the U.S.S.R.**
by John Berger
(Pantheon, \$5.95)

idea of the revolutionary role of the artist. Why does Neizvestny make the grade whereas Picasso fails? Partially, it would seem, because Berger believes that the Russian artist has been preoccupied throughout history with truth and purpose rather than with aesthetic pleasure. The Russians have always expected their artists to be prophets, writes Berger, and he is firmly convinced that art and art alone can "express and preserve the profoundest expectations of a period." Picasso no longer is concerned with such expectations; Neizvestny is presumed to retain his prophetic outlook.

To understand what this book is all about, we must look at it from Berger's point of view. He believes that art criticism, at its best, is a form of intervention between the work of art and its public. Thus his essay on Neizvestny becomes a creative "intervention." One might imagine that *Art and Revolution* would show the course of artistic rebellion against the strictures of socialist realist dogma, that Berger

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in the anti-imperialist struggle, in the revolutionary role of the artist. He disapproves only of the methods adopted by Communism since the death of Lenin. Berger maintains that Neizvestny is not opposing "private" art to "public" art, that like his academic opponents he creates monumental sculptures for the public, for crowds. Thus Neizvestny's dilemma parallels Berger's. One is trying to maintain his integrity as a Communist sculptor, the other struggles to maintain his integrity as a Marxist critic.

There is no doubt that Neizvestny is an exceptional figure. As a lieutenant in a platoon of commandos, he was dropped behind the German lines in World War II. Gravely wounded by a bullet which entered his chest and exploded in his back, he was left for dead. Incredibly, he survived. This familiarity with death rendered him insensitive to the threats which were to follow.

It is virtually impossible for a Soviet sculptor today to create independently. The conditions under which Neizvestny is forced to work are almost unbearable: a disused shop measuring about 15 by 21 feet in a back street of Moscow serves as his studio. Real ateliers are reserved for official artists working on official commissions. Because the state foundries accept works for casting only via the official art bodies, Neizvestny installed a tiny furnace in which he can make small casts. A large figure has to be cast in many parts, and their quality is coarse because even the metal has to be purchased on the black market. Thus the academic system in the Soviet Union forces the independent sculptor to become a petty criminal.

Neizvestny rose to international fame in November, 1962, as a result of a debate he conducted with Nikita Khrushchev in the Moscow Manege. Khrushchev applied such epithets as "Filth!" and "Disgrace!" to the works on display, which included sculptures by Neizvestny. When two security men seized Neizvestny's arms and threatened him with arrest, he directly addressed Khrushchev: "You are talking to a man who is perfectly capable of killing himself at any moment. Your threats mean nothing to me." Khrushchev seemed convinced. When he later asked Neizvestny how he could withstand the intense pressures from the state

for so long, the sculptor answered: "There are certain bacteria—very small, soft ones—which live in a super-saline solution that could dissolve the hoof of a rhinoceros."

What repelled and simultaneously attracted Khrushchev was the sexual energy of Neizvestny's work. Like so many Soviet citizens, Khrushchev combined extremes of vulgarity with extremes of puritanism. And it would seem that Neizvestny's focus on the inextinguishable power of sexuality is the prime factor which alienates him from the puritan academicians in Moscow. Berger, however, does not make this point. He generalizes by charging that Neizvestny challenges official Soviet art by contesting its right to its own claims.

What are Neizvestny's views on this subject? What do his colleagues, both within and without the good graces of the all-powerful Academy, think about Neizvestny's particular rebellion? The reader is left to guess for himself. Berger may never have talked to Neizvestny at any length because the book does not contain a single direct quotation from sculptor to author. However, given Berger's frame of reference, it hardly seems important what Neizvestny thinks, how he lives, or how he relates to his colleagues. Instead of letting Neizvestny or his friends talk, Berger attributes thoughts to him. The artist himself becomes irrelevant to the critic's theories. What really concerns Berger are the needs which art answers.

Berger's analytical brilliance shines through when he examines the spirit and theme of Neizvestny's work. For Neizvestny, as for the classicists, the human body is the field of all possible metaphors. It represents the quintessence of all that is not death. And Berger believes that the poles of Neizvestny's imagination are life and death. Neizvestny's early sculptures reflect his progress from death as a starting point: they concern those who have passed or pass very close to death, such as war survivors, the wounded, the maimed, and suicides. His later works are progressively infused with life, sexual energy, and extremes of muscular vigor. This is partly because Neizvestny visualizes the contradictions of the forces of life and death as modifying the structure and workings of the human body.

Berger claims that Neizvestny's theme, by virtue of which he can be considered an epic artist, is that of endurance (in the sense that Rembrandt's was a preoccupation with individual aging). Endurance, insists Berger, is the order of the day:

The Vietnamese people have been fighting for their independence for twenty years and are prepared to fight for another twenty. We can no longer think of courage in terms of exceptional deeds or heroic moments of personal decision. Courage becomes the obstinacy of victims who resist their victimization; it becomes their ability to endure until they can put an end to their suffering.

Rather sensibly, Berger himself ponders toward the end of this book whether he is not relegating sculpture "to represent a phase in the world struggle against imperialism." And he answers in the next sentence that "I believe that nothing is more important than this struggle." As a Marxist, Berger reads like a character out of *Darkness at Noon*. He generalizes about Neizvestny's anti-imperialism, but he cannot come to

terms with the intolerable situation of the visual artist in the Soviet Union today.

My own view is that the anti-imperialist campaign is really beyond the scope of Neizvestny's immediate concerns. This great sculptor's creativity, his genuine humanism, are counterforces to the suffering and brutality he and his fellow Russians have experienced for so long. Neizvestny has been fighting against the pettifoggers, the dogmatists, the neo-Stalinists at home—not in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. His sculptures clearly show a trend toward inner liberation. As much as we may be attracted to Berger's fascinating personal conflict, he ultimately loses out by failing to come to grips with the very basis of Neizvestny's revolutionary consciousness. Berger's premises may be preposterous, his pompousness grating, his lack of objectivity extreme, but he has nevertheless produced a provocative, engrossing essay, if only because his very didacticism sparks such a broad dialogue of disagreement with the reader.

Taking Students Seriously

by C. Michael Curtis

In March, 1965, two political scientists at the University of California wrote an essay for the *New York Review of Books* about the riotous events on the Berkeley campus weeks earlier. Student protest was still something of a novelty then, and it is fair to surmise that most onlookers—whatever their political

First, that most public accounts of the student movement at Berkeley would "distort its character," and, by concentrating on one aspect of the demonstrations (such as the behavior of student radicals), "avoid the challenge of understanding." They then noted approvingly Harold Taylor's remark that "the mark of a true university is whether or not it takes its students seriously."

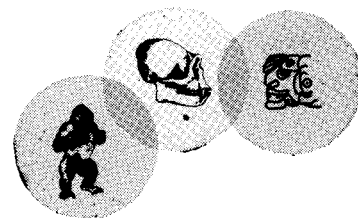
Schaar and Wolin tried to show how Berkeley, the "multiversity," failed in this regard, but seemed to equate "unseriousness" with the rudiments of multiversity life—endless bureaucracies, large lecture courses, the remoteness of teaching faculty, indifferent advising. And while hardly anyone defends these dismal characteristics of the large university system, a great many conscientious professors and administrators have gone to great lengths to justify the educational processes and assumptions which produced them—often on the very grounds of "seri-

**Students Without Teachers:
The Crisis in the University**
by Harold Taylor
(McGraw-Hill, \$7.95)

bent—shared in the general alarm that a small group of students could and would paralyze such a distinguished university. Perhaps because they were on the scene, or perhaps because they were ahead of their time, the two political scientists John Schaar and Sheldon Wolin reached a number of prophetic conclusions about the wrangle that convulsed the Berkeley campus.

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ousness" that Schaar and Wolin thought conspicuous in their absence.

The leader of a small seminar, in any case, can be fully as contemptuous of his students as the disembodied scholar who reads PMLA criticism of William Dean Howells to his captive audience of hundreds. Taking students seriously, evidently, has more ambitious implications, and it is fair to say that Mr. Taylor's new book is the most thorough, and sympathetic, attempt to come to terms with student aspirations published in the past several years.

One of the things Taylor takes seriously is the link between student rebelliousness and a deeper malaise affecting the taproots of American society.

Somewhere in the middle of the 1960's . . . the texture and quality of the national life had altered in such a way that the institutions designed to support it—the universities, the government, the economic structure, the social agencies, the political system—had become incapable of responding to the deepest needs of its citizens.

This is a romantic view, and some will object that it too casually obscures the generous intention, as well as the accomplishments, of these same institutions. But the facts of hunger, poverty, bigotry in hiring and housing, militarism, and commercial gracelessness are before all of us, if merely endured by most. What distinguishes student radicals, says Taylor, is that they will not allow themselves to endure what their elders have learned, uncomfortably, to live with.

Taylor's criticism of the modern university system is complex, but it rests upon a number of key assumptions. One of the most interesting is the premise that our universities—for all their egalitarian sermons to state legislatures—tend nevertheless to gravitate toward the elitest model, in which "academic excellence" (the ability to cope intelligently with abstractions, synthesize cultural phenomena, absorb great quantities of written and visual material, and so on) pays dividends, and indifferent scholarship does not.

The educational system is . . . built for the best, that is, the most professionally qualified student with the greatest aptitude for academic work. The rest—the average, the ordinary,

the slower ones, the culturally deprived, the intuitives, the artists, among others—are thrown into a system which works against them, and, in the long run, against the system.

These ordinary students, Taylor points out, "constitute 95 to 98 percent of the student body," and conceal "a wide variety of potential talents, interests, and personal qualities ready to be liberated by an education sensitive to their condition."

Anyone puzzled by the frequent assertion by black students that they

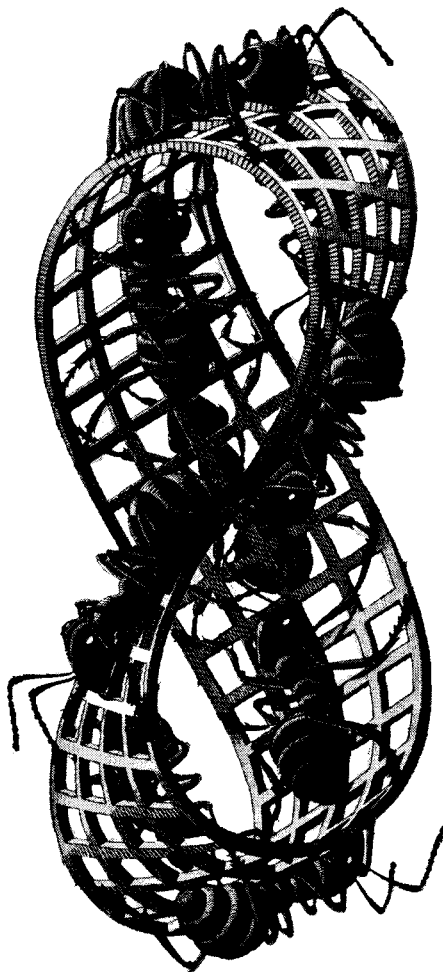
they cannot always compete with better prepared white students. A university that took its students seriously, Taylor implies, would abolish the concept of failure, in this contrived sense, along with grading systems, fragmented class schedules, and all the remaining paraphernalia of the impersonal multiversity system. At the least, it would not impose upon its students a competition for which most of them were not prepared, and from which many will extract only a heightened sense of personal unworthiness.

What most distinguishes Taylor from other supporters of the student left is a profoundly nonideological confidence that students can manage their own affairs, and often the affairs of the university, quite a bit more sensibly than the bureaucrats, or industrialists, who manage them now. He does not suggest any radical transference of decision-making power from bureaucrat to student, but he does favor an explicit and serious consideration of student ideas and interests in the exercise of that power.

When serious consideration is given to the actual accomplishments of students in developing new educational programs and in accepting responsibility for administering student affairs and educational policy, it becomes natural to assume that they should be represented in the membership of boards of trustees, of administrative and faculty committees and in all the sectors of educational policy in the governance of the college and the university.

As Taylor points out, a great deal of this is already under way, and although few, if any, universities have given full trustee power to undergraduates, several of the more adventurous (and prestigious) universities have made full use of student opinions and recommendations in devising new patterns of instruction, disassembling obsolete living arrangements, and so on.

No American college has gone as far as Berlin's Freie Universität, where the admission program is almost entirely in the hands of undergraduates, but the idea isn't a bad one. Such a system would not, to be sure, make the scientifically controlled distinctions now applied to high school students seeking access to our grandest institutions. But these institutions are undermining the logic

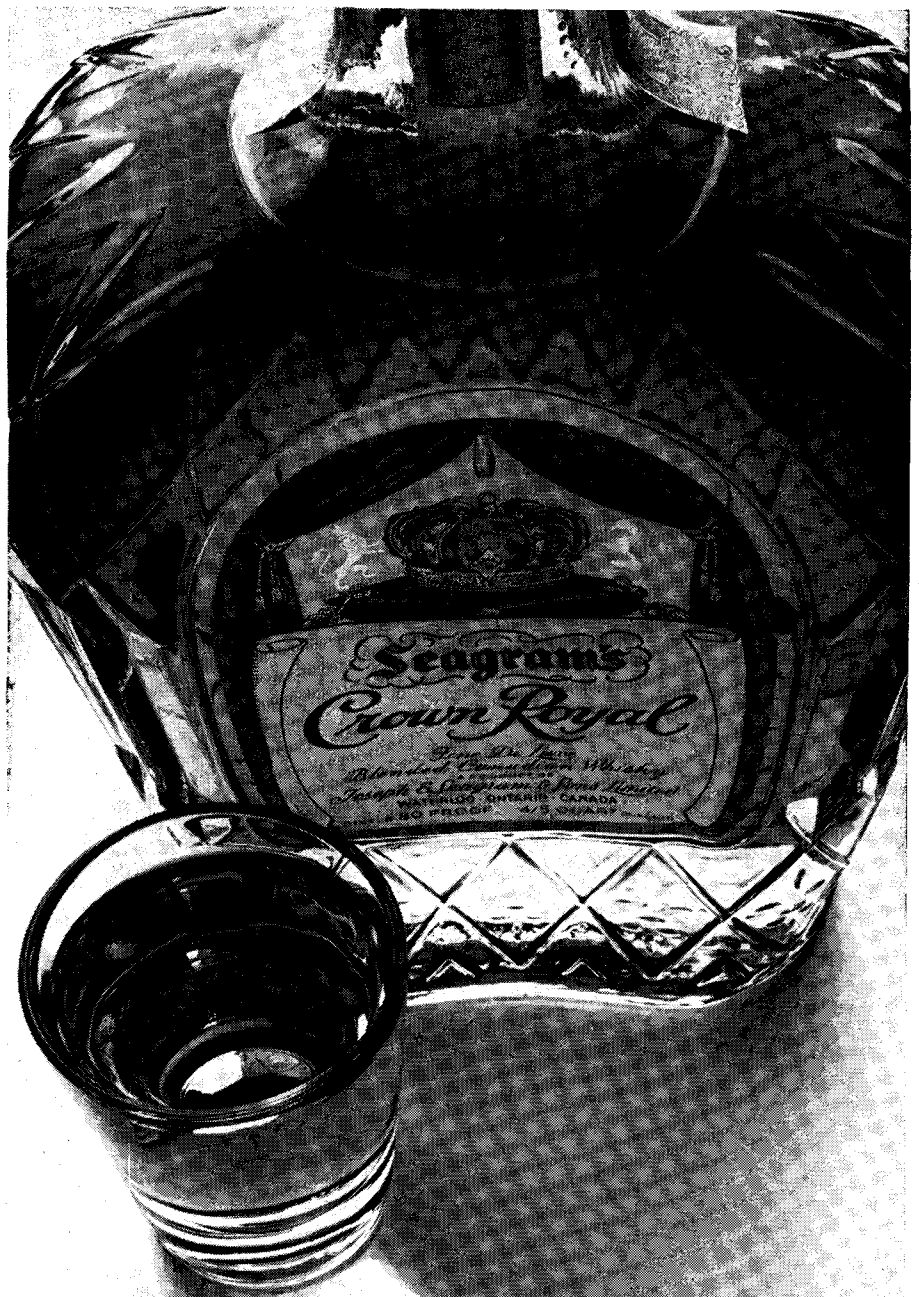


want (demand) a curriculum "relevant" to their needs should read Mr. Taylor's explanation with care. For years, black students have been kept out of our universities on grounds that they did not meet the competitive, and rising, admissions standards set by the universities in order to improve, so to speak, their stock. Having magnanimously lowered, or artificially restructured, those admissions barriers, most universities and colleges find themselves saddled with increasing numbers of hostile black students who resist the notion that they are failures because

of their own system of selection by conceding that there are social values at stake so important that they justify the admission of black or other distinct minority groups who do not meet typical admission standards. Anyone familiar with the elaborate staff structures and vaguely scientific rationalizations embraced by most sophisticated university admissions offices must wonder if the system hasn't created—and now fights to preserve—its own self-interested momentum.

What is worth noting about the university's reviving interest in "underqualified" candidates for admission is that it meshes so smoothly with the principles of the Morrill Land Grant Acts of 1862—which provided public funds for the construction of vocational colleges in every state, and has sustained, through the years, such universities as California, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, and Cornell. If we really believe in the value of education for all, Taylor's arguments strongly imply, then we can hardly justify an educational system that is imitative of the elitist university systems of nineteenth-century Germany (the Humboldt model), or aristocratic Britain (the Oxford and Cambridge model). An imitative tendency, one might add, that applies as well—though with lower standards and expectations—to large state universities as to privately endowed outposts of privilege. And while it is true that rejection of the elitist model has been accepted most enthusiastically at small, innovative institutions like Reed, Antioch, Bard, Sarah Lawrence, or St. John's (Annapolis), it is significant that "internal," or experimental, colleges of the type Taylor most strongly recommends have been attempted at some of the largest universities—Michigan, Wayne State, Berkeley, and elsewhere.

Those who defend the modern university against the bruising attacks of student rebels seem invariably to fall back upon this elitist tradition, and in doing so unavoidably miss the point of the protest. Even the evidence provided by the Stanford psychologist Nevitt Sanford, that student radicals tend to be highly motivated, above-average students, fails to sway the defenders of academic dignity from their conviction that universities are, and must



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remain, protected sanctuaries of reflective enlightenment, free from the impulse to action and the impetuosity of bohemian rebels.

For all his energetic proselytizing on behalf of student initiative, Taylor is no fool about the political and educational dynamics of student radicalism:

That the new breed of militant blacks and whites among the students is difficult to educate and is often disruptive is not in question. Among other things, many of them are intolerant of all views contrary to their own, contemptuous of the democratic process when it is applied to their place in the society or in the university. But until some better procedures than those presently in existence are made for students to take part in the decisions of university policy, whether in matters of curriculum, social action, or political freedom, it is impossible to arrange an educational program which can accommodate itself to their militancy while providing for their education. The test of the worth of radical ideas, outside or inside the university, lies ultimately in their power to generate change. If university policy is made through a series of unilateral acts by the faculty and administrative officers, or by boards of trustees and regents, *either as a way of placating militants or as a way of repressing their efforts to effect change* [italics added], the ideas themselves have little chance to be considered on their merits.

Taylor penetrates shrewdly through the tactical maze that is now a familiar pattern on many university campuses.

If student action is a way of seeking out and testing the authenticity of belief and honesty of motive in the response of educators, the educators who proclaim no principles other than those of law and order become vulnerable to continuing attack, since they do not understand the nature of their test. Conciliation on their part is seen by the tactical militants as a sign of weakness. So is the use of police power. The rest of the students and the faculty, whose decent opinion the militants must have if their actions are to be successful, then become the judges and final arbiters of the conduct of the educators.

The Taylor approach is humane, sensible, and above all serious. But what, depriving himself of either conciliation or police power, is a university administrator to do, with

a howling mob smoking his cigars, manning his telephone switchboard, occupying his offices, and declaring his building a monument to the wisdom of Che Guevara? The dilemma, Taylor would say, is the price of indolence. And there is probably no way to escape it without bruises all around. The students, faculty, and administrators at Berkeley, Columbia, Chicago, Wisconsin, Cornell, and San Francisco State would surely agree.

The disturbing question that remains is whether the best and proudest of our universities can contain this explosion of virtuosity, or whether the "bruises all around" will

permanently damage the potential for humanist progress in these institutions. Taylor is more sanguine than many of his contemporaries, and he will no doubt be accused of foolishness by critics who object to the revolutionary style as impious and offensive to the tradition of liberal democracy.

There will be other objections to his book, which is earnest, often drastically overwritten, unpredictably organized, and occasionally unfathomable. But no one has written in such detail, or with such shrewdness, about what it means to "take students seriously," in the American university today.

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

To one who has been long in city pent, 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair/And open face of heaven,—
So begins one of the earliest sonnets by young John Keats, "written," as his brother George tells us, "in the Fields, June 1816." (Napoleon on Saint Helena and England at last at peace.) The impulse that stirred the twenty-year-old poet will be stirred

ets, the pond, the upland slopes of her Ohio farm, through the cycle of the seasons. This is the America we see but too seldom appreciate.

It seems amazing that she has such minute access to stones, clay, and insects, wild flowers, birds, and the animals she cultivates as neighbors, but there is the knowledge of twenty-five years compressed into a single calendar with the aid of her allies, her husband and children. It is a warring world she watches, a struggle for survival with little armistice, in which her sympathies are often on the losing side, as when she watches the young opossum casing their yard for scraps in the false thaw of January: "He tried to climb the pipe of the bird feeder, embracing the slick cold pipe with his little arms, hunching upward like an inchworm, only to slide backward and bump down." Later the harsh March chill closes down like "some ghastly gothic joke that's played each year." Then comes the armistice of April: she records the lady beetles, feasting and multiplying on the aphids ("the possible birth of one billion aphids is drowned in a little bug less than six millimeters long"), and there is Chaucer in her imagery—"this fresh April world, the smell of broken mint, the violets moving in the morning breeze, the trilling sounds of wrens before the day has brought their spirits down." In May comes the marriage ritual

The Inland Island
by Josephine W. Johnson
(Simon and Schuster, \$5.00)

A Set of Variations
by Frank O'Connor
(Knopf, \$6.95)

Road to Ruin
by A. Q. Mowbray
(Lippincott, \$5.95)

The Love Object
by Edna O'Brien
(Knopf, \$4.95)

in any reader of *The Inland Island* by Josephine W. Johnson, an awakening book for the quiet mind and insurgent spirit. Naturalist, novelist, and housewife, who was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for her lyrical *Now in November*, Miss Johnson directs the mind's eye to the beauty and significance of the ordinary things that are transpiring on her home acres, in the woods, the thick-

of the squirrels, the dazzle of the migrants descending on the bird feeder, and after dusk, from the woods "a terrible bird-screaming sound that went on and on in the most awful despair. I could not see anything. I could only place the sound as being from a crow—a young crow caught by an owl and carried across the stream. There was a horrible gulching sound, and the screaming stopped."

There was one extraordinary summer—the animal summer, the children called it, when after dark they set up a red light outside ("the cones and rods of animals' eyes cannot detect red light"), and along the eerie path came first the raccoons, then the opossums, then the graceful gray foxes to feed out of the bowls in turn. Throughout, her reverie is punctuated now by a brusque encounter with Old Tom, who comes to scythe the cocklebur, now by her running fight with the tent caterpillars, or by her poem to September while she is searching for deer; then as accusingly as Thoreau she breaks off to inveigh against the torment in Vietnam: "Our wars in which we use the bodies of burned children to ward off our childish nightmares of a Communist world. Our war for democracy in which we blind, burn, starve, and cripple children so that they may vote at twenty-one."

These alternating moods of self-examination are what gives the book its extra strength.

Although Frank O'Connor lived much of his mature life in America, his art remained in Ireland. He is one of the finest short-story writers of this century, and almost without exception the best of his tales were set in Cork or Dublin and the villages thereby. *A Set of Variations* is a posthumous volume, a rich assortment of twenty-seven stories which have been edited by his widow, Harriet O'Donovan; and in her introduction she explains her diffidence, not in making her selection of the pieces, which, as she rightly says, "are pure O'Connor," but in attempting their arrangement. It was, she tells us, her husband's aim to give a book of stories "a feeling of being a unity rather than a grab bag of miscellany. He believed that stories, if arranged in an 'ideal ambience,' could strengthen and illu-

minate each other." O'Connor revised his stories endlessly, and when he had enough for a new book, he would sort them out in order—and then rewrite each one so that it would enhance the next.

In the bony structure of his stories he much preferred the long view. Not for him a short series of related episodes with a surprise ending; O'Connor respected the unity of place, but the unity of time he stretched to the limit. It was as if in each story he was skipping a flat stone across a small pond; with each skip years elapse, and when finally the stone sinks, the reader knows all: the people so deftly brought to life will go right on living, but their fate will not change.

In one of the best of the new stories in the collection, a story entitled "The American Wife," Elsie Colleary comes to visit her cousins in Cork, and one sees how pushing she is in these few words: "She stood out at the Collearys' quiet little parties, with her high waist and wide skirts, taking the men out to sit on the stairs while she argued with them about religion and politics. Women having occasion to go upstairs thought this very forward, but some of the men found it a pleasant relief. Besides, like all Americans, she was probably a millionaire, and the most unworldly of men can get a kick out of flirting with a real millionaire." Elsie sets her cap for Tom Barry, who has a small job at the courthouse and a widowed mother and two sisters to look after, and though the odds are against it, she marries him. But Cork cannot contain her; twice she returns to New York, and the third time, when she takes the two boys, the stone sinks and one knows she will never return. The tragedy, of course, is in what happens to Tom.

The themes we have long associated with Ireland are all here: the bleeding away of a young man's bright hope, the late marriage, or the love never satisfied, the solace and comfort of those who take to the enclosed order, the spirit which animates a great doctor in a poverty-stricken clinic, the clinging demands of the elderly, the liberation and the bane of liquor. It is part of O'Connor's genius that he presents these situations not with derision but with sympathy, as an affair of the heart in conflict with itself; and

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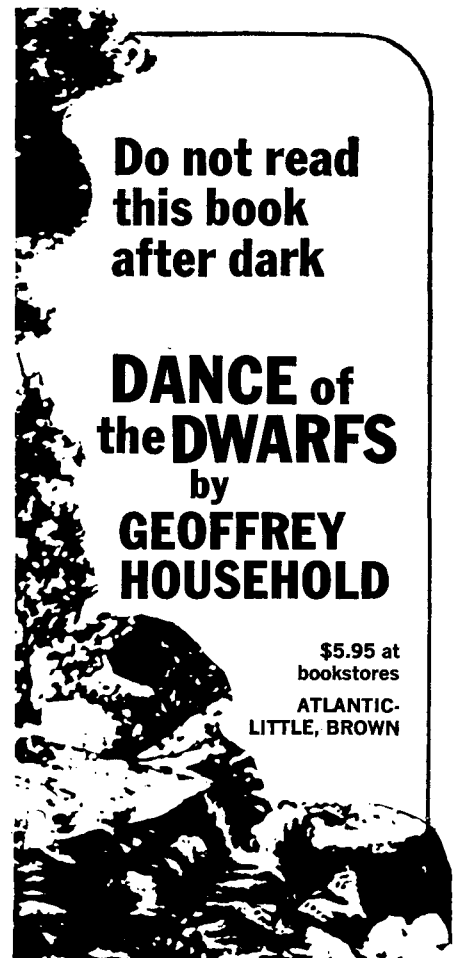
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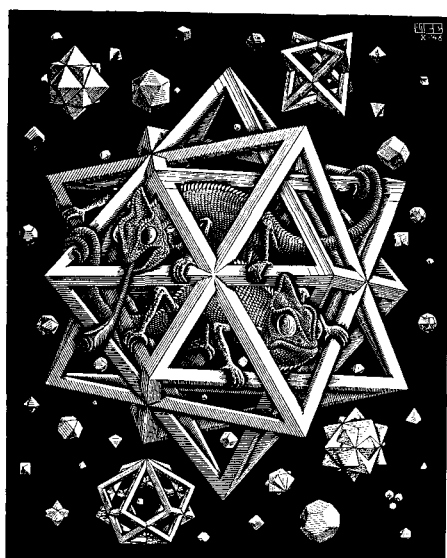


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it is another part of his genius that his people walk into our imagination with that same unpretentious homeliness of the Irish Players. These are deceptively simple folk, and in telling of them, Mr. O'Connor packs insight into a very few words as, for instance, "an old doctor called Pat Duane, a small, round, red-faced man with an old-fashioned choker collar and a wonderful soupy bedside manner." It is the naturalness with which they live and love, and, so many of them, fail, that makes us care for them.

The forces supporting the highway engineers form the second most powerful lobby in the nation. Their philosophy, summed up in the words of an opponent, Richard Stoddart of Cleveland, presupposes "that everybody is going to be able to drive anywhere they want to in 1990." Detroit, the tire companies, and the oil and asphalt interests are the allies, and their strongest proponent is John C. Kluczynski, congressman from Illinois, chairman of the Subcommittee on Roads in the Public Works Committee, and one of the most ruthless drivers in Washington. His slogan is simple, "We want more roads," by which of course he means more unrestricted freeways. The tyranny of the automobile dictatorship and what it has already cost the country form the substance of a well-documented tirade, *Road to Ruin*, by A. Q. Mowbray.

No community is immune. In every metropolis the freeways have intensified the problem of downtown parking. Philadelphia, which for more than a decade has been clearing up the old city, estimates

that by 1970 it will need more than 6000 additional spaces in the downtown core as compared with 3000 in 1960. Victor Gruen, studying the auto-erosion in Rochester, New York, wrote, "When photographed from the air, the core area of Rochester appeared like a sea of asphalt and automobile tin roofs, from which rose, in island-like fashion, some structures holding out against the surf of slowly but incessantly moving waves of automotive traffic." (It is estimated that 80 percent of the airborne garbage comes from the exhausts of automobiles.) Milwaukee after a bitter fight lost Juneau Park and Lagoon to a six-lane freeway; Interstate 95 mutilates what was once a beautiful park along Brandywine creek in Wilmington; and Tarrytown has been losing its fight to protect the historic eastern shoreline against the Hudson River Expressway. Even in our national capital, freeways have been rammed through despite the opposition of the mayor of Washington and the resentment of the displaced citizens. Our National Parks are increasingly invaded, and those who cry out in opposition are automatically branded as "the hysterical minority." The automobile is taking over man and nature, and to the autointoxicated czars, this is the way it should be.

Cleveland is one of the few areas that seem to be holding their own, and Cleveland is the only city in the United States which has built a new rail transport from the core to the airport. The revival of the rapid transit is certainly one way to curb the automobile contamination. And in London they are studying others, such as charging tolls to the cars entering the congested city. Our courts are getting into the fight. In 1968 a New York businessman who had built a retreat in the Adirondacks sued the state when his domain was invaded by a six-lane highway. Judge Kenneth Keating, formerly of the Senate, awarded him \$37,000 and in his judgment deplored the damage wrought by highway construction "to the quiet beauty of many once remote and inaccessible areas, as well as the intrusion of the seemingly endless lines of asphalt and concrete. . . ." Whether the Secretary of Transportation and the aroused citizenry can slow down this rampage is the question.

The Love Object by Edna O'Brien is a sequence of eight stories, five of which appeared in the *New Yorker*, and all of which have as an overriding theme the obsession which drives people toward what they crave. What they want is momentary, and in most cases, disastrous.

The first story is laid in London and the last in an ostentatious multimillionaire establishment—it could be a Greek island or Monte Carlo; both are about the enslavement to sex, and in each the woman is the victim. The first, the title story, is the more poignant; the infatuation of Martha, the narrator, and the progression of her affair in sensual, sophisticated detail from desire to despair, are skillfully portrayed. Of the stories in more humble circumstances, my vote goes to "Irish Revel," in which the efforts of an attractive colleen to escape the drudgery of a mountain farm for at least one night of high jinks are dashed with ironic and photographic realism. Miss O'Brien has the tendency to crowd her canvas and at times to condescend to her characters, but in "Irish Revel" every episode rings true, and together they add up to a laughable denouement.

The Writers

Charles Nicol teaches English at Indiana State University, Terre Haute.

Yorick Blumenfeld, an American writer living in London, is the author of *Seesaw*.

C. Michael Curtis, an editor of the *Atlantic*, is a frequent contributor to the *New Republic*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and other journals.

Edward Weeks, formerly editor in chief of this journal, is a senior editor of the *Atlantic Monthly Press*.

Dan Wakefield is the author of *Supernation at Peace and War*.

Robert Evett is an editor of the *Atlantic* and a composer.

Herbert Kupferberg and Phoebe Adams appear in these pages every month.

American Close-ups

by Dan Wakefield

I would guess that for many of us the term "documentary film" has a dull, "educational" connotation, bringing to mind stuffy high school rooms with the blinds drawn and a movie screen set up in front of the blackboard, showing farmers picking some crop and trucks taking it to factories and great machines making it into products that are shipped to

Salesman
directed by
Albert and David Maysles
(Maysles Films, Inc.)

High School
directed by
Frederick Wiseman
(OSTI, Inc.)

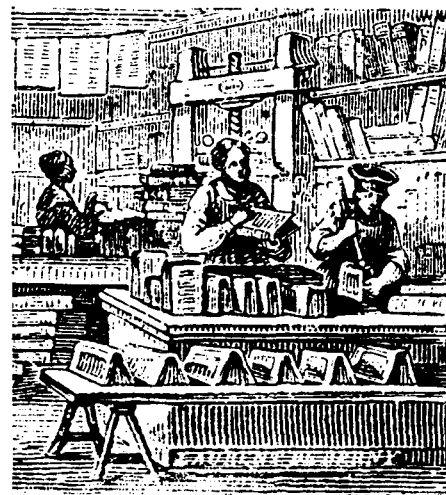
market, while a voice that sounds like God tells us what is happening and reminds us how dependent our entire civilization is on the lowly soybean. Or perhaps we think of those "TV documentaries" in which the great networks display their social responsibility by showing poor people being exploited or discriminated against or hooked on dope, while a voice like that of Edward R. Murrow, or one of his heirs, tells us how awful it is.

Neither of those conceptions serves to convey the form or feel of two new movies I have seen which nevertheless fall under the general category of "documentary," in that they do not use professional actors, but show people going about the activities of their daily lives, not talking from a script or out of a dramatic improvisation, but speaking from the ordinary demands of the job or amusement in which they would anyway be involved. One of the movies is called *Salesman*, and it shows four Boston-based door-to-door Bible salesmen as they make their calls, attend sales meetings, and attempt to relax after work, playing cards or telling stories. The other movie is *High School*, which shows students and teachers in classes, conferences, and extracurricular activi-

ties as they take place in a particular American high school. The seemingly mundane nature of the subjects is, in fact, part of the fascination of the two films, for they portray aspects of American life that are rarely treated in any media because they are neither "newsworthy" nor, even on the surface, "controversial," and yet tell more about the nature of our society in a personal, immediate manner than any recent documents I have seen of any kind, whether in the form of film, novel, or journalism.

Both films were made on relatively small budgets, with the most unobtrusive of equipment, a handheld camera and a handheld sound system, ingredients that might qualify them for the fashionable, fine-art category of *cinéma vérité*. But the makers of both films, with justification I think, prefer not to pin that label on their work. That style, known to its "in" practitioners as "Cin-Vert," brings to mind its own cliché connotations, which include a shakily held camera jerking all over the place, rough home-movie type editing, and an inaudible sound track. These two movies have no such amateur-art features, but are professional in the sense that their makers are good craftsmen as well as good artists, and consistently avoid the obscurity and boredom that so often are used as the avant-garde rationale for incompetence and lack of imagination.

Albert and David Maysles, the two brothers who made *Salesman*, have had wide experience in journalistic filming (their most notable previous joint venture is a film portrait of the producer Joe Levine called *Showman*) and have obviously thought a good deal about the form they are working in. In a background release about their film, they use as epigraphs for the project two quotations that are probably supposed to give artistic justification to it, but which I think are not only unnecessary (the film is its own justification) but also misleading. They quote the Italian screenwriter who



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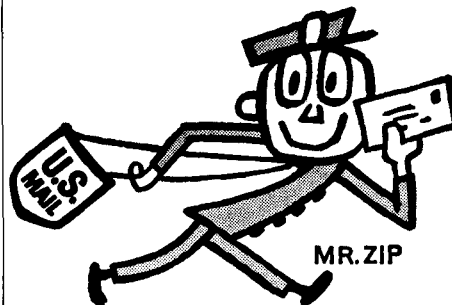
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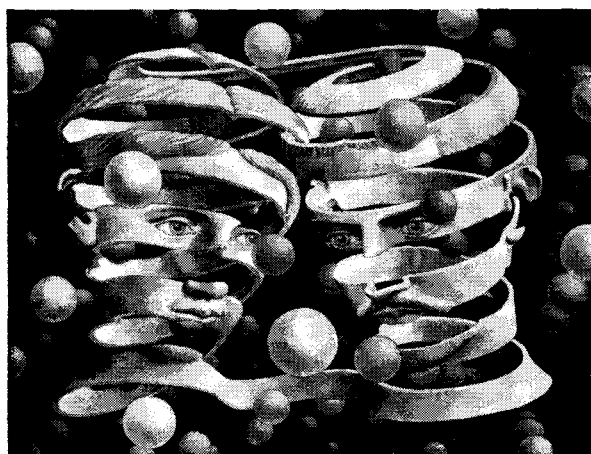
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wrote *Bicycle Thief* to the effect that "the time will come when we shall go to see what a man does in his minute daily actions, and to demonstrate the same kind of interest which the Greeks had in going to their dramas." This sounds more like an argument for the type of Andy Warhol films that show a pretty girl eating a candy bar for hours on end—the theory that anything that happens is beautiful and significant because it happens—and this is not the



sort of thing that the Maysles are doing at all in *Salesman*. They also quote Francis Bacon that "the contemplation of things as they are, without error or confusion, without substitution or imposture, is in itself a nobler thing than a whole harvest of invention." As "noble" as that concept may be, it never works, the best illustration being that even in written journalism or nonfiction there has to be selection, there has to be "imposture"; the facts must be ordered and shaped in some manner, whether we are speaking of the starkest wire-service dispatch or of James Agee's eloquent and complex "documentary" of the sharecroppers, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*.

The Maysles brothers have certainly imposed such order and selection in the making of their own film, which was edited from six weeks of shooting into an artful, engrossing ninety-minute movie, which beautifully and painfully portrays the humor, hopes, frustrations, dreams, fears, triumphs, and defeats of four men who make a living selling Bibles from door to door. In the process it conveys an enormous amount about the quality of life of their customers, who are the ordinarily unseen Americans scraping

along as best they know how in a burdened, confusing, monotonous, often lonely existence.

There is no omnipotent, unseen narrator, but only the voices of the salesmen and their customers and bosses, and their dialogue needs no underscoring or elaboration. The tough district sales manager of the Bible company, who looks and sounds a little like a Southern sheriff, goads and extols and bullies his charges, remarking over breakfast to a harried salesman who is in a bad slump, "You eat like you're successful"; and, after chewing out the less successful sellers at a meeting, says almost to himself, with great conviction, "I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired." But there is little relief in sight, either for him or the trudging salesman or the people they visit—the ladies with their hair in curlers, the men in undershirts, the lonely

widows, the squalling kids, the indomitably hopeful, frightened, suspicious, trusting, and surely brave human beings whom they find behind the doors of all the little houses halfway up in the next block. Our neighbors; us.

Through a different style and with a different subject, *High School* conveys the same sort of convincing, personal sense of dramatic revelation that "this is how it is" with the real lives of a whole group of Americans—the teen-agers, and their teachers, counselors, and parents. Frederick Wiseman has used the same technique and approach in making *High School* as he did in his powerful film about a hospital for the criminally insane, *Titicut Follies*, which has won international acclaim and top prizes for film festivals throughout Europe (though it still is banned in Massachusetts, pending an appeal in the courts at the time of this writing). Wiseman uses no narration but depends on the voices of the people being filmed, nor does he employ the narrative aid of picking out one or more people who serve as "main characters" to be followed through the film. Shifting from scene to scene in a kind of moving montage, the high school it-

self becomes the "main character" in the sense that an unseen God was a character in some nineteenth-century novels—indescribable, all-powerful, speaking only through his servants (in this case the teachers and administrators).

Watching classes and counseling sessions, sports and fashion shows, and informal discussions, what slowly, mountingly becomes clear is that the real, underlying subject the high school is teaching is not French or typing or sociology, but what in its own words might be called "good citizenship," which means doing what you are told, respecting authority for authority's sake (this includes all elders in or out of home or school), behaving and dressing and thinking like "everyone else."

A boy pleading innocent to a disciplinary charge is persuaded to take his punitive "detention" period in order to show that he is mature; a girl who wants to wear a short dress to the senior prom is told that she would "offend" people, and that being "individualistic" is all right, of course, but there is a time and place for it—evidently not in this life. A boy with long hair tells how an administrator calls him in and criticizes him for not "looking like a Northeaster." (Northeast is the name of the high school.) These incidents occur naturally throughout the busy activities of classroom and extracurricular involvements and almost unconsciously continue to build, then gather and drop like a bomb in the final scene. This last episode is a faculty meeting where a lady teacher reads a letter from a former student who is now serving in Vietnam and is about to parachute behind the DMZ; he writes to thank his teachers and the school and says some people may not understand why he is risking his life to do what he is doing, but he thinks it is right, and besides he understands that "I'm only a body anyway." The teacher beams with pride and says she is sure the faculty agrees with her that in the case of this boy, "Northeast has been successful."

There is as yet no adequate categorization for these two powerful and absorbing movies, and I personally prefer to think of them as poems. But then that's the way I think of Agee's *Famous Men* and Orwell's *Road to Wigan Pier*.

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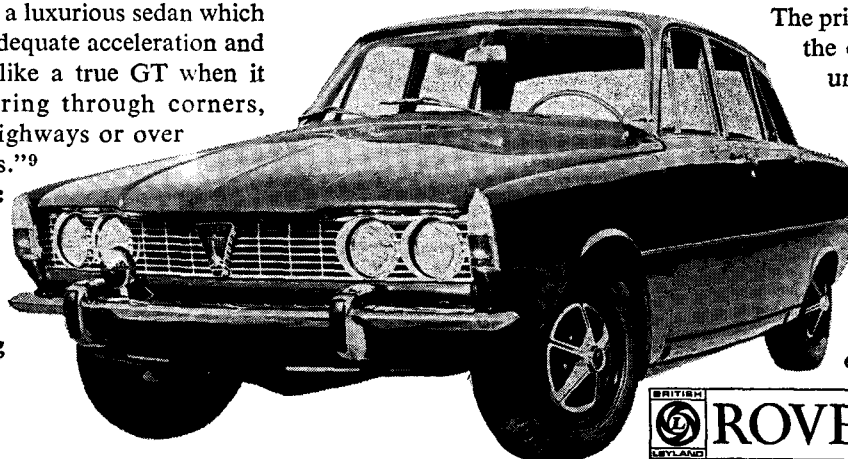
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Shadow and Substance in Ives

by Robert Evett

When Charles Ives died fifteen years ago, at the age of eighty, he was the center of a flourishing fan club which had already been growing for some years. I had assumed that his lifework was too fragile a structure to support anything as cumbersome as the Ives cult as we now have it. No one could have been more mistaken. The cult has grown, and so has the demand for Ives's music. The current issue of the *Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog* lists more than fifty titles, many of them in several readings. All of the symphonies, all of the violin sonatas, both quartets, all of the piano music, and representative examples of the choral and orchestral music are available. Still waiting for thorough treatment is his vast song literature.

Since Ives himself was an iconoclast and the enemy of accepted opinion, it is an irony that his reputation was in large measure created,

and is now being protected, by a goon-squad of academicians who confuse his originality with greatness, and to whom the suggestion that this greatness is not uniform throughout his canon comes as an insupportable affront. The literary critic Richard Freedman once wrote that "Ives was our best—some would say only—composer." A provocative remark. Now, Mr. Freedman is a professor of English at Simmons College, and how this position gives him the cachet to lay down the law with this authority and assurance I don't know, but since his is a typical observation, it would be good to know what Freedman means by "best."

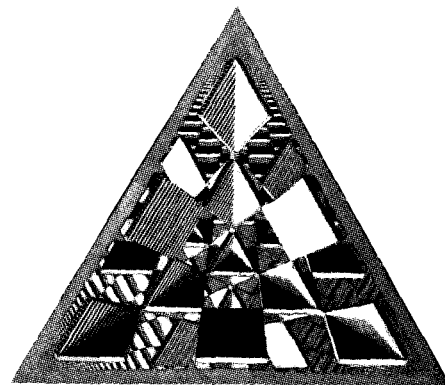
"Original," "great," "important"? These are useful words, but they are not interchangeable and must be handled with care. Ives was an *original*: an innovator, a man of large imagination, but also an eccentric, a crank, a loner. As the pianist John Kirkpatrick points out, Ives's musical testament is, in effect, his diary. It is the figure that comes through as compelling. To apply the term "great" to the music is to introduce a battery of conceptions, most of them tied to virtuosity and top-level professionalism, that simply don't work for Ives. The man was an amateur.

"Amateur" is another loaded word; but Ives is to Mozart what Grandma Moses is to Fragonard. This should be perfectly obvious. Is it all that painful to see it spelled out? If Ives had not clung so desperately to his amateur status, he would very likely have been as polite and nearly forgotten as his older contemporaries Edward MacDowell and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Part of his crankiness and surely all of his celebrated experiments in sonority, rhythm, and tonal relationships depended on a freedom from professional commitments.

In fairness, it should be pointed out that not all of the major figures in the arts in the United States have been technical virtuosos. Emily Dickinson, for instance, made do

very well with simple rhyme schemes and a very primitive metrical system. As for Melville, he seems to have had a great deal of trouble making words do what he wanted them to do—witness the incredibly messed-up condition in which he left *Billy Budd*. In Ives, where the technique is often quite complicated, part of the fascination is in watching the man struggle with his materials.

Ives said some dreadful things about sound. In one essay, he



claimed that any one of his several admittedly unsingable songs had a right to a life of its own on the page, and again he asked, "My God! What has sound got to do with music?" One would think that a musician with such strong reservations about the importance of sound would have done better to go into another line of work—and Ives did this too, when he went into the insurance business with such great success. When he was writing music (and he stopped in 1923), the manuscripts were going directly to the trunk, where they stayed. A composer who was not accustomed to hearing his own work performed might very well feel freer about what he wrote than a man working against a deadline. At the same time, a composer inexperienced at hearing his own music—especially the orchestral stuff—could be expected to be either shy or rambunctious in a haphazard way, as Ives was in his orchestra scores.

The result is that, taken piece by piece and out of the context of the life which, as Kirkpatrick suggests, makes it all meaningful, Ives's music falls into three categories, which are not chronological and not necessarily consistent within a single work:

1. Pieces within the framework of the musical tradition as Ives knew it. One of these, the song "Charlie Rutlage," is completely successful.

Ives Recordings of special value

The Complete Works for Piano
Alan Mandel, pianist
(Desto)

Symphony No. 3
with short orchestral pieces
Leonard Bernstein
New York Philharmonic
(Columbia)

Symphony No. 4
Stokowski, Katz, and Serebier
American Symphony Orchestra
and Schola Cantorum
(Columbia)

The Concord Sonata
John Kirkpatrick
(Columbia)

Harvest Home Chorales
and other choral pieces
Ithaca College Concert Choir
Gregg Smith, conductor
(Columbia)

The Third Symphony, which took the Pulitzer Prize in 1947 (though it had been written several decades earlier), is more characteristic because it is flawed by shabby orchestration, much as the First Piano Sonata is damaged by cloying *fin de siècle* parlor harmony. Many of the best pieces in this category are the choral works.

2. The *jeux d'esprit*. Ives's jokes are often coarse and usually grow out of raising hell with familiar tunes—motives from Beethoven in the *Concord* Sonata, "Shall We Gather at the River?" in the Fourth Violin Sonata and elsewhere, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" in the Second Symphony and countless other pieces. This is good-tempered music. It's one thing not to *like* it and another not to *get* it. What's not to like?

3. Experimental works. Quite early on, in his light music, Ives achieved otherwise unobtainable effects by writing in two keys at once, as Bach had done (seriously) in the opening chorus of the *St. Matthew Passion* and as Mozart had done in *A Musical Joke*. Stravinsky used this device in *Petrouchka*, and because Ives had used it earlier, there is a suggestion that Ives's crystal ball was an unusually bright one. There are also pieces in which Ives, by using the twelve tones of the chromatic scale in an arbitrary sequence, anticipates serial and note-row composition (as Chopin did in the E major étude), and in which his rhythmic and metrical structures look forward to Bartók or backward to Gregorian chant, depending on which way you are facing. Since these innovations and what followed them in the work of other composers have so long ago been assimilated into the common experience, nobody but a historian with an eye to the calendar has the emotional equipment to deal with their significance as Ives himself would have felt them. For the ordinary listener, Ives at his wildest tends to sound like MacDowell with a lot of wrong notes.

In point of style, Ives lived off the land, which is why he sounds so much like a man of his time: American, pre-World War I. William Austin, in his book *Music in the Twentieth Century*, develops the ingenious theory (supported by quotations from the composer's essays) that Ives was concerned with "sub-

stance" rather than what he called "manner." High style, in fact, could deafen him to the substance of music. He wrote:

We might offer the suggestion that Debussy's content would have been worthier of his manner, if he had hoed corn or sold newspapers for a living, for in this way he might have gained a deeper vitality and a truer theme to sing at night and of a Sunday.

In fact, it would be easy to damn Ives entirely on the basis of his irresponsible essays, without taking the precaution of listening to his music. But, as Austin says, "Without the

prose, much of the music fails to make any clear effect." Austin goes on to say:

To guess what Ives is getting at in his sonatas and symphonies, it is essential to recognize the tunes he quoted, especially from popular church music, but also from dance music and military band music. It is desirable to know the texts and to sympathize with their meanings in the small towns and countryside of America.

One's acceptance of Ives and his work depends, largely, on the ability to make a judgment in which the sound of sound does not count.

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Short Reviews: Records

by Herbert Kupferberg

Brahms: Violin Sonatas Nos. 1, 2, and 3 (*Josef Suk, violin, and Julius Katchen, piano; London CS-6549*). Beautiful playing, bright sound, and all three sonatas on one record.

Bononcini: Griselda; Graun: Montezuma (*Joan Sutherland and friends; London OSA-1270: two records*). Sutherland's fluty tones provide an excellent excuse for exhuming two baroque operas, at least in excerpt form. There's much charm in each, especially Karl Heinrich Graun's naïvely delightful depiction of the conquest of Mexico.

Classic American Short Stories (*Readings by Hurd Hatfield, Arthur Luce Klein, Alexander Scourby, Hiram Sherman and others; Spoken Arts SA-3001: ten records*). Tales by Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and O. Henry, all delivered with clarity and a fine sense of suspense. Who knows, you may never have to read a book again.

Liszt: A Faust Symphony (*Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London CSA-2221: two records*). Ansermet's contribution is clarity and lightness, but it is made at the cost of dramatic impact. Try Bernstein (*Columbia M2S-699*).

A John McCormack Collection (*RCA Victorla VIC-1393*). Not the Irish salon stuff, but arias and duets from *Semele*, *Pearl Fishers*, *Daughter of the Regiment*, and even *Meistersinger*. Remarkable singing; something not to be missed.

Mozart: Così fan tutte (*Price, Troyanos, Raskin, Milnes, Shirley, Flagello, Leinsdorf conducting New Philharmonia; RCA LSC-6416: four records*). Though marred by some lumpish vocal clowning at the start, this set offers warmly beautiful singing, exquisite orchestral playing, and the restoration of several invariably omitted arias. Just about the best of the modern *Così*'s.

Francis Planté: The Issued Recordings (*International Piano Library IPL-101*). Planté was a nineteenth-century French virtuoso famous for his pro-

digious performances. These recordings were made in 1928 when he was an old man (he died at ninety-five), but they show plenty of verve and vitality, even when the notes get hashed up, as they occasionally do. Pieces by Gluck, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and others; pretty good sound, all things considered.

Satie: Parade and other works (*two versions: Manuel Rosenthal conducting French National Radio Orchestra on Everest 3234, and Louis Auriacombe conducting Paris Conservatoire Orchestra on Angel S-36486*). Angel's sound has more warmth, but Rosenthal's performance for Everest has incomparably more life and gets far more fun out of the sound effects (typewriter, siren, and so on).

Soler: Six Double Concertos for Two Organs (*E. Power Biggs and Daniel Pinkham; Columbia MS-7174*). Gaity, grace, cheeriness—all are in this eighteenth-century Spanish music. Evidently life occasionally did become lighthearted at the Escorial, where these pieces were originally played. The Biggs-Pinkham team manages to toss them off with brio and bounce.

Strauss: Don Juan; final scene from Salome (*Fritz Reiner and Chicago Symphony, Inge Borkh; RCA Victorla VICS-1392*). A Reiner sound spectacular, which somehow had to wait a long time for release. It's worth hearing, though Borkh is a steely Salome rather than a sensuous one.

Strauss: Also sprach Zarathustra (*Zubin Mehta and Los Angeles Philharmonic; London CS-6609*). Absolutely stunning as sheer sound, especially that 2001: *A Space Odyssey* opening.

Stravinsky: Firebird: Suite; Bartok: Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta (*Pierre Boulez and BBC Symphony Orchestra; Columbia MS-7206*). Another extraordinary performance by Boulez, this time with a strong rhythmic underpinning lending fresh interest to the two works.

The Unicorn (*Unnamed chorus conducted by Charles R. Grean; RCA Camden CAS-1103*). Technically a children's record, but elders drifting by can find fun in it too. Deft arrangements and straightforward singing of

"The Unicorn," "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," "Horace the Horse," "Happiness Is," and similar entertaining diversions.

Verdi: La Traviata (*Highlights in German with Hilde Gueden, Fritz Wunderlich, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Bavarian Symphony Orchestra; Heliodor HS-25088*). The language, of course, is unsuitable, but the singing is pretty awful too. If this is how Verdi is done in Germany, his popularity there is astounding.

Wolf: String Quartet in D Minor (*Lassalle Quartet; Deutsche Grammophon 139376*). Hugo Wolf's quartet is an early work, with its dullness only occasionally relieved by an original harmonic touch. Fortunately, he shifted to songwriting.

Short Reviews: Books

by Phoebe Adams

Witchcraft at Salem by Chadwick Hansen. Braziller, \$6.95. Professor Hansen proposes to correct what he believes are widespread misconceptions about the role of the clergy in the Salem witch trials. A quick local survey reveals that what is widespread is not misconception but candid, cheerful, total ignorance, which this serviceable book can readily dispel. Notwithstanding the dire hints put about by his publisher, Mr. Hansen is not claiming there was an active coven behind every bayberry bush on the North Shore.

Obscenity and Public Morality by Harry M. Clor. University of Chicago, \$9.50. After much learned explication, the author, associate professor of political science at Kenyon College, comes on strong for censorship for all the same old reasons.

The Complete Poems by Elizabeth Bishop. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$7.50. It is to be hoped that the word "complete" does not mean that Miss Bishop is really quitting poetry.

Sanctity or There's No Such Thing As a Naked Sailor by Dennis Selby. Simon and Schuster, \$4.95. Give a computer a list of currently profitable literary fads—tough private detective, homosexual intrigue, Gothic revival, Zen, black humor—and it would grind out

something like this conglomerate novel. Do it better, too.

The Artist As Critic: Critical Writings of Oscar Wilde, edited by Richard Ellmann. Random House, \$10.00. His book reviews and occasional pieces prove that while Wilde could be superbly malicious with fatheads, he was a generous and painstaking critic, quick to find merit and delighted to announce the discovery. It is easy to damn a book amusingly. Wilde could praise amusingly, a rare and difficult trick.

Picturesque Itinerary of the Hudson River by Jacques Milbert. Gregg, \$90.00. Milbert was a French artist, engineer, and naturalist who prowled the Northeastern United States for seven years, collecting animals, birds, fish, insects, plants, and mineral specimens on behalf of his government, and sketching for his own pleasure. He sent home dogwood trees to improve the construction of carriages, and bison to be bred for farm work. He thought they could well replace oxen because he had tamed one, but he was a man who tamed everything, including a puma. In due course he also wrote a book, and this text (translated by Constance D. Sherman) provides an extensive and charming record of American methods, manners, and environment around 1820. Milbert was no Mrs. Trollope, but a good, adaptable traveler—inquisitive, sympathetic, observant, and knowledgeable. There was not a trace of condescension in his temperament, and he must have been one of the kindest men that ever lived; even the New England climate failed to enrage him. He was a sound, workmanlike sketcher, and the box of reproduced lithographs that accompanies the book is full of pleasures. Book (\$20.00) and box (\$75.00) may be purchased separately.

The Bouviers by John H. Davis. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$10.00. Mr. Davis, a Bouvier kinsman, has written a history of the family. It tells at unexciting length rather more than anybody but a Bouvier really needs to know.

Collected Longer Poems by W. H. Auden, and **Letters From Iceland** by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. Random House, \$7.50 each. The let-

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The Crisis in Welfare in Cleveland, Report of the Mayor's Commission, edited by Herman D. Stein, chairman. Case Western Reserve University, \$5.95. The writing is dull, as befits a commission report, but the facts concerning the brutality and plain hypocritical idiocy of the welfare system are clearly presented.

Under Cover for Wells Fargo: The Unvarnished Recollections of Fred Dodge, edited by Carolyn Lake. Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95. Manuscript found in an old trunk, describing the career of a natural-born snoop and confidence man who, being also honest, turned detective and hunted crooks for Wells Fargo. He was a friend of the Earp boys, and his description of any quiet evening in Tombstone makes TV Westerns look demure. As a writer, Dodge contrived miracles of understatement and original grammar, but he put down a fine piece of frontier history. Miss Lake's notes are informative and slyly amusing.

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Pictures of Fidelman by Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$5.95. Part of Mr. Malamud's new novel appeared in the *Atlantic*.

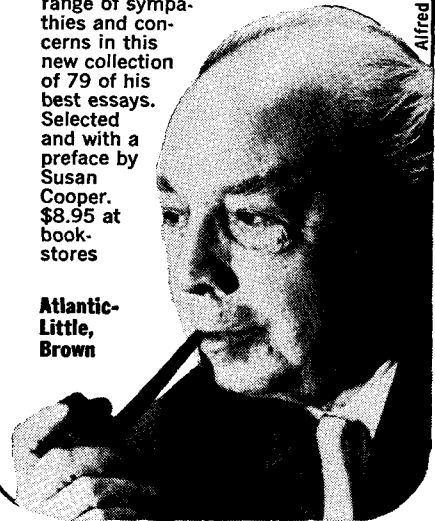
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